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# Shepp's New York City Illustrated

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Scene and Story in the Metropolis of the  
Western World

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How Two Million People Live and Die, Work and Play, Eat and Sleep, Govern Themselves and Break the Laws, Win Fortunes and Lose Them, and so Build and Maintain the New York of To-Day.

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James W. Shepp and Daniel B. Shepp

Authors of "Shepp's Photographs of the World" and "Shepp's World's Fair Photographed," two of the most famous books of modern times.

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. . . PUBLISHED BY . . .

GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO.

358 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

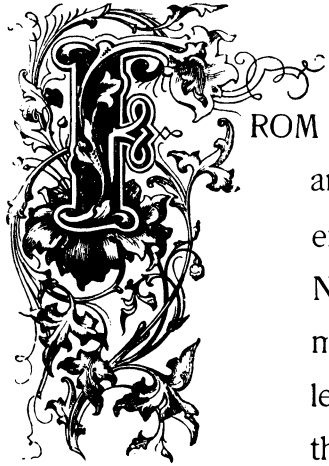
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# PREFACE.



FROM TIME immemorial great cities have embodied within themselves the interest, the wonder, and the glory of the world. It is through them and by them that we remember the empires of old. The broad plains of Assyria and Babylonia, the fertile expanses of the Nile bottom-lands, the hills and valleys of Judea have no such place in contemplative memory as do Nineveh, and cloud-hung Babylon, and hundred-gated Thebes, and Jerusalem, "the city of the Great King." Who knows what the lands of northern Africa were three thousand years ago? But who has forgotten Carthage? All the mountains and plains and forests and seas of Hellas are as nothing by the side of Athens, and the most stupendous empire the world has ever seen lives chiefly in the one imperial city, Rome.

Nor are these conditions greatly changed to-day. To what true Frenchman is not Paris, France; and all France, Paris? Fittingly did Lowell, adapting Goethe's matchless simile, say that in the heart of London he could hear the throbbing of the ceaseless loom of time. It is to the great cities that ambitious young men instinctively turn—

"Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,  
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;  
And his spirit leaps within him, to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—  
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

It is this intensity and concentration of human life and human activity that invests the great city with interest so surpassing. Whatever of knowledge and culture man has attained is there to be found. There are

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the triumphs of art and invention. Literature and music there find their home. Benevolence and religion, too, there have their most devoted agents. Or, if we turn to lighter fancies, fashion and pleasure and amusement, and all the luxuries that wealth can afford and appetite enjoy are there more abundant than elsewhere. Or yet again, to look to the darker side, there vice and crime run riot, and evil holds its fullest sway.

An epitome of all the world and of all humanity is in each great metropolis. What wonder, then, that all the world turns to it, and centres round it?

Every such city, moreover, has its own individuality, according to the land and time. Athens was a concrete expression of the art and poetry of Greece; Rome, of the laws and martial prowess of the Roman Empire. Paris well reflects the temperament of the French people, and London is the embodied genius of the British race.

In the chief city of the western world, then, at the close of the nineteenth century, what shall we expect to find? Surely, above all others, this city must be "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." We must look for the most advanced civilization of these latest years in this, the most ingenious and progressive nation under the sun. We must look for a composite city, since this is a composite nation; a city made up of men and women from the uttermost ends of the earth, with their own peculiar habits and customs, all blending together into a more or less homogeneous whole. Two million people, with another million clustered close around, and well-nigh seventy millions more tributary—these form a theme for contemplation immeasurably vast.

New York is not, moreover, in its material being unworthy of such exalted rank as that to which its history and place entitle it. Its very position is most impressive, at the head of a vast harbor of surpassing beauty, and at the mouth of a noble river which furnishes an unrivaled highway of trade inland. One harbor only in all the world, perhaps, that of Rio de Janeiro, is comparable with this in splendor of natural setting,

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but it is insignificant indeed when we see the works of man on land and sea at New York, the vast city and its environs. and the argosies that ride the waters of the bay and river. "I, too," wrote Whitman—

"I, too, saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water,  
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,  
Looked on the haze of the hills southward and south-westward,  
Looked on the vapor as it flies in fleeces tinged with violet;  
Saw the white sails of the schooners and sloops, saw the ships at anchor,  
The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride of the spars,  
The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender, serpentine pennants,  
The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,  
The white wake left by the passage, the quick, tremulous whirl of the wheels,  
The flags of all nations—"

Even his graphic pen could do but scant justice to the wondrous panorama of the harbor. Then there is the view of the city from afar; the spires, the towers, the domes; by night the sky-painting blaze of light by day the tremulous haze of smoke; the mountain-masses of buildings, the soft green expanses of the parks; a picture unrivaled, bewildering, indescribable.

But greater yet, by far, is the city when we tread its streets and mingle with its multitudes. It appeals to every sense, to every sympathy. The ear is bewildered by its babel of sounds, the roar of the streets, the clang and whirl of machinery, the myriad voices. The eye is dazzled by the kaleidoscopic panorama, buildings great and small of infinite variety, show-windows gorgeously arrayed, the ceaseless procession of the streets, well-nigh as motley and varied as the gathering of tribes at the Judgment. The nostrils are greeted by a thousand odors, sweet or vile, such as woodland and meadow never knew. The palate is surfeited with strange meats and drinks. The nerves of touch tingle with the impact of ten thousand jostlings in the hurrying throngs.

And who shall learn the secrets of this city? Who shall see all its sights and know all its manifold phases of opulence and squalor? The visitor who comes to it for the first time to spend a day, thinks he can

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get a bird's-eye glimpse of it all in that time, but at the day's end his chief thought is not how much he has seen, but how much still remains unseen. If he prolongs his visit, his feeling of personal insignificance and the city's immensity is increased tenfold by the end of the second day. A week passes, every hour crowded with sight-seeing, and he then only begins to realize the greatness of the task before him. If he dwells here a whole year, he even then feels that much of the city is still unseen, and that new buildings and new institutions have sprung into perfected being since he began his observations, making it necessary that he should turn back and begin his work over again.

In truth, no one man can fully know New York by personal observation. Should he devote his life to the task, there would never be a day in which he would not discover something that to him was new. He would find the city constantly growing beyond his reach, getting ahead of his studies. And so the curious anomaly comes to pass that a stranger, living afar, may really know the city better than the actual resident, for he will depend, not upon his own limited powers of observation, but upon the collected results of many men's observations.

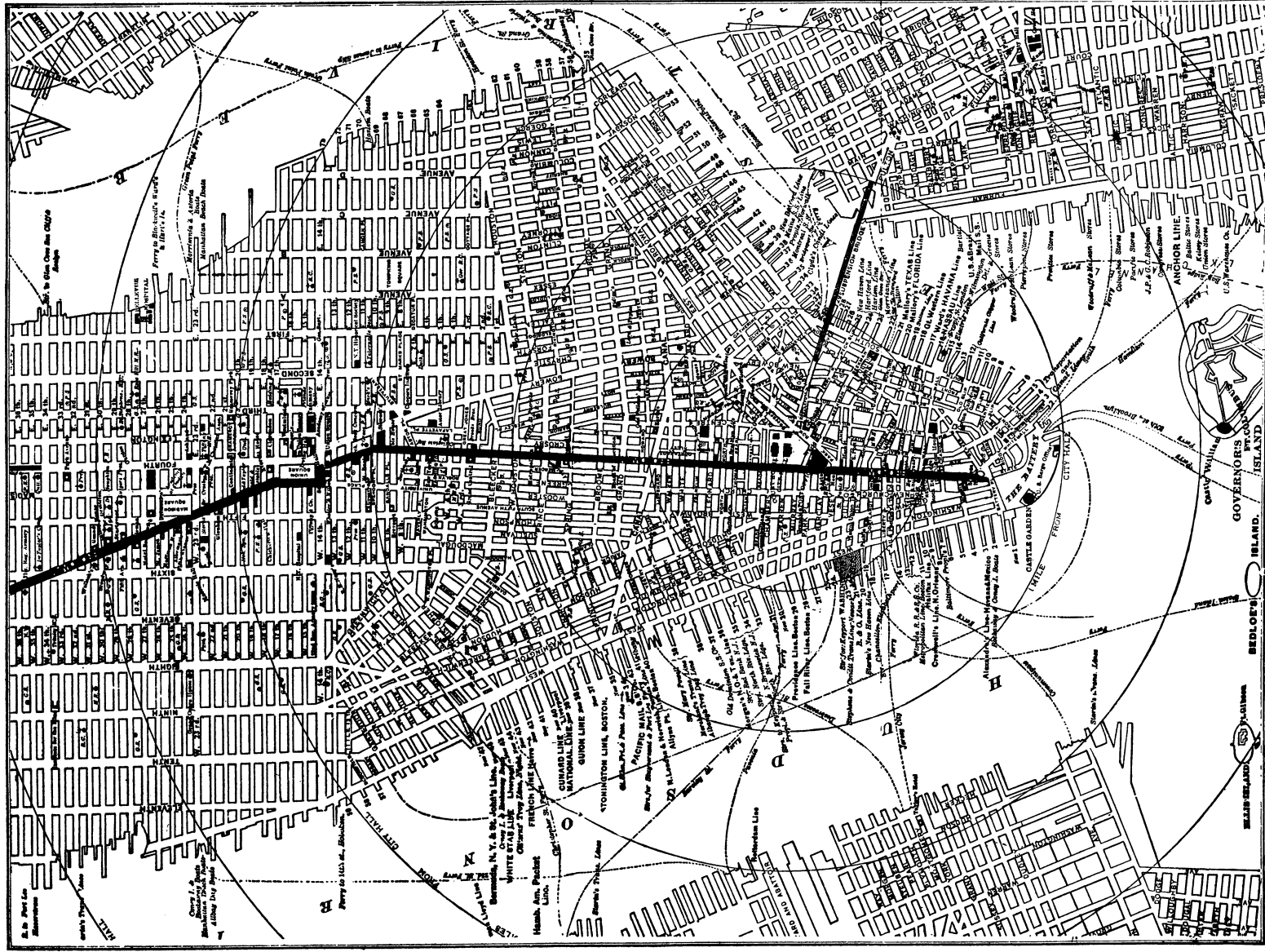
It is the purpose of the present volume to furnish, both to the stranger and to the New Yorker himself, such a collection. As New York is a miniature of the world, so this volume is New York in epitome. We have striven, with the assistance of our special artist, Mr. A. L. Simpson, to present life-like views of all phases of the city's varied activities and existence. By aid of the camera's facile art, one may in these pages behold hundreds of scenes, to observe which with his own eyes would be a task of weeks or months. He may here read the record of many pens, inspired by many attentive eyes, telling the story of the great city, its business and its pleasure, its law-keepers and its law-breakers, its poverty and its wealth, its sunshine and its shadow.

Here are portrayed the mansions of the rich, and the "Four Hundred" who dwell therein, and the shoddy aristocracy which vainly strives to emulate them; the great middle class, happily not yet extinct; the army



of labor and its daily toilings; the homes of the poor and all the pathos that invests them; the reeking slums and their scarcely human denizens. Here one may visit the famous Bowery and its typical resorts, the almost innumerable clubs, the theatres, the Patriarchs' Ball, the notoriously popular French Ball, and all the places of amusement and diversion, indoors and out, with which the great city abounds. One may learn how the city is governed, and how its police-force suppresses crime, and its wonderful fire department extinguishes conflagrations; how the bunco-steerer and the green-goods man and the burglar ply their trades, and the tens of thousands of the "frail sisterhood" pursue their feverish career; how politicians "pull wires" and manipulate the public interest for their own ends; how the great newspapers record the doings of the day in all the world; how the great markets supply the city with food, and the hotels and eating-houses of every grade furnish from a five-cent meal to a sybaritic banquet such as Lucullus might have envied.

All this and more we have endeavored to lay before our readers. It is neither an allurements nor a warning. The throng of sight-seers and fortune-seekers will continue as before to press on to this Mecca, and their fate here will be as it ever has been. But to the myriads who never may see the metropolis of the western world, and to the myriads more who, having seen it, would know more of its wonders than their own eyes have seen or can see, this work is offered. Who does not remember Carlyle's inimitable picture, in "Sartor Resartus," of the rare old German philosopher sitting at midnight in the upper chamber of the house, looking out over the great city at his feet, and musing upon the innumerable scenes of comedy and tragedy which were being enacted beneath those roofs? Such a view, and even more, with some actual lifting of the roofs, we have endeavored to give to our readers.



Map of New York City.

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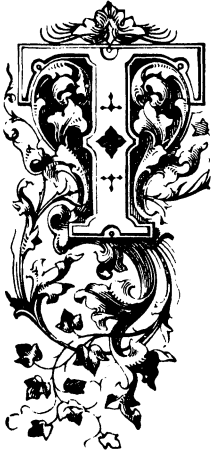
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## CHAPTER I.

### THE NEW YORK OF TO-DAY



THE NEW YORK OF TO-DAY—what is it? What it has been, historically, the world knows well, since the days when the prow of the “Half-Moon” first cleft the waters of its harbor. Nor has its history been unworthy of being known, either in earlier or in later years. The Dutch headquarters, the British Tory stronghold, the first capital of the Republic, the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere—these salient features outline a career of more than ordinary interest. Yet all that is past seems insignificant when compared with the tangible reality of to-day.

#### What is New York?

What is New York to-day? You may ask the question of a thousand men, and get from each an answer different from all the others, yet all true. The chief city of the American Continent, says one; and the second or third city of the world, another. This one thinks of its commercial supremacy, that one of its manufacturing greatness; this one reckons its importance by the number of its inhabitants, that one by the number of dollars in its bank vaults. Yet none answers fully, What is New York?

The politician tells us it is the place that holds the balance of power in National campaigns. The business-man calls it the governing centre of trade and industry. The mortgage-burdened western farmer sometimes thinks bitterly of it as the home of that Mammon-god who grinds men's bones for food. The ambitious young man turns to it as the Mecca of success, where fortunes are to be made in a day, little



Panorama from East River Bridge.



View of New York and Harbor.

recking that they are also to be lost in an hour. The moralist sees in it only a teeming sink of iniquity. The criminal seeks it as his chosen ground for plunder. The damsel of fashion reads in the letters of its name countless operas, balls, and all the brilliant pageantry of pleasure. The man of the world recognizes in it the place of all places where wealth can purchase what the heart desires, and life be marked with greatest ease and elegance. The man of letters or of art finds in it more and more the centre of his chosen world.

And so, as in olden times, all roads

were said to lead to Rome, now all men turn to New York, each seeing it with different eyes and measuring it by a different standard; yet not one, of himself alone, giving complete and perfect answers to our question.

New York to-day is more than a place, more than a city, more than a capital of commerce, industry, society, politics, intellect. It is an institution, combining all these, and more. It is the world in microcosm. Within its limits the universal race is represented, the universal drama of human life, be it comedy or tragedy, is played. No other city in the world is so cosmopolitan, no other affords to every one of its innumerable elements such scope of freedom there to live the life indigenous to whatsoever distant land.



**New York Bay and Governor's Island.**

here meet and mingle as nowhere else in all the world.

#### **Its Corporate Limits.**

Within the corporate limits of this city are miles of the most stately and luxurious palaces ever reared for kings of gold to occupy; and there are other miles of tenements so squalid that Pity itself revolts against their teeming miseries. There are miles of towering warehouses, whose wealth is reckoned by hundreds of millions; and

#### **The Chief Port of America.**

It is true that New York is the chief port of America, but it is also true that it is the largest Irish city in the world. Within its borders are to be found the most advanced triumphs of modern mechanical and manufacturing ingenuity; and in its Italian quarter, tons of macaroni are made for export to Naples! Along its streets flow such human tides as never the Roman Forum saw, such as even the Strand of London does not see. East and West, Old and New,



**New York and Hudson River.**

there are other miles of meadow and woodland and stream, where the unreckoned wealth of nature lies free to the hand of rich and poor alike.

But the corporate limits of the municipality do not confine New York. The harbor, and its great ocean-gate, and the two vast arms of tide that encompass the city; the other great cities clustered close around, and all that in them is; the towns and villages that dot the country here and there for miles; the summer seaside homes of rest and pleasure, all these and more are tributary to New York, and, whatever names they bear, they are logically a part of this one stupendous institution.

It is fitting, however, to begin with New York itself, strictly speaking, in the technical sense of the term. Of the whole city, about one-half the area is on Manhattan Island, and one-half on the main land north of the Harlem River. Let us call it, roughly, sixteen miles long from north to south, and its area forty-one square miles. In the main it is grounded upon a rock, for geologists tell us that Manhattan Island is a part of the



Looking North from Washington Building.

archæan crust of the continent, a primeval mass of gneiss and mica-schists, mixed, tumbled, twisted, metamorphosed in the strangest manner by convulsions of nature so long ago that the mind staggers beneath the load of figures that express the time. Venice is built on islands of the Adriatic, Rome is built upon seven little hills, St. Petersburg in a vast quaking swamp. But New York rests upon the very framework of the globe.

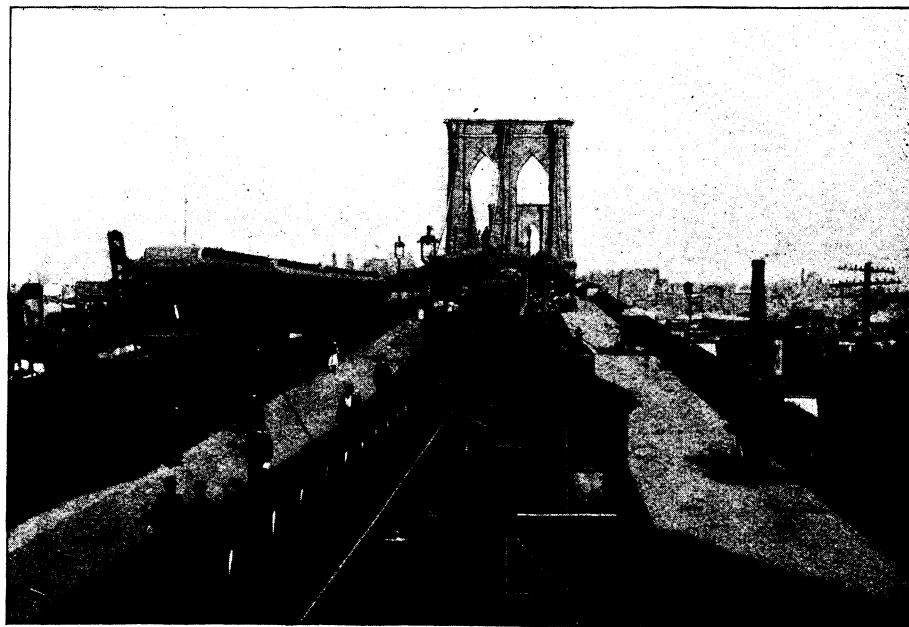


Brooklyn Bridge.



Into this very framework, indeed, in many a place men have hewed and cut, to level it and make it fit for the streets of a great city. Everywhere are visible the wondrous records of the rocks, the marks of glacial action, the relics of the long-ago ages of ice-drift. At the southern end of the city the rocks dip steeply down into the great "terminal moraine," which may be traced across the country continuously from New York to Minnesota. Accordingly we find a deep mantle of sand above the rock, the deposit of boulder-drift, and upon this bed of sand, ten, twenty, a hundred feet deep, many of the largest buildings of lower New York are standing. Nor are they less secure than those that rest directly upon the rock; perhaps they are more secure, for once, when an earthquake shock passed underneath the city, all those large buildings which were rock-founded, trembled, and many cracked their walls; but those which rested on deep sand, forming a cushion between them and the vibrating rock, were unshaken.

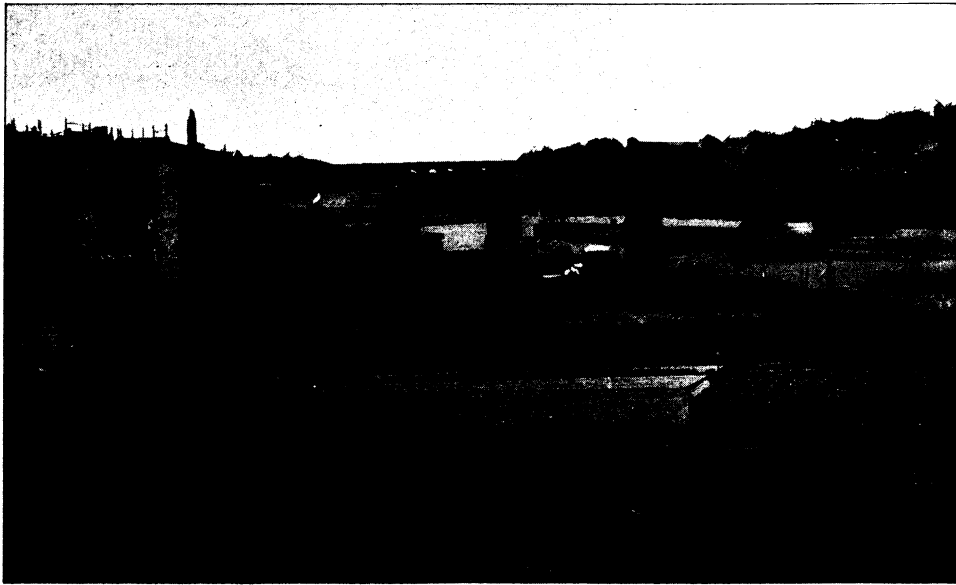
Without entering at all upon historical recitals, it may be observed that the New York of to-day—still speaking in the strict sense of the term—comprises many once separate towns and villages which the growing giant has swallowed up. As all men know, the original settlement was at what is now known as The Battery, extending thence along the East River. Broadway, the chief street, was a road running northward to the village of Bloomingdale, some miles away, and thence forming part of the great post-road to Albany. There were besides Bloomingdale, on Manhattan Island, the villages



Foot-Path, Roadway and Cable Cars.

of Greenwich and Chelsea, fronting on the Hudson River, the one at what is now Twelfth, the other at Thirtieth street. Bloomingdale lay far beyond these, and still farther on were Manhattanville, Carmansville, Fort Washington, Riverdale and Spuyten Duyvil. These were on the west side of the island. On the east side were Yorkville and Harlem, and some others of less note. All these were swallowed up and assimilated into the mighty corporation of New York. To this day, however, their names remain, somewhat vaguely applied to the old localities, though often with their origin forgotten.

So much for the half of the city on the island. But in 1874 the area of New York was doubled by the annexation of a great tract on the main land, taken from Westchester county. This region, rural in character, comprises no less than forty villages, large and small. The chief of these still maintain some sort of individuality, though legally their separate names have ceased to exist. There is Morrisania, for example, once the seat of the Morris family so famous in our patriotic annals. Port Morris also got its name from the same honorable

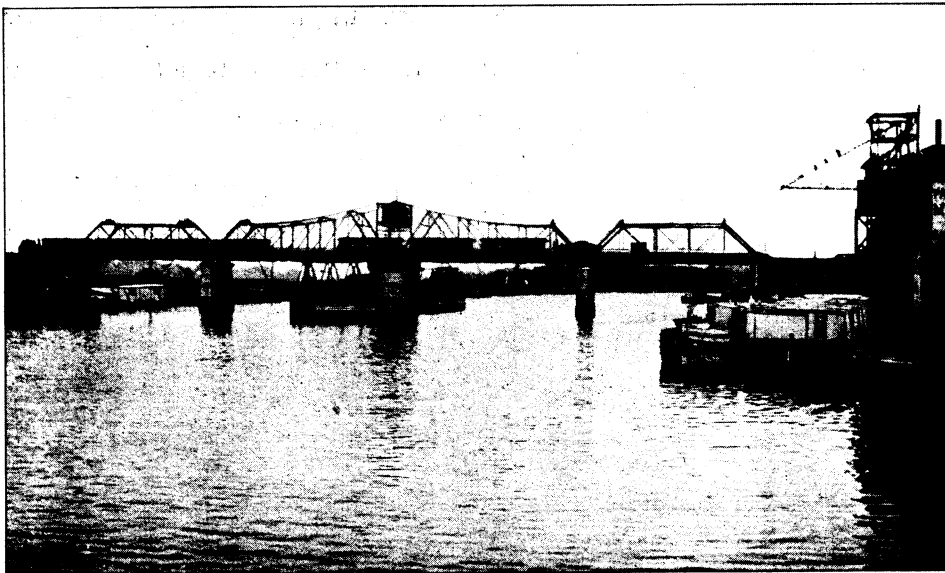


**Harlem Bridges.**

source. Mott Haven and North New York are close by, and farther on, up the Harlem, are Highbridgeville and King's Bridge. Elsewhere in this region are Melrose, Tremont, Fordham, Bedford Park, West Farms, Williamsbridge, Woodlawn, Claremont, Belmont, Mosholu, Mount Hope, Mount Eden, Fairmount and Mount St. Vincent—now all parcelled together as “parts of one stupendous whole”—New York. The city also includes Governor's Island, in the bay, and Blackwell's, Ward's and Randall's islands, in the East River.

The extreme length of the city, north and south, from the Battery to the border-line of Yonkers, is sixteen miles, and its greatest width, from the mouth of the Bronx River to the Hudson, is about four and a half miles. Its area is about forty-one and a half square miles, or twenty-six thousand five hundred acres.

As a port of entry New York comprises Brooklyn, Jersey City and all other places on the bay and the Hudson and East rivers. Through this port passes about two-thirds of all the foreign commerce of the United States. Some thirty-five thousand vessels, including six thousand steamships, annually arrive and depart.

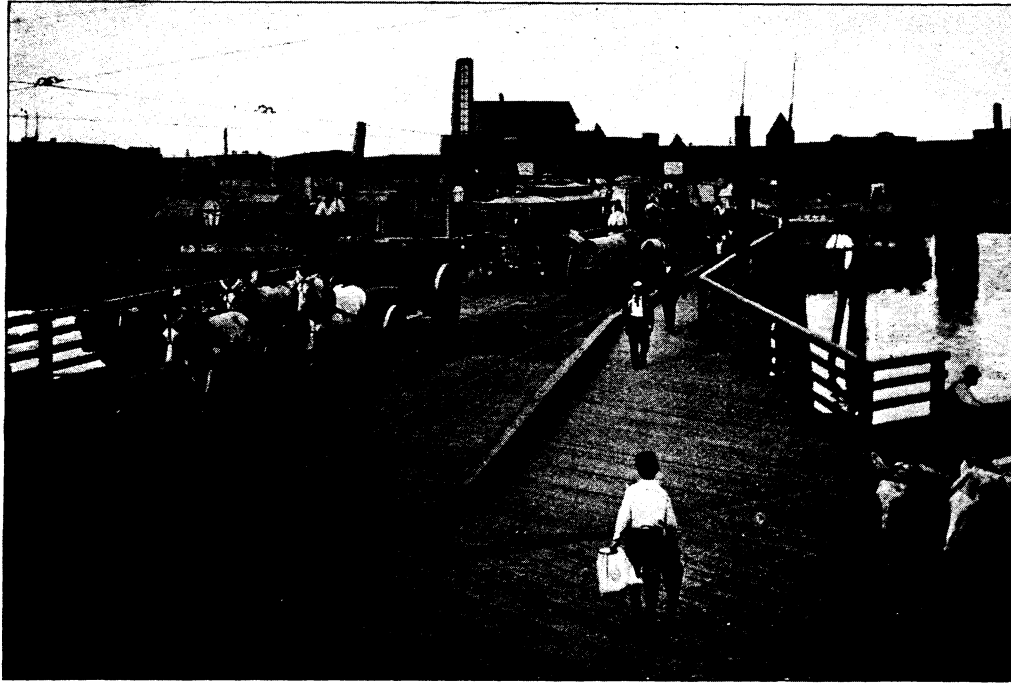


**Second Avenue Elevated Railroad Bridge.**

### **Its Population.**

At the beginning of the present century, New York had a population of not more than sixty thousand. Thirty years later it had grown to more than two hundred thousand. The year 1850 saw it swelled to something above half a million. In 1880 the census showed one million two hundred and six thousand five hundred, and in 1890 no less than one million five hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred and one.

According to the State census of 1892 there were more than one million eight hundred thousand inhabitants, and at the present time of writing, the summer of 1894, the two million mark is doubtless reached. These figures show New York to be decidedly the largest city in America, and the second or third in the world. If, however, we add the adjoining communities, which are under different governments and have different names, this total is vastly swelled. Brooklyn, with its million people, Jersey City, and even Newark, are practically parts of New York, socially and industrially. The inclusion



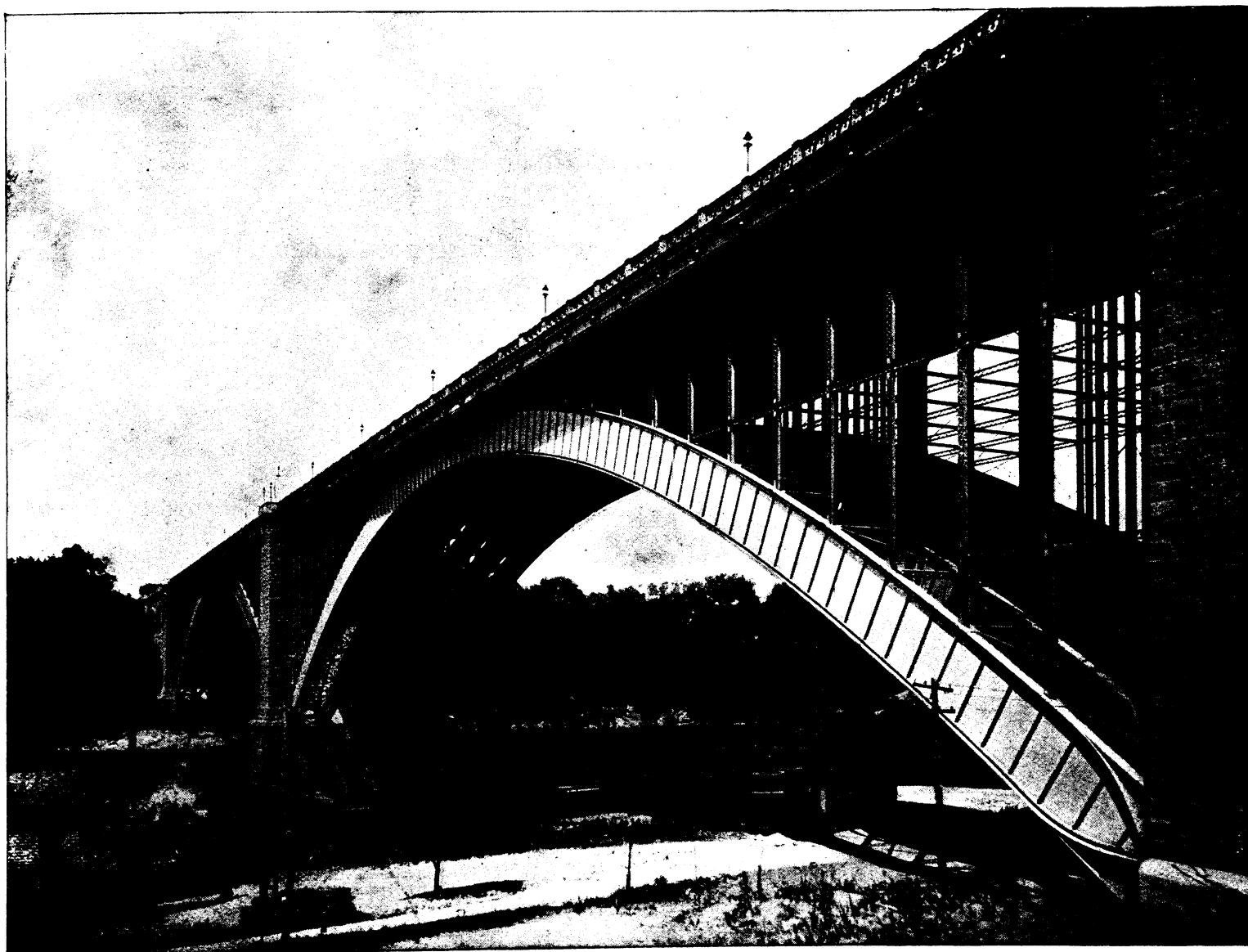
Third Avenue Surface Bridge.

of such places into a Greater New York would give us a city approximating three million five hundred thousand, almost rivaling London itself.

#### Foreign Commerce.

The foreign commerce of the port of New York amounts in value to considerably more than a billion dollars a year, and we usually think of it chiefly as a great commercial city. Its supremacy above other American cities in manufactures is, however, almost equally marked. According to the federal census of 1890 there were in New York

city no less than twenty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-nine manufacturing establishments, with \$420,238,602 capital, employing three hundred and fifty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty seven hands, and paying them \$228,537,295 wages annually. The value of materials used was \$357,086,305, and the value of product turned out was \$763,833,923. The article manufactured most largely was clothing, in which sixty-two thousand five hundred and twenty-three hands were employed, the goods sold having a value of \$110,000,000. Printing and publishing employ nearly fifteen thousand persons, with a value of product of \$31,000,000. Slaughtering and meat-packing take \$35,194,188 raw materials, and dispose of them for \$39,514,108. Other large manufactures are those of iron and steel, refined lard, malt liquors, sugar and molasses, tobacco and cigars, musical instruments and pianos, millinery and lace goods, jewelry, furniture, hats and caps, furnishing goods and

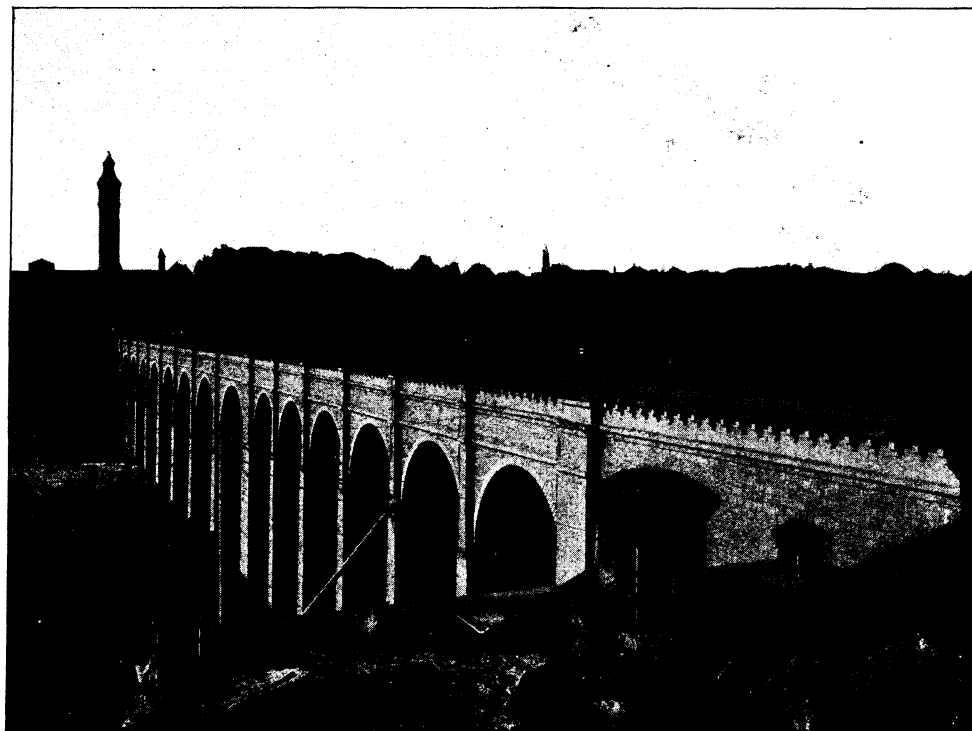


Washington Bridge.

boots and shoes. These manufactories are scattered about in all parts of the city, and form a very considerable portion of its industrial life.

#### **Business Interests.**

The various business interests of New York have in general their own specific districts, where the principal houses in each line may be found clustered together. Thus Wall Street is the financial centre, and on it



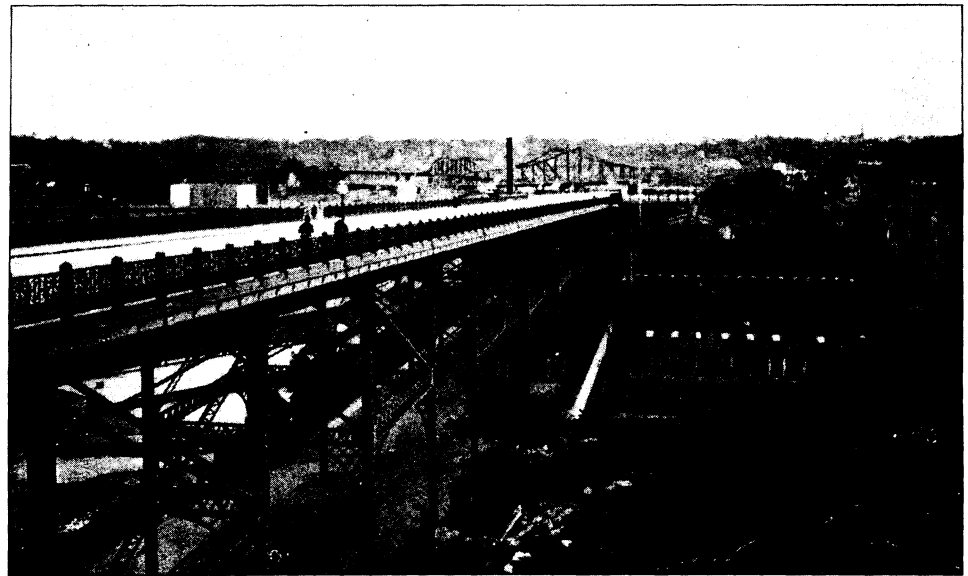
**High Bridge.**

and the streets immediately adjoining are to be found the offices of bankers and brokers. John street and Cortlandt street are the headquarters of the trade in coal, iron and steel. Real estate dealers cluster on Liberty street east of Broadway, while on the same street west of Broadway are dealers in steam engines, pumps and other machinery. Maiden Lane is chiefly occupied by wholesale and manufacturing jewelers. The trade in fruit and vegetables chiefly centres on the west side of the city, between Fulton and Franklin streets. General hardware is found on Warren and Chambers streets, and stoves, ranges and furnaces on Beekman and Water

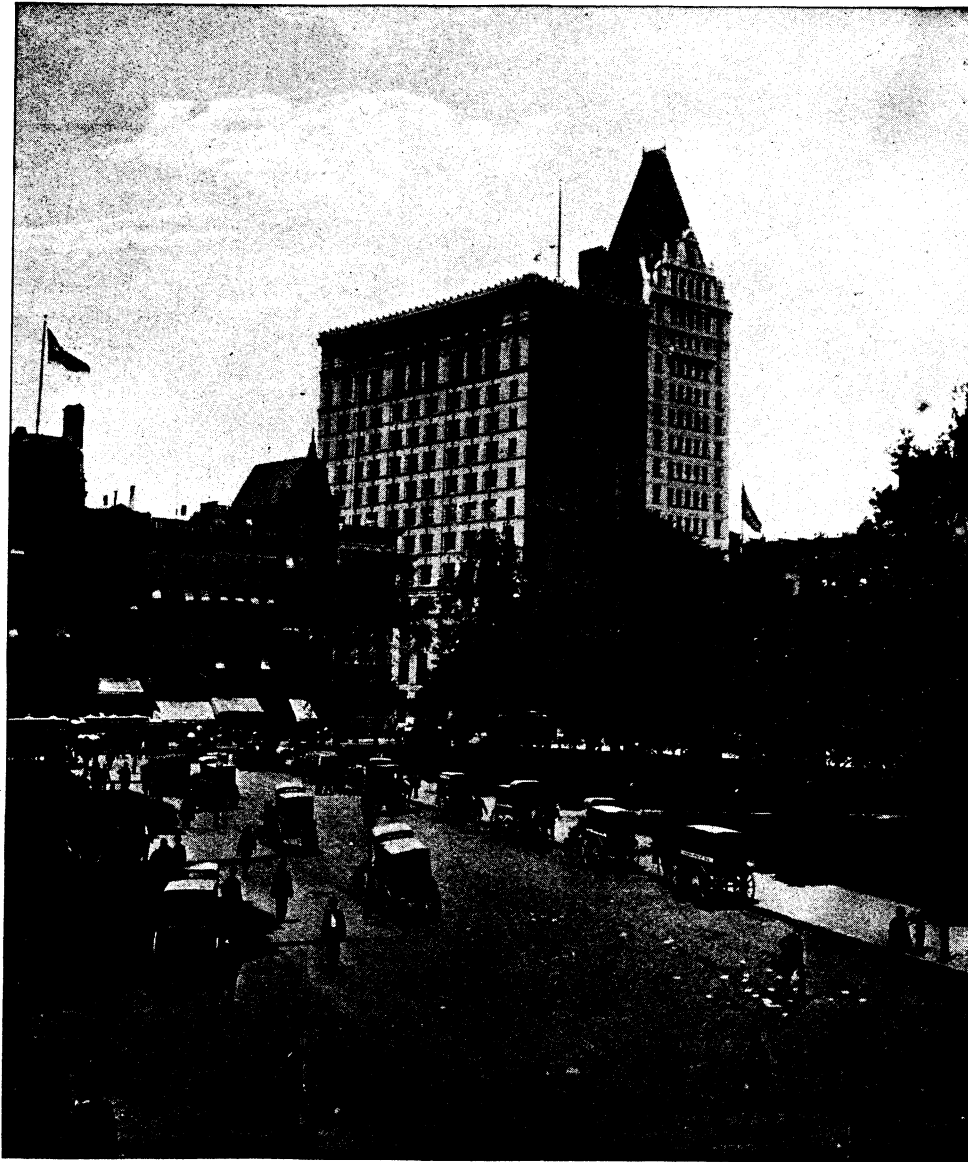
streets near Fulton Market. The dry-goods district is the most important; it extends from Reade street to Prince street and from Broadway to West Broadway and Greene street. Here are many blocks of vast wholesale warehouses, containing from \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000 worth of dry-goods—a greater quantity of valuable merchandise than can be found in the same space anywhere else in the world.

**Systems of Local Transit.**

To afford communication between the various parts of so great a city, elaborate systems of local transit are necessary. A large proportion of the streets and avenues are traversed by passenger railroads, variously propelled by horse-power, cable-power and electricity. On most of these roads cars run at intervals of from one to five minutes during the day, and at longer intervals all night, at a practically uniform rate of fare of five cents for each passenger. There are systems of transfer by which a passenger for a single fare of five cents is passed from one line to another, and taken to almost any part of the city he may desire. Besides the street cars, there is one line of omnibuses traversing Fifth avenue from Bleecker street to Seventy-second street. One of the most important means of local transit is furnished by the elevated railroads, of which there are four lines traversing the city from north to south. These we have described more fully in another chapter. But even all these routes of travel seem insufficient to meet the requirements of the metropolis, and various other plans of underground and overhead roads are at the present time in contemplation.

**Viaduct and Bridge, Washington Heights.****Bridges and Viaducts.**

Being divided into two nearly equal parts by the Harlem River, the highway systems of New York comprise, of necessity, a number of bridges. Beginning at the south, the first of these is at Second avenue, a plain iron structure for railway purposes. This bridge connects the East Side Elevated Railroad System with



**Telegraph and Insurance Buildings.**

the Suburban Rapid Transit lines of elevated railroads north of the Harlem. At Third avenue is an enormous iron drawbridge for general traffic. It is traversed by wagon-roads, horse-car lines and sidewalks for pedestrians. This is the structure generally known as Harlem Bridge, and is the one most used by the general public. At Fourth avenue is the bridge of the New York & Harlem Railroad, used also by the New York Central & Hudson River, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Roads. Over this pass the hundred or more trains daily leaving and entering the Grand Central Station. Another bridge spans the Harlem at Madison avenue, and a little beyond it is Central Bridge, better known, perhaps, as McComb's Dam Bridge. This last-named connects the popular driveways of Central Park and Seventh avenue with those north of the Harlem, and in pleasant weather is traversed by an almost endless procession of vehicles of all sorts.



Near One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street the river is crossed by an enormous viaduct, one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering in the city. This is a structure of stone and steel, extending from the high ground near the Hudson River to the hills north of the Harlem. A little beyond this is the railroad bridge of the New York & Northern Railroad. At One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street is the famous structure known as High Bridge. This was built to carry the old Croton Aqueduct across the Harlem River, and has long been one of the show places of New York. The bridge is constructed almost entirely of granite. It is one thousand four hundred and sixty feet long, and comprises thirteen enormous arches, the crown of the highest being one hundred and sixteen feet above the level of the river. Above these arches the bridge is traversed by enormous pipes of cast iron, through which flows a goodly share of the city's water supply. Above these pipes is a solid floor of brick, which affords a fine promenade, and from which a scene of surpassing beauty is to be enjoyed. A short distance north of High Bridge is the Washington Bridge, one

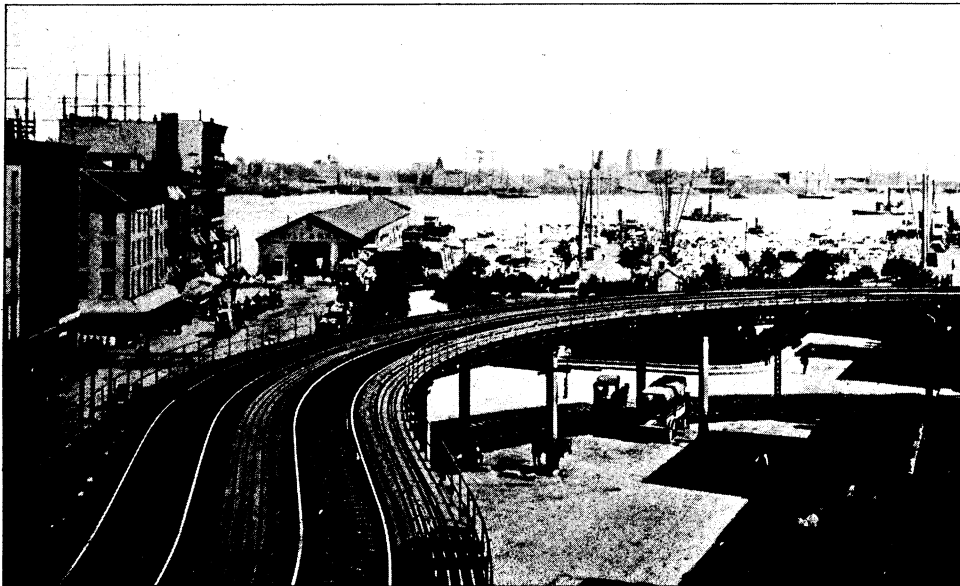


East River Park.

of the most majestic edifices of the kind ever constructed. It is made of enormous spans of steel truss work resting upon granite piers, and is intended for general traffic. Beyond this is a foot-bridge at Fordham Heights, then a structure known as Farmers' Bridge, then at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island comes King's Bridge, over Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and finally, where the latter stream joins the Hudson River, is the draw-bridge of the Hudson River Railroad.

**Streets of New York.**

The streets of New York south of Fourteenth street are often narrow and crooked. Above Fourteenth street to the Harlem River they are broad, and are laid out with mathematical straightness and regularity. In the extensive region north of the Harlem great confusion exists. As those wards of the city were originally, and are still, to a great extent, composed of separate villages, there is nothing approaching uniformity of plan. Each village has its own system of streets, and these varying systems with all their windings have generally

**Jeannette Park.**

been adopted into the plan of the city. It must be said that, while such a scheme has its inconveniences, it is decidedly more picturesque and beautiful than the monotonous checkerboard plan that prevails in the central part of the city. There is a great diversity also in the paving of the streets. In the uptown wards, which retain a semi-rural character, ordinary earth roads are numerous, and many of the principal thoroughfares are merely macadamized. In the older and more densely populated wards south of the Harlem,

pavements of granite blocks, square or oblong, are most common. In some of the less frequented streets the roadway is covered with nothing but round cobble-stones. Of late years there has been a decided tendency in favor of pavements of asphalt or some form of concrete, and many streets and avenues are now covered therewith. Such pavements have the greater advantages of being more clean than stone-block pavements, far less noisy, and much easier to the feet of horses and the wheels of vehicles, besides being far pleasanter to ride over.

**How the City is Lighted.**

The lighting of the city streets is done by means of a double system of gas and electricity. The principal thoroughfares, such as Broadway, Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, and the great uptown avenues are lighted by huge electric arc lamps, often supplemented by gas lamps. The less important streets depend upon the old-style gas lamps, which are scattered along them numerous.



**The Mall, Central Park.**

Another feature of the general supply of the city is found in the great establishments for providing steam-heat and power. There are several enormous buildings chiefly occupied by furnaces and boilers, and connected with elaborate systems of iron pipes laid under the streets. Through these pipes steam is sent for use in office buildings and factories to furnish heat and power. These pipes, together with gas-pipes, electric wires, water-pipes, etc., form a great network under all the principal streets, and the need of relaying or repairing

them frequently causes the pavements to be torn up and the streets put in an untidy and almost impassable condition. Telegraph and telephone wires are now chiefly under ground in sub-ways constructed by the city for that purpose.



**Bowling Green Park.**

### **Telegraph and Telephone Systems.**

The development of electrical arcs has added, in recent years, many new features to the life and industry of New York, which at first were startling novelties, but are now accepted as a matter of course. The oldest of these is the electric telegraph, which scarcely needs mention here, except to call attention to the vast central office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Broadway and Dey street, which is probably the largest establishment of the kind in the world. The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company also has an enormous building, elaborately equipped, at Broadway and Murray street. Branch offices of these companies are thickly scattered all over the city, and from any one of them one may send a telegraphic message to any part of the world. Connected with these is an elaborate messenger system. Thousands of offices and houses are equipped, each with a little iron box containing machinery and connected with electric wires; the pulling of a little handle on this box insures the prompt coming of a uniformed messenger, who, for a fixed fee, will take a letter or package to any part of the city, or its suburbs. By the same means a policeman may be summoned, or a cab or carriage, or a fire alarm may be sounded. Still more recent and in some respects more important is the telephone system. This is practically all under the control of one great company, whose wires form a vast

subterranean spider's web, comprising the whole city and its environs for miles around, with lines shooting out here and there to towns and cities hundreds of miles away. Any one may have a telephone placed in his house or office, and connected with this entire system. There are ten central stations in the city, in which the wires centre. In these there are elaborate switchboards, each containing hundreds, or even thousands of switches, knobs and buttons, and managed by a number of young women. There are few offices in the city so busy as one of these in the middle of the day when the telephones are mostly in use. There is an incessant ringing of bells, and of demands on the part of customers to be connected with this, or that, or the other number. It often happens that there are as many as fifteen thousand such calls in the course of an hour, or two hundred and fifty per minute. A vast amount of the city's business is, in fact, conducted by telephone. Financial transactions amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars are thus concluded. The daily orders of the household are sent to the butcher or grocer, carriages are summoned, policemen called, fire alarms sounded, social invitations offered, and the greetings of the day exchanged, all by the same convenient system.

#### **Parks and Pleasure Grounds.**

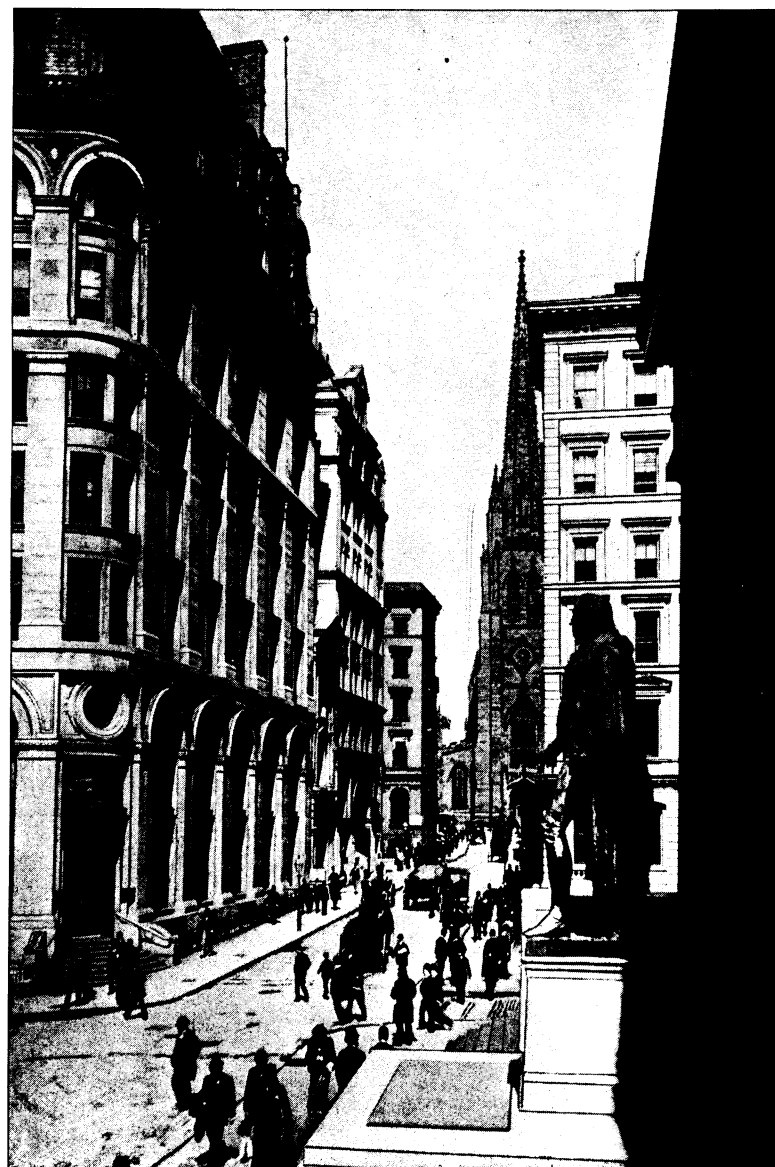
Apart from all its facilities for the transaction of business, New York contains within itself an elaborate system of pleasure grounds. Some of the most important of these parks and drive-ways are described elsewhere in this volume. The principal park in the thickly settled portion of the city is Central Park. In the semi-rural northern wards are the vast extents of Bronx Park, Van Cortlandt Park, Pelham Bay Park and Crotona Park, with the smaller St. Mary's Park and Claremont Park. These are connected with each other by broad park-bordered avenues. The other parks of the city, chiefly south of the Harlem River, may be enumerated as follows: Abbingdon Square, The Battery, Beach Street Square, Boston Road, Bowling Green, Bryant Park, Canal Street Square, Cedar Park, Christopher Street Square, City Hall Park, Cooper Union Park, Duane Street Square, East River Park, Five Points Park, Fulton Avenue Park, Gramercy Square, Grand Street Square, High Bridge Park, Greeley Square, Jackson Square, Jeannette Park, Madison Square, Manhattan Square, Morningside

Park, Mt. Morris Square, Riverside Park, Stuyvesant Square, Tompkins Square, Union Square, and Washington Square.

The age of New York city and the many events of transcendent importance that have here occurred causes it to be plentifully dotted with points of historical interest. At the foot of Broadway, for example, is the site of old Fort Amsterdam, built in 1626, and within whose fortifications was erected the first substantial church edifice on Manhattan Island in 1687. In the little park known as Bowling Green there once stood an equestrian statue of King George the Third, but early in the Revolutionary War it was torn down and converted into bullets. In the Battery Park stood the famous Liberty Pole of Revolutionary times. When the British troops evacuated New York in November, 1783, almost their last act was to place their flag at the top of the pole and then to grease the pole plentifully from top to bottom so that it would be difficult to get the flag down. An American soldier, David Van Arsdale, however, soon contrived to climb the pole and tear down the hated colors.

#### Wall Street.

Wall Street gets its name from the fact that at that point stood the ancient city wall, built to protect the little



Wall Street.

settlement from the hostile Indians at the north. Where the Sub-Treasury Building now stands, on Wall, facing Broad street, the first city hall was built in 1699, the stones used being taken from the wall, which was no longer deemed necessary for the safety of the city. This structure was afterwards remodeled, and known as Federal Hall, and in it George Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States. At the corner of Broad and Pearl streets Washington bade farewell to his officers at the close of the war, and at Nassau and Cedar streets stood the Old Dutch Church, which British soldiers used for a riding-school and stable, and which afterwards served as general post-office of the city.

In the upper part of the Island some important battles were fought during the Revolution. At the corner of Ninety-first street and Ninth avenue was the Apthorpe mansion, which Washington made his headquarters before he was driven out of New York. Claremont Hill, at the upper end of Riverside Park, was the home of Lord Courtenay, and afterwards of Joseph Bonaparte. At Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Forty-first street is The Grange, the homestead of Alexander Hamilton.

#### **The Famous Jumel Mansion.**

The famous "Jumel House" on Washington Heights is one of the most interesting relics of former days now remaining in this city. It is a superb specimen of Colonial architecture, standing well back from the street. The Harlem flat has pursued it closely and thrusts its impertinent visage over the luxuriant box hedge, its only barricade now from an inquisitive public. The old house stands like an aged patrician amid a crowd of pushing, scrambling nobodies, caring naught for environment and listening only to the mournful rustling of memory's leaves. It was built in 1758 as a wedding present for Mary Phillipse, of Phillipsburg Manor, Yonkers, who became the wife of Colonel Roger Morris. It is said this lady was a former sweetheart of Washington, and that when the mansion was seized by the Continental forces and confiscated from her Tory husband, a feeling of sentiment as well as policy urged Washington to take it as his headquarters and prevent its destruction.



**Jumel Mansion.**



M. Stephen Jumel was one of New York's first merchant princes. After an adventurous youth, which included shipwreck and other woes, he reached New York Harbor, engaged in business, prospered, married a lovely girl, bought the mansion in 1810, and fitted it up with magnificent expenditure, calculated to make the eyes of the plain old Dutch burghers start from their sockets. In 1832 he died, and then his rich and charming widow married the famous Aaron Burr. Since her death the house has been variously occupied, but is now, and bids fair long to be, the home of descendants of the Morris family, its builders and first owners. The old mansion is crowded with history, romance and mystery. There are secret passages, cupboards and doors, and there is a ghost chamber as well as a ghost.

In the great council chamber at the extreme end of the vast hall was enacted, a century ago, a strange scene. One day Washington was slowly pacing up and down this room, dictating to one of his aids. Putnam, Hamilton and Burr were present. Suddenly the doors were opened and two hundred Indians slowly filed in, in all the bravery of paint and feathers. In their hands they bore wreaths of laurels which they had brought from the adjoining forests. These they solemnly laid at Washington's feet, saluting him as the "Great Father," and then as slowly and solemnly filed out.

In the banqueting-room every nook and corner tells a tale. Yonder stands the table which Madame would not permit to be disturbed after a feast. From one New Year's day to another it stood just as it was left, with its empty bottles and crushed rose leaves. When the New Year dawned, the debris was removed and the table freshly spread for the evening's revel. Near that narrow door stood an immense carved buffet. There was scarcely passage-way for two people to walk arm in arm. Tradition has it that when Jerome Bonaparte dined with Madame and they came to this corner both stopped. Bonaparte bowed and motioned Madame to lead the way. But the lady would not take precedence of a prince and the prince would not precede a lady, and both courtesied and bowed again and again. Next day, it is said, Madame ordered a second and larger door cut through to avoid any further like embarrassing situations.

From the fireplace in this room starts a secret passage large enough to hide a grown person. It wanders up over a china cupboard and penetrates the ghost chamber overhead, the room in which Mme. Jumel died. There is a walled-up secret door between this room and the upper hall, and it is through this door that the ghost walks at midnight. It brings with it a wave of cold air and the soft rustle of a silken gown. Then there is the secret passage running parallel to the upper hall, through which, when the American forces retreated to King's Bridge, the last man rushed within arm's reach of the British soldiers in the hall, and climbing out upon the side balcony, dropped over the railing to the ground and made good his escape. These balconies, by the way, were during Washington's stay in the house, utilized for sentry boxes.



**Statue of Liberty.**

Burr's, Washington's, and Hamilton's bedrooms are also shown. Then there is a window through which Jerome Bonaparte is said to have jumped into the cellar right into the midst of a group of colored servants. He had knocked in vain for admittance and, hearing a burst of revelry from the basement, opened the window at the side of the great portico and descended among the thoroughly alarmed domestics.

But the thousand and one details of the great city, its buildings, its industries, its inhabitants, must have more detailed notice under separate heads. Each of a score of topics might well command a volume. Let us see what can be done for them in a chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

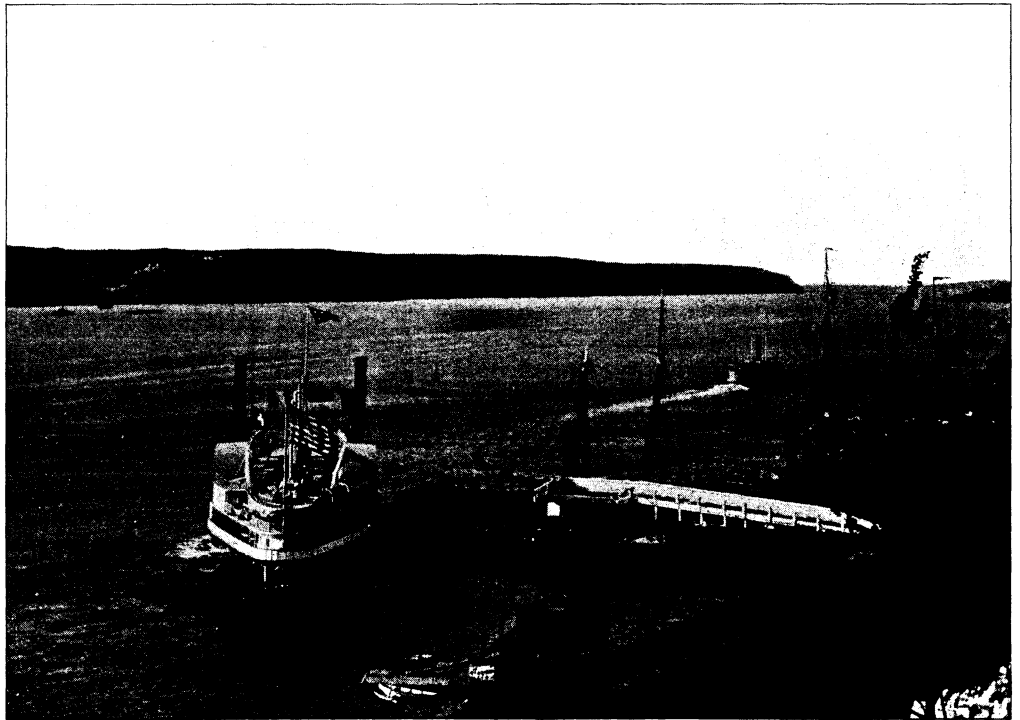
### THE ENVIRONS OF THE CITY.



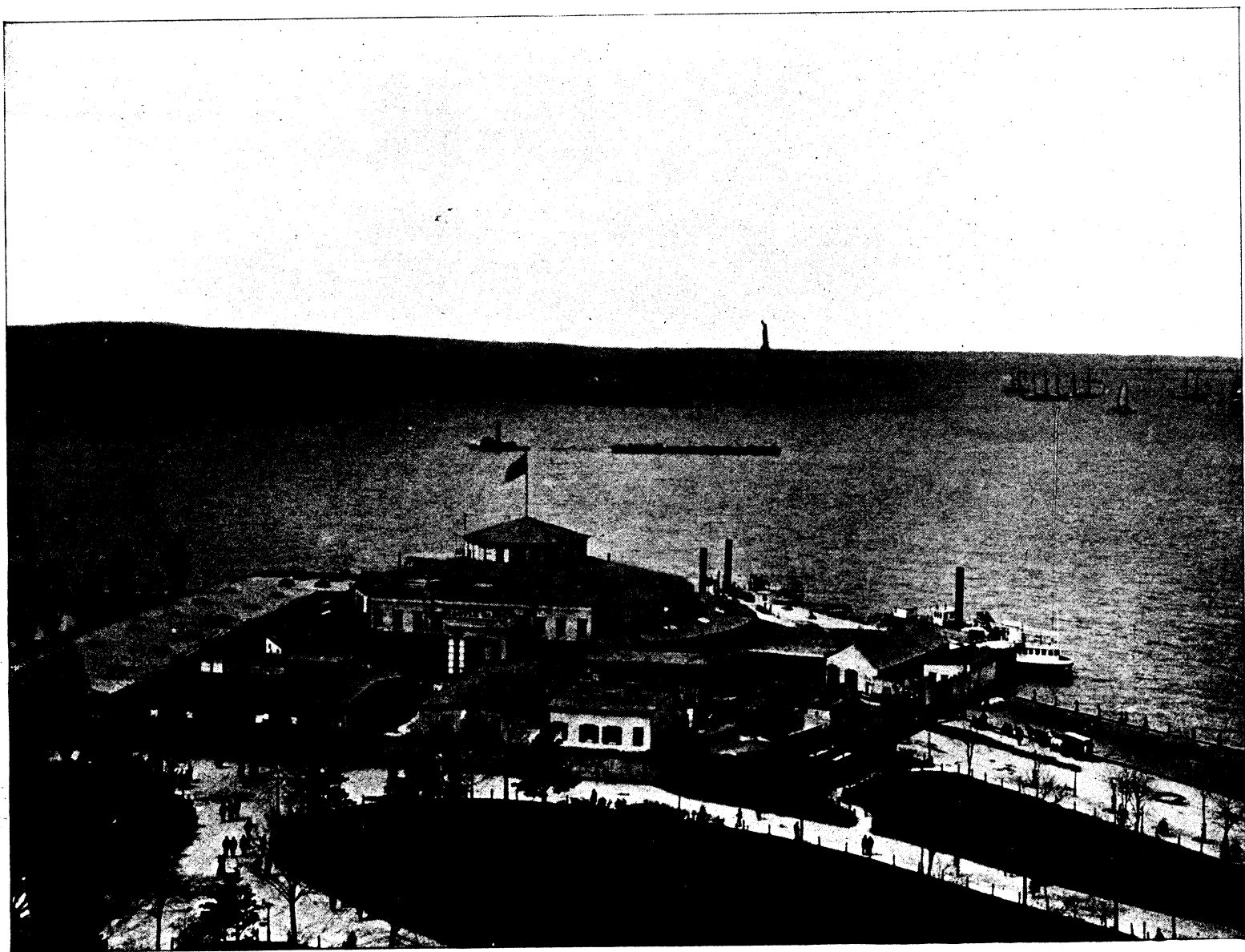
HERE IS PROBABLY no city in the world more favorably situated than New York, whether for beauty, for health or for business. Its land environs are picturesque and attractive, and it is girt by noble bodies of water connecting it directly with the ocean. It is to these circumstances that it owes its commercial greatness, and the favor with which it is regarded as a dwelling place.

#### **The Hudson River.**

On the west it is bounded by the Hudson river. This remarkable stream rises in the Adirondack mountains, and at Albany is of sufficient size to afford passage to large boats and ships. Thence it flows in an almost straight line through



**Hudson River from Riverside Park.**



Castle Garden and New York Bay.

scenery of surpassing beauty to New York and New York Bay, where its waters mingle with those of the ocean. Fronting on New York city it is nearly a mile wide, and from seventy to eighty feet deep in mid channel. The New Jersey shore opposite the northern part of the city is lined with an almost perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet high, known as the Palisades. Beautiful towns and villages have been built along the summit, whilst here and there at the base of the great wall tiny settlements are clustered. Opposite the middle part of New York this wall of rock gradually ends, and room is made on comparatively level ground for the two large cities of Jersey City and Hoboken. These face the lower portion of New York city and are connected with it by numerous ferries. Work has also been begun on a great bridge that is to span the river, and on a railroad tunnel which is to burrow under it.

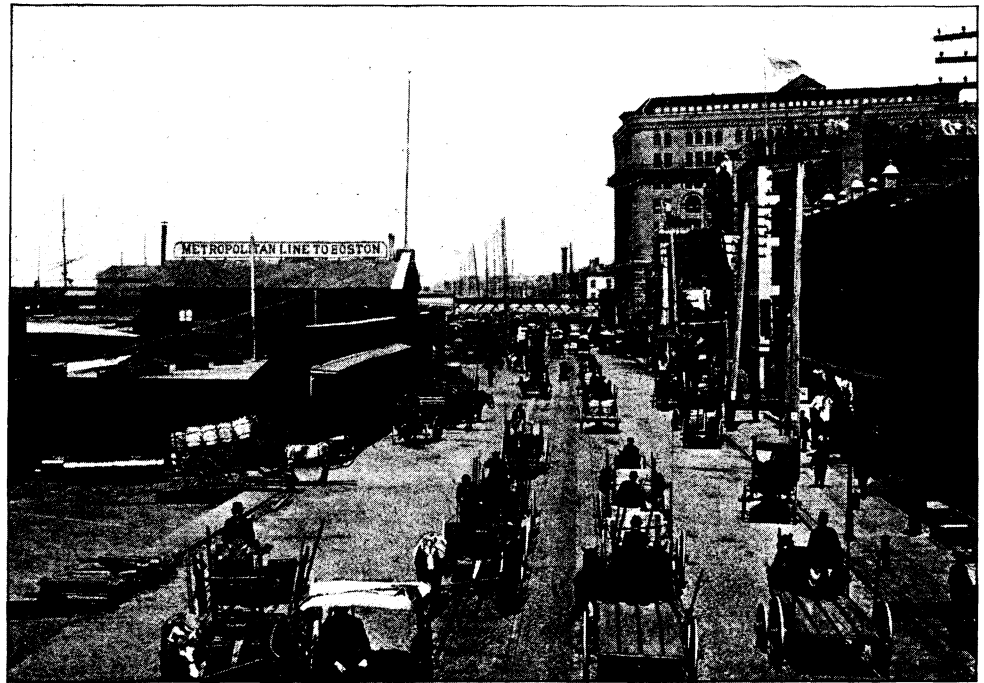
#### **Water Front—Docks and Wharves.**

The water front of New York on the Hudson river is about sixteen miles long, though only the seven or eight miles at the southern end are utilized at present for commercial purposes. This extent, with the three or four miles of city front on the New Jersey shore, constantly presents a spectacle only rivaled by two or three other ports in the world. The docks and wharves are crowded with craft of every size and character, from all parts of the world, flying the flags of every maritime nation. The surface of the river is dotted with vessels moving in all directions. Great ocean-liners, five or six hundred feet long, each carrying a thousand or more passengers, and able to cross the Atlantic at the rate of twenty knots an hour, move majestically in mid-stream, or lie at their wharves like floating hotels. Great river steamers painted snowy white and rising three or four stories above the water glide by like ghosts. Heavily laden sloops and schooners drift by, impelled by swelling sails, or towed by noisy, puffing little tugs. Here and there clusters of canal-boats drift slowly along like floating islands. Now and then a graceful pleasure yacht slips through the throng. A crowded excursion steamer with noisy brass band goes on its way to some seaside resort. Even little cockle-shells of skiffs and rowboats are seen at intervals darting hither and thither among their giant

fellows. And now and then there lies in mid-stream in sombre majesty a ship-of-war, with huge cannons frowning from its port-holes.

#### **The East River.**

At the other side of Manhattan Island is the East river, which is really not a river but an arm of the sea, or strait, connecting New York Bay with Long Island Sound. Where this strait joins the sound lies a cluster of islands. David's Island is a station of the United States Army where soldiers are recruited. Glen Island close by is a delightful pleasure resort daily visited by thousands during the summer. On Hart's Island is the pauper burying-ground of New York, and other branches of the city's Department of Charities. As many as two thousand unknown or pauper dead are buried there each year. City Island is occupied by a pretty village largely inhabited by boat-builders and fishermen, and is famous as the spot where oyster culture in America was begun.



**West Street.**

#### **Eastern Coast Defenses.**

After passing these islands, we come to a narrow and winding passage between fortified shores, the Eastern defenses of New York Harbor. Here is Willet's Point, a high bluff occupied by the engineer corps of the United States Army. The entire channel opposite this point is undermined and dotted with torpedoes

which would quickly destroy any invading ship of war. On Throgg's Neck near by is Fort Schuyler, a powerful fortress begun in 1833. It was originally built in old-fashioned style with massive stone walls, but is now being remodeled in accordance with modern principles of fortification, and provided with the heaviest artillery known to science. Here the shores are lined with towns and the outlying wards of cities. Whitestone and College Point, and then Long Island City, are on the one hand, and on the other Port Morris, Morrisania,

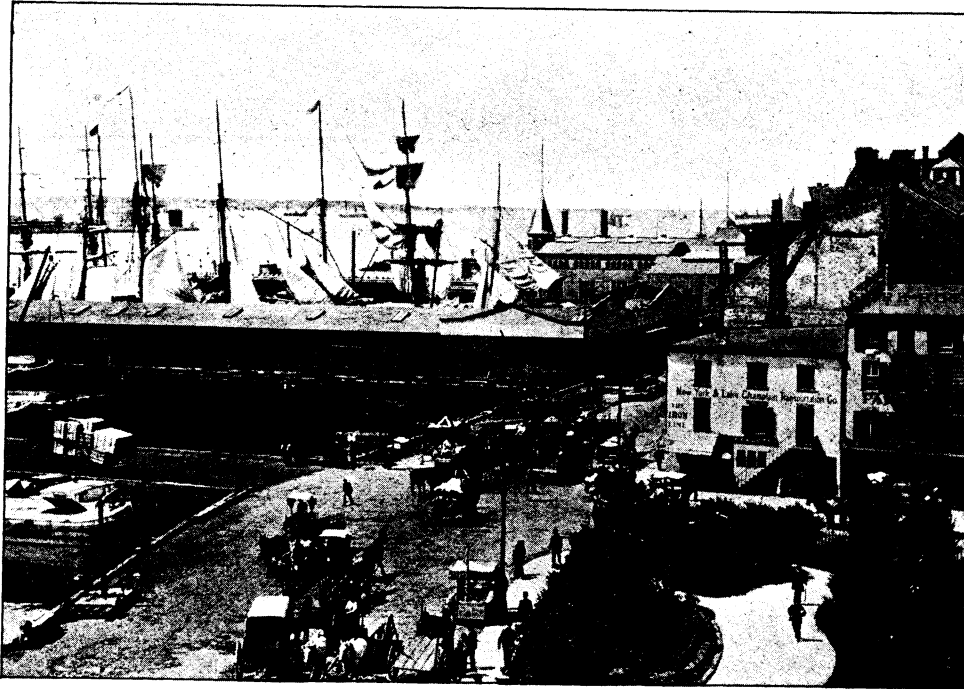


**Hell Gate Channel.**

and the other towns which have been incorporated into New York at the northern end. The channel winds among various islands, chief among which are Ward's and Randall's, which belong to New York city and are occupied as asylums for the insane and for paupers.

#### **Hell Gate Channel.**

Next comes the famous portion of the channel known as Hell Gate. This name has not the ominous meaning it appears to have, being derived from an old Dutch name, meaning "Beautiful Gate," in reference to the picturesque scenery which formerly abounded on the shores. It was, however, in olden times a very perilous passageway, owing to the innumerable rocks and shoals and eddies and strong currents, and many vessels were wrecked there. About 1870, however, the United States Government took the matter in hand. For many years hundreds of men were employed under ground and under the bed of the channel cutting mines and galleries in every direction until a vast area was completely honeycombed. The galleries were then heavily charged with powerful explosives. At an appointed



South Street.

time the waters were cleared of all shipping and the mine was fired. The shock was almost like that of an earthquake. Millions of tons of rock were displaced and a vast quantity was removed from the bed of the channel by grappling and dredging. This great work made Hell Gate almost as easy and safe to navigate as any of the waters about New York.

We now enter the East river proper, and find it solidly lined on both sides, here by New York and there by Long Island City and Brooklyn. It is not so straight as the Hudson river, and less than one-third

as wide. For a considerable distance it is divided into two channels by the long and narrow Blackwell's Island, which lies in the middle of the stream, and is occupied by the City Penitentiary, Almshouse, Workhouse, Charity Hospital and similar institutions. On the Long Island shore are great and ill-smelling oil refineries, sugar refineries, soap works, chemical works, and other manufacturing establishments. Then in the angle formed by a sharp bend of the river, lies the United States Navy Yard, the largest and most important owned by the government.

Beyond this, to the lower part of New York City, both the New York and Brooklyn shores are crowded with shipping, and the narrow stream is even more thronged than the Hudson river. At almost its narrowest part the river is spanned by the graceful and gigantic Brooklyn Bridge. Beyond this the Long Island shore is



marked by the bold bluff known as Brooklyn heights, crowned with beautiful residences, and several enormous hotels. Then reaching the lower end of Manhattan Island, both the East and the Hudson river blend into the waters of New York Bay.

#### **New York Bay.**

This splendid sheet of water is dotted with steam and sailing craft of every kind, from tiny skiffs to enormous ocean steamers, and it forms the ocean gateway not only to New York city, but practically to the entire continent, for the shipping that enters here amounts to considerably more than that at all other ports put together.

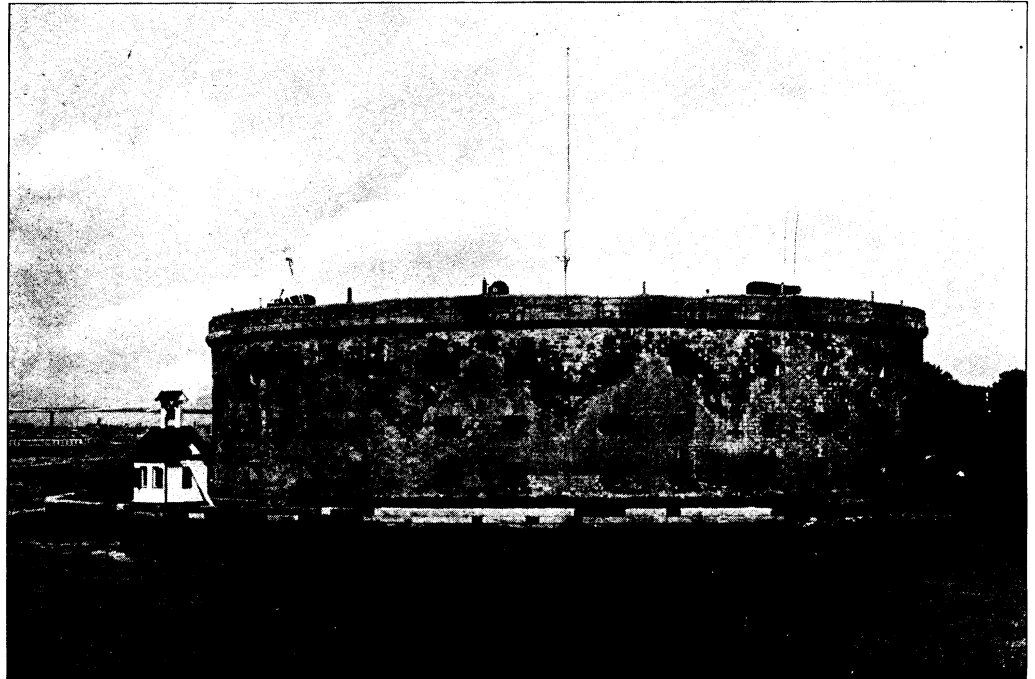
#### **Governor's Island.**

Three islands lie within the compass of the Bay. The largest of these, Governor's Island, is only about one thousand yards from the lower end of Manhattan Island, and is separated from the Brooklyn shore by a narrow strip of water known as Buttermilk Channel. The island contains about sixty-five acres of ground, and was originally settled by the Dutch as a place of residence. It has long, however, been the property of the National Government, and occupied as the headquarters of the Military Department of the Atlantic. Once the island was regarded as an important feature of the



**Governor's Island.**

defense of New York Harbor, and various forts and batteries were constructed upon it. These still remain, antiquated and almost useless, but picturesque. At the centre of the island is Fort Columbus, an extensive structure of stone and brick, with some modern earthworks. South Battery is a small triangular fortification at the southern extremity of the island. At the west is Castle Williams, a stately edifice of brown stone, with rows of frowning apertures for cannon in its walls. It is the most conspicuous object on the island, and is one of the landmarks of the harbor. But it was built in 1811, in accord with military notions of those days, and would be of slight value in modern warfare. From its parapet a cannon is fired every day at sunset. Many other buildings are scattered about the island; the houses of the commanding officers, the barracks of the soldiers, two or three arsenals, a chapel, an extensive library and museum, etc. Here also are vast stacks and pyramids of cannon-balls, and rows of cannon lying like logs in a lumber camp. Most of the island is beautifully shaded, and forms one of the most attractive spots in the vicinity of New York.



**Castle Williams, Governor's Island.**

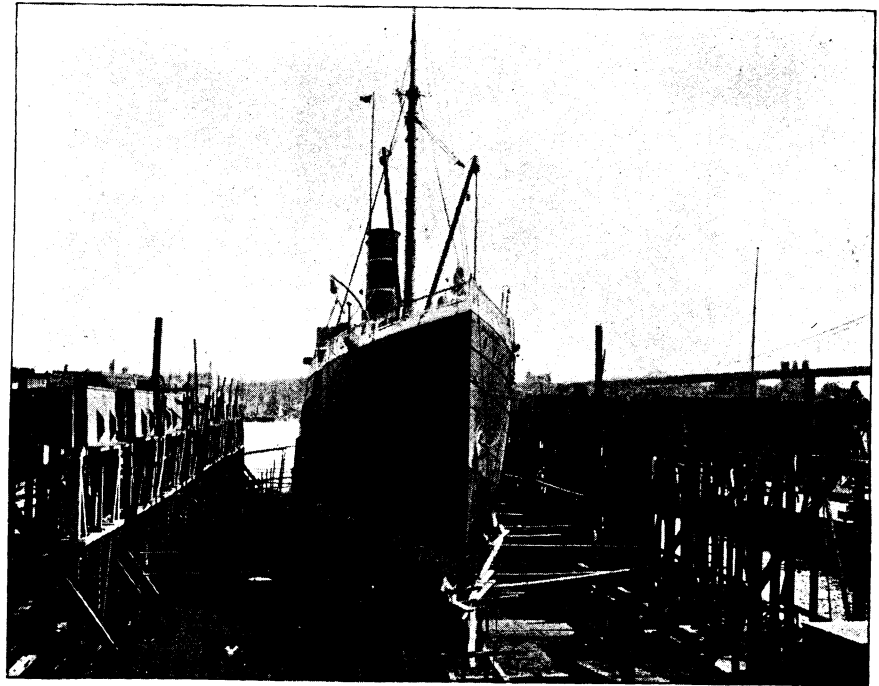
**Emigrant Station.**

Ellis Island, a dozen acres in extent, lies about a mile and a half southwest from the Battery. It also belongs to the United States Government, and was long occupied by a military magazine. But in 1891

buildings for the reception of immigrants were erected there, and on January 1, 1892, the island was formally occupied as the immigrant station of this port.

**Bedloe's Island and Statue of Liberty.**

Half a mile south of Ellis's Island lies Bedloe's Island, of thirteen acres area. On it the National Government once maintained a fortification known as Fort Wood. But in 1886 it was made the site of the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." This stupendous work was begun by M. Bartholdi, the French sculptor, in 1879, and completed in 1883. It is a draped female figure, crowned with a diadem having thirteen rays, and holding in her left hand and against her bosom, a tablet with the date "July 4, 1776," and in her right hand raising aloft a flaming torch. It is made of copper, hollow, of course, and weighs more than twenty-five tons. The cost, more than \$200,000, was defrayed by popular subscriptions in France, and the completed work was presented as a gift to the people of the United States. It is on a lofty pedestal, erected by popular subscriptions in this country amounting to about \$250,000. The monument was unveiled with imposing ceremonies on October 28, 1886. The statue is one hundred and fifty-one feet high, and the pedestal one hundred and fifty-five, making it one of the loftiest objects in or near New York. At night it is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, and by day it is a favorite resort for sight-seers. There are stairs within, by which one may ascend to the top of the uplifted torch, and the view from that lofty station is one of singular beauty and magnificence.

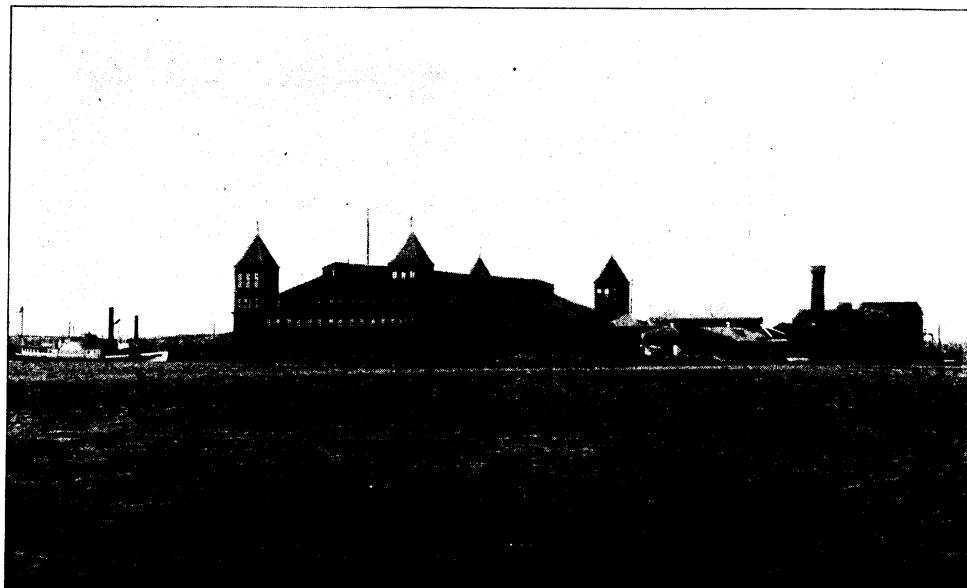


**Sectional Dry-Dock.**

At the southern extremity of the Bay is Staten Island, a lovely suburban residence region, and between its towering shore and the almost equally lofty Long Island shore, the strait known as the Narrows gives passage to the Lower Bay and the ocean. The Narrows form the real gateway to New York, and, as is fitting, the gate is well guarded. Indeed here we find the commencement of the real fortifications of the port.

#### **Water-Approaches and Fortifications.**

In these days of advance in naval and shore preparations for defense and offense, it is natural that the subject of fortifying the water-approaches to New York city should receive particular attention, as a blow struck at New York would hurt not only this city, but the whole country. In the source of her wealth, the sea, lies also the chief danger of foreign attack. The capacity and depth of her sheltered harbor and the good anchorage which now attract to her the treasure-bearing fleets of the world would furnish an excellent operating place for hostile men-of-war. For defense against such a contingency, nature has done much unaided by man. She has thrown a sand-bar, Sandy Hook, out toward the ship channels leading into the Lower Bay. There are also the Dry Romer Shoals in the Lower Bay before the Narrows can be approached. For the defensive armament of Sandy Hook, the new twelve-inch steel breech-loading mortars are now considered the best weapons. Mounted as it is proposed to use this powerful artillery, in groups of four, four mortars in each group, thus making sixteen mortars which could concentrate their fire on a ship, the

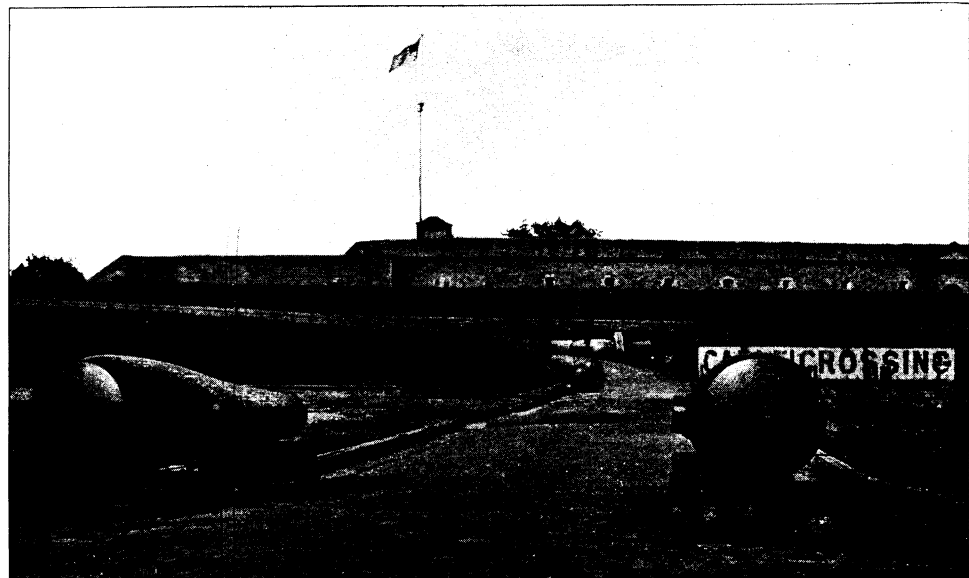


**Ellis Island.**

first welcome to New York's shores could be made an enthusiastic and hot one. As to the Dry Romer Shoals, artillery officers who have studied the bay thoroughly with a view to its capabilities for defense, think that a great steel turret, with modern heavy rifled cannon, would be a valuable aid there, and that it is practicable. They also favor the occupation of Norton's Point on Coney Island.

#### **Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth.**

But towering above all these places, in a commanding position and with a magnificent free range seaward, rise the swelling, grassy mounds known as Fort Hamilton. Opposite is another strong place, Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island. Here between the upper and lower bays, nature has placed a gate; a narrow pass through which vessels must go to reach New York. Each ship which passes is covered by the guns mounted at the top of those natural fortifications which rise high above the sea level. Many years ago, in what may now be called the primitive times of artillery, man thought that by his aid the strong place had been made impregnable. In 1825 the construction of the square pile of heavy masonry which is still known as Fort Hamilton was begun. This was, however, not the first attempt which had been made at fortifying the place, for in 1812 earthworks had been thrown up there, while on the islet in the Narrows where Fort Lafayette now stands, a picturesque tumble-down mass of brick and stone, log fortifications were erected. With the erection of the stone fort, however, the history of the place properly begins. The fort is

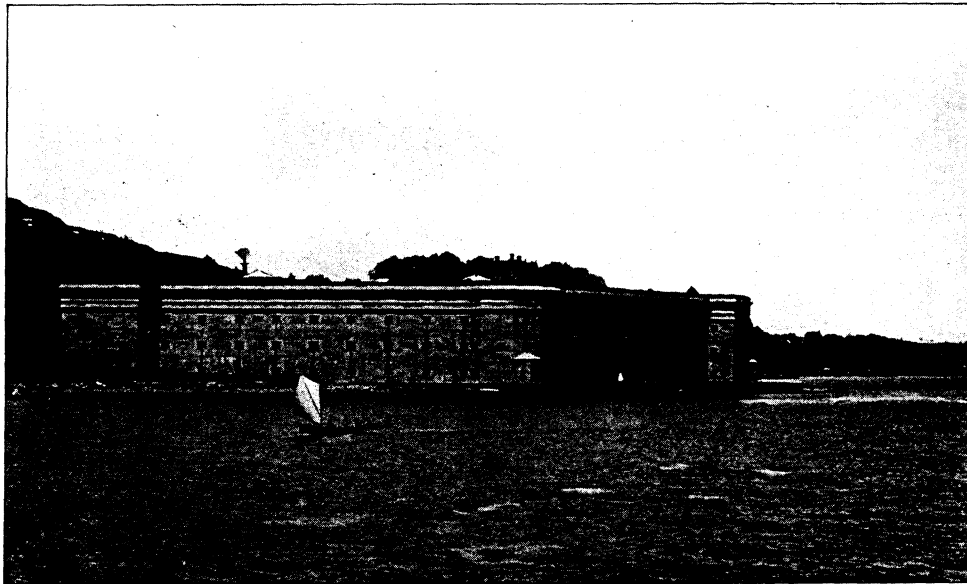


**Fort Hamilton.**

With the erection of the stone fort, however, the history of the place properly begins. The fort is

built as an open square, with casements in the heavy walls, which still furnish quarters for men stationed there. It is not a pretty place to look at from the exterior, for close inspection of the heavy walls reveals scars and patches of brick here and there, while the heavy nail-studded wooden doors at the sally-ports belong so evidently to the past that one has to keep reminding himself that it is a fort. But as soon as the visitor enters one of the three sally-ports and reaches the interior of the fort, he feels at once that he is on a United States Army reservation.

The grassplots are as painfully and scrupulously neat as the stone walks and the barracks. So perfectly is everything kept in order that as one looks down at the clear windows, the straight, unspotted paths, and the carefully trimmed trees and grass, with the sentries in their bright blue, with polished belts and buckles and shining arms, it looks like a picture. In the casemates, which are now occupied by soldiers, the commissioned officers of the post once lived. The barracks in the northeast casemate were the dwelling-place of Thomas



**Fort Wadsworth.**

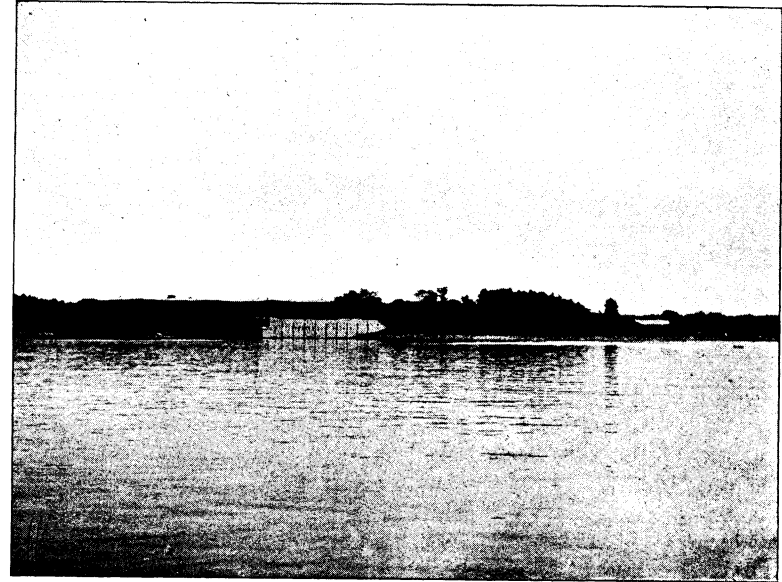
Jefferson Jackson, the officer who afterward was known as General "Stonewall" Jackson. He was one of the officers of the 1st Artillery then. Another interesting memento of his stay at Fort Hamilton is to be found among the baptismal records of St. John's Church, at Fort Hamilton, which is now almost sixty years old. The entry in question is: "On Sunday, the 29th day of April, 1849, I baptized Thomas Jefferson Jackson, major in the United States Army. Sponsors, Colonels Dimick and Taylor, also of the Army." This

entry is signed by the Rev. M. Scofield, who was then rector and who was intimately acquainted with Jackson. He said once: "I met, visited or walked with him almost daily, and was very much attached to him as a friend and companion. He was of fine person, diffident, truthful, devout, and yet in command he was bold, fearless, untiring. I esteemed him as a man and loved him as a brother." At the time of his baptism he was major by brevet.

In the northwest corner of the fort is a casemate where General Seymour lived when he was an officer on duty there. He was then a first lieutenant of artillery.

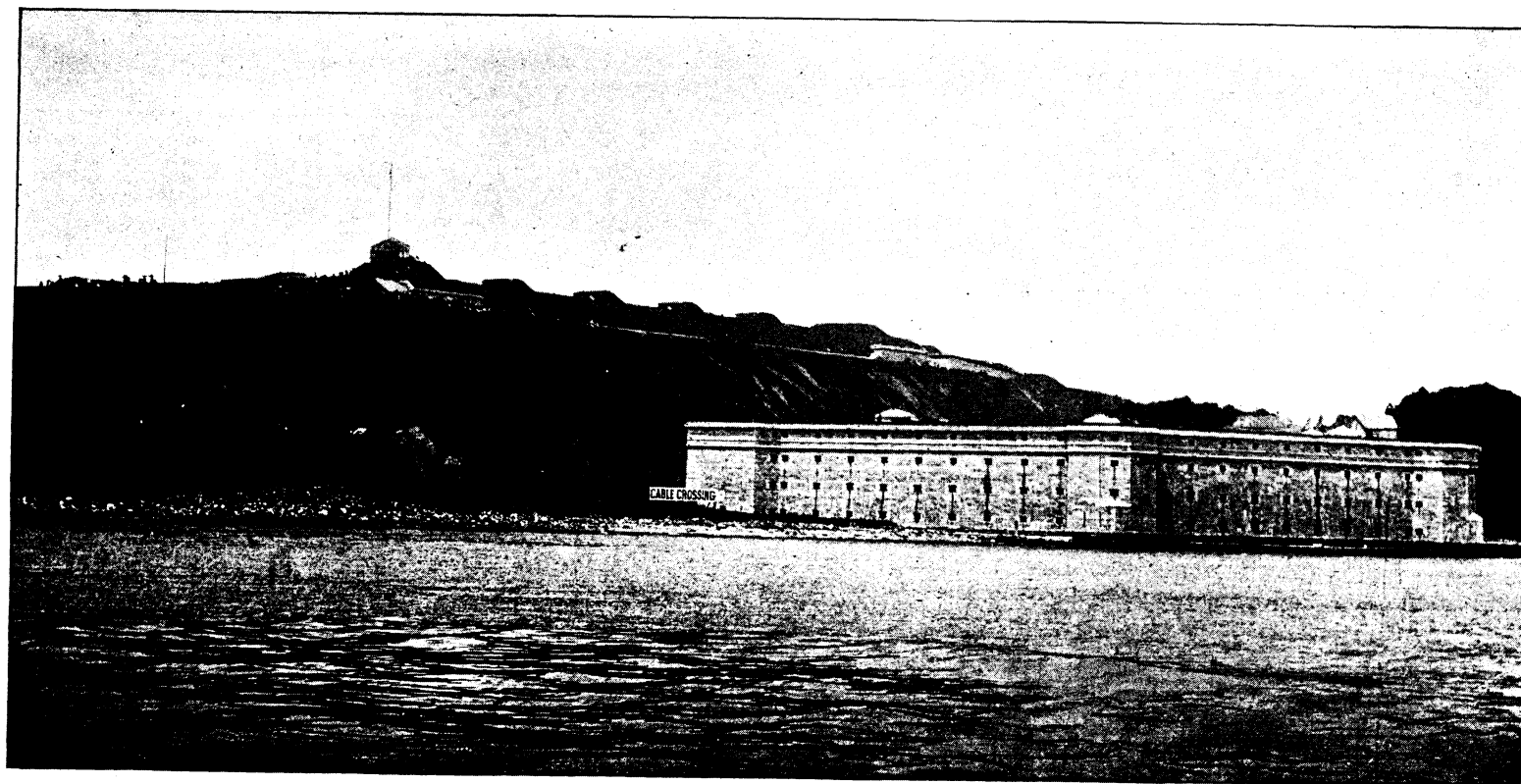
Another officer whose name was connected with that of the fort in those days was Robert E. Lee, then a captain in the Engineer Corps, and afterward General Lee, of the Confederate Army. General Henry Stanton, General Harvey Brown and Colonel Justin Dimick were also stationed at this fort before the civil war.

The real grounds of the fort are, however, outside of this old building. The fort covers altogether one hundred acres of fine ground. Behind the old stone fort is a beautiful parade ground, surrounded by handsome houses. On one side of the square is a long row of cottages, which are occupied by the officers. Then farther on are the large barracks, a number of separate buildings for each company. The men who have quarters in them cannot complain, as the houses are airy and comfortable, with billiard-rooms, etc. Near the barracks are the stables.



Willetts Point.

To seaward and outside of the stone fort is the water battery, which is really the fighting part of the armament. But the guns are of the old style, and it is time many of them were laid to rest beside the old



**Fort Tompkins.**

straight, short twenty-four-pounders which recline peacefully in a hoary corner of the patched-up parapet. The guns which still peer out of the walls here and there belong also to the same era which pierced the walls for musketry. They are rusty and cumbersome, and would give way, in case of need, to Hotchkiss and other rapid-firing guns. The largest gun in the fort is the great twenty-inch cannon. It is of the old cast-iron kind and is not often fired.

Of course there are many things which the ordinary visitor is not allowed to see in a fort, and Fort Hamilton is no exception. The few things which have been enumerated do not comprise the resources of the

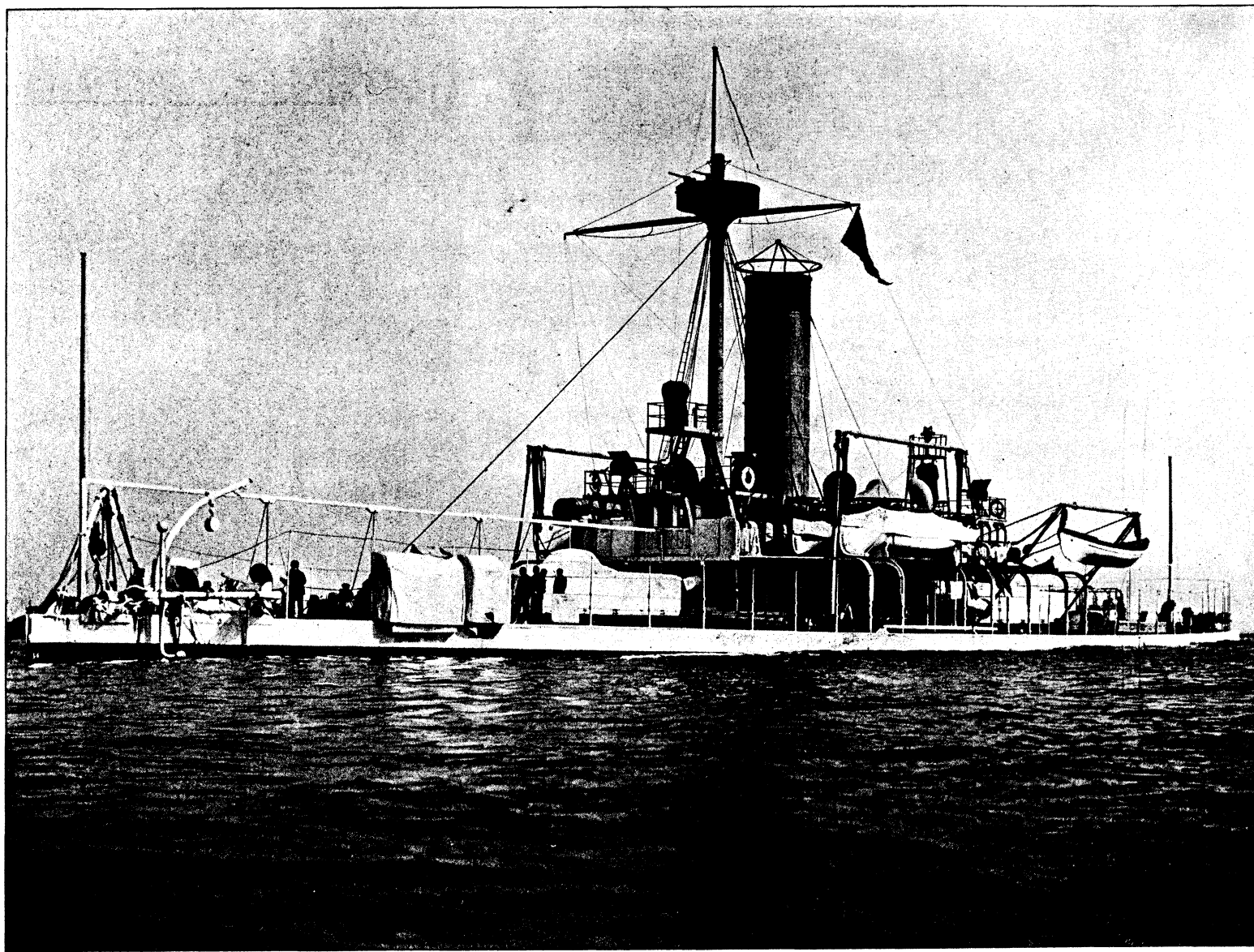


fort. There are rifled guns, sunken batteries, and powder magazines which are not open to public inspection, besides several other places.

As for the fort's defensive properties, that is a subject which has often been treated of. The stone fort would be a source of danger rather than of safety under fire, as modern projectiles would send its stones flying. But the place, as said before, is made strong by nature, and the erection of great earthworks, with an interior wall of concrete, is made easy here. These are improvements which are now being spoken of, and it is possible that the stone parapets may be covered the same way, which would make them safe.

One of the most interesting things in the fort is the vessel-tracking, by means of which a vessel which is sighted at sea is watched carefully, and her course marked and followed on a map, so that the time and conditions of firing at her may be calculated to a nicety.

On the northwestern angle of the parapets of Fort Hamilton is the Fort Hamilton Observation Station, a frame, glass-encased observatory. This is where the vessel which is to be watched is followed through its entire course. On the other side of the Narrows, on Fort Wadsworth, is the Fort Wadsworth Observation Station. The distance between the two is two thousand one hundred and sixty yards, thus giving the observers a base line of that length from which to make their calculations. This base line enables the observers to determine the position of the ship at the exact spot in the bay. The result of the observations on Fort Wadsworth is telegraphed to Fort Hamilton by means of signal flags. Here is where one great defect makes itself felt, that is, the lack of telegraph communication. The two forts should be connected by wire, as the communication by signal flags is unsatisfactory, uncertain and slow. In one of the casements underneath the observation station is the plotting-room, a room filled with charts and instruments. On a large table is spread a chart of the bay, and as the observers above telegraph the result of their calculations to the officers in the plotting or tracking-room, the position of the vessel is marked on the chart, and then followed carefully as she moves on. From the rate of her speed, it is then figured at what time she will pass a given point. Then the distance of that



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point from any particular gun is calculated, and the officer in charge of the gun is informed to what azimuth angle he should point his gun, what range must be obtained, and at what particular minute and second the gun must be fired. The officer at the gun has a book giving the amount of elevation for any desired range, so that it is simply necessary for him to see that his gun is pointed to the azimuth angle indicated, which he does by means of a corresponding azimuth on the traverses of his gun (the traverses are the semicircular tracks on which the carriage runs), give it the correct elevation, to calculate how many seconds it will take for the shot to go the distance, and to wait till the time indicated for firing it. So that it will be seen that the men at the gun need not see what they are firing at, but can get their artillery to work without once exposing themselves above the parapets. Should the vessel suddenly change her course, word is telegraphed to the gun to hold until corrected observations are taken.

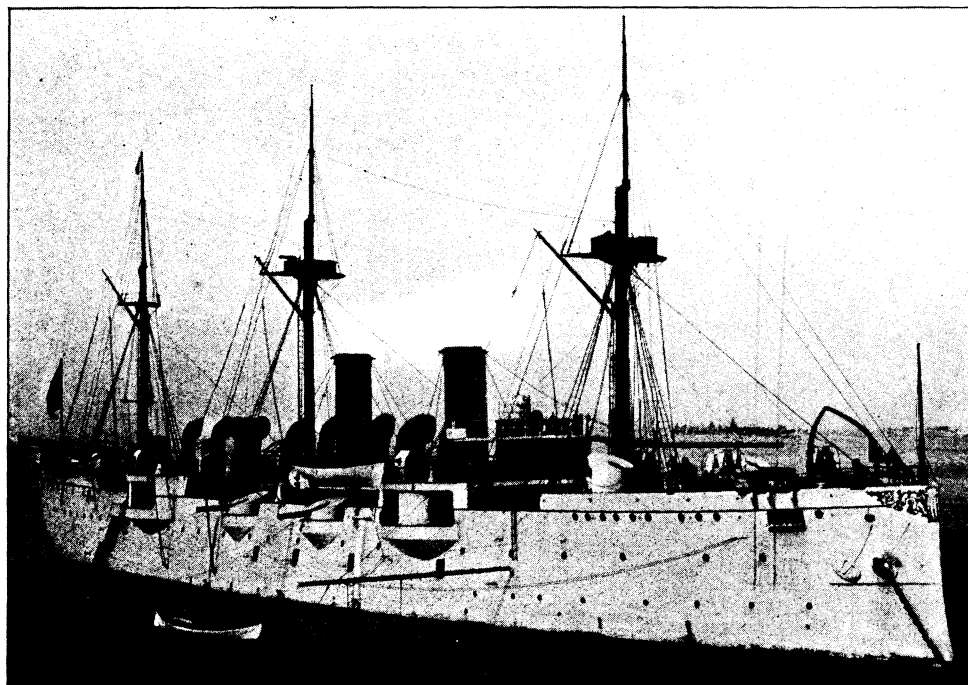
This operation of vessel-tracking is one of the most interesting things to be seen at the fort. It well serves to show what strides have been made in artillery practice since the old days, when the powder-begrimed gunner sighted his old cannon by laying three fingers over the breech. The operation as described here may seem extremely simple and an easy thing to do. In reality it is complicated, and involves a comprehensive knowledge of higher mathematics and surveying, besides making it necessary that the men engaged in the work should be expert with figures, for the difficult calculations that are made must be done at once with lightning-like speed, and with the guarantee that they are absolutely correct.

#### **Lower Bay and Sandy Hook.**

Passing the Narrows, we enter the vast expanse of the Lower Bay, which at the east opens directly upon the Atlantic Ocean. Its waters are in many places shallow, and large vessels need pilots to guide them along the channels. Two islands only are found in this bay, mere specks on its surface. They are of artificial construction, barren piles of stone, on which stand the plain, ~~barrack-like~~ buildings of the Quarantine Station. The northernmost is Hoffman Island, used for the detention and purification of persons, not themselves ill but

arriving at the port in infected vessels. The other, a mile south, is Swinburne Island, on which are hospitals for the reception of persons actually suffering from contagious diseases. Nearby also is anchored the hospital ship Illinois. The health officer in charge of Quarantine has his residence and office on the Staten Island shore at Clifton.

The Lower Bay is a favorite yachting and fishing ground, for which popular sports it affords unsurpassed facilities. At the southeastern corner of it is Sandy Hook, the long narrow peninsula which forms the northern extremity of the sea-coast of New Jersey, and within the Hook is the Horseshoe Cove, a noted anchorage ground for yachts, where a fleet of graceful pleasure-boats may be seen any summer day. The point of Sandy Hook is the property of the United States Government, and an elaborate series of fortifications for harbor defense is being constructed there. There also are the grounds on which great cannons are tested. Two lighthouses stand on the Hook, to guide vessels coming to



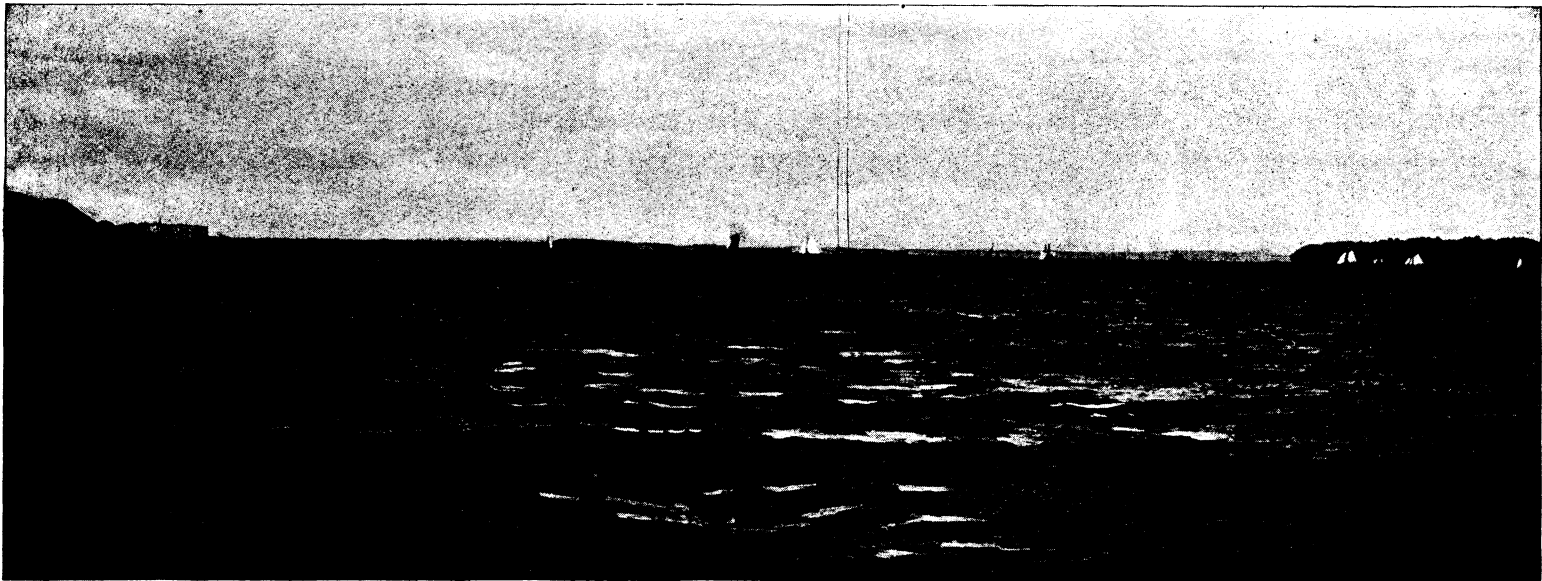
Philadelphia, U. S. N.

port at night, and a lightship, called the Scotland, is anchored a few miles out at sea. The most notable beacons about the harbor, however, are the twin lighthouses on the Navesink Highlands, a few miles south of Sandy Hook. Here, on the summit of a bold cliff, overlooking the ocean, stands a stately edifice of brownstone, from which rise two massive towers, one round, the other square. In the top of each is a powerful

Fresnel light, easily visible at a distance of thirty-five miles. The scenery about the Highlands is surpassingly beautiful, including within close compass, mountain, forest, river, bay and ocean. Nearby is Atlantic Highlands, a summer resort on the Lower Bay, while southward for many miles along the New Jersey coast runs an unbroken series of watering-places, including Seabright, Long Branch, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and many others.

**Suburban Connections.**

At the western extremity of the Lower Bay the Raritan river enters. North of that, as we return to New York, lies Staten Island, divided from New Jersey by Staten Island Sound and the Kills. Staten Island is a beautiful bit of country, just hilly enough to be picturesque and thickly dotted with charming villages. At the North of it lies Newark bay, separated from the upper New York bay by Bergen Neck, on which is the rather straggling city of Bayonne. North of Bayonne, and directly across the river from the lower part of New York, lies Jersey City, a large place of great manufacturing importance, and the terminus of numerous trunk railroad



**The Narrows.**



**South Ferry.**

lines. Part of it lies on low ground, along the river, and part on a high rocky ridge, forming the southerly continuation of the Palisades. Through this ridge the railroads pass, through deep cuts and tunnels. North of Jersey City lies the smaller city of Hoboken, closely resembling the former in all respects, save that the bulk of its inhabitants are German. Along the crest of the Palisades are various villages and pleasure resorts.

To the west lie the Meadows, sometimes called the Hackensack or Passaic

Meadows, after the rivers that traverse them; sometimes the Newark Meadows, after the great city that lies just beyond them. Newark, Elizabeth, Orange, Passaic and Paterson, a noble line of prosperous cities, all tributary to New York, are on the western side of the Meadows, and beyond them stretch the hills and valleys of northern New Jersey.

Recrossing the Hudson River, we find the metropolis bounded at the north by Westchester county, a region of rare natural beauty, now densely populated. Immediately north of New York lie the cities of Yonkers and Mount Vernon, and beyond them are the fine flourishing towns of White Plains, Tarrytown, and New Rochelle, while still farther north are Sing Sing, Peekskill, and all the glorious array of towns and farming land and lakes and mountains of the "Hudson river counties."

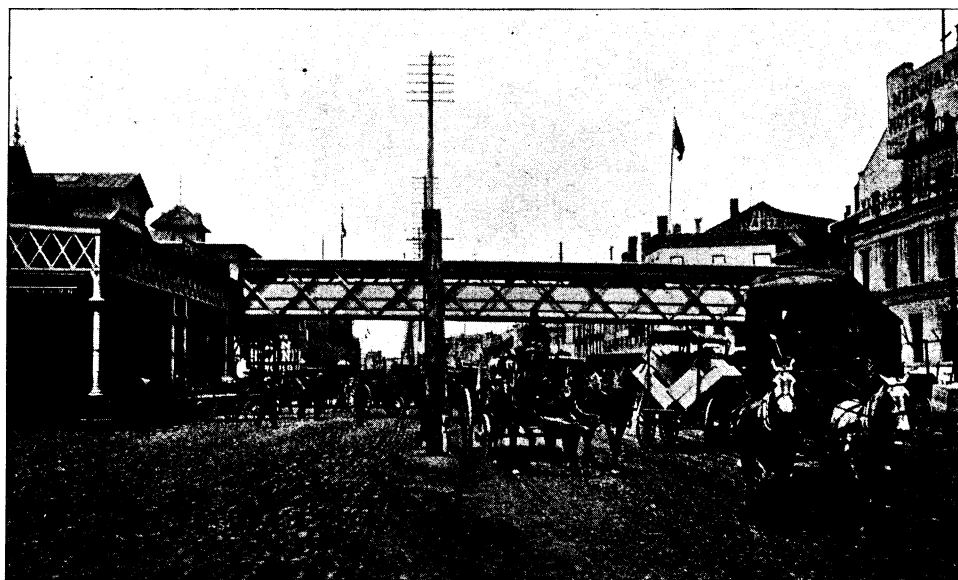
The neighboring municipalities on the other shore of the East river would require a volume for description.

Long Island City, formed by the union of Hunter's Point, Astoria, Ravenswood, etc., is noteworthy chiefly for its manufactures. But Brooklyn is one of the great cities of the world, with a million inhabitants, enormous manufacturing industries, and a vast foreign commerce, which latter, however, belongs to the port of New York. Beyond these cities is Long Island, with numerous fine towns, such as Flushing, Jamaica and Garden City, and its great array of watering places on the Atlantic.

#### **Steam Railroads.**

With these environs New York has numerous avenues of communication. With Westchester county and New England it is connected by railroads.

With other regions the city is connected by ferries. A great number of ferries are found at Whitehall street; at the eastern side of the Battery. Here the elevated railroads have their southern terminals. There are ferries to Governor's, Ellis and Bedloe's islands; to St. George, Staten Island, and the



**Cortlandt Street Ferry.**

railroad system centering there; to Bay Ridge and the Manhattan Beach and Coney Island railroads; to South Brooklyn (Thirty-ninth street) to Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, and to Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn. At the foot of Wall Street is a ferry to Montague street, Brooklyn. At Fulton street is the most famous ferry of all, to the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn. At Catherine street is a ferry to Main street, Brooklyn. At James's Slip and at the foot of East Thirty-fourth street are ferries to Long Island City and the Long Island railroad station. From Roosevelt street, from Grand street and from East Twenty-third street, ferries run to the foot of Broadway,

Brooklyn; from East Tenth street and East Twenty-third street to Greenpoint avenue, Brooklyn; from Grand street and from Houston street to Grand street, Brooklyn; and from the foot of East Ninety-second street to Astoria, Long Island City. At Twenty-sixth street is a ferry to Hart's Island.



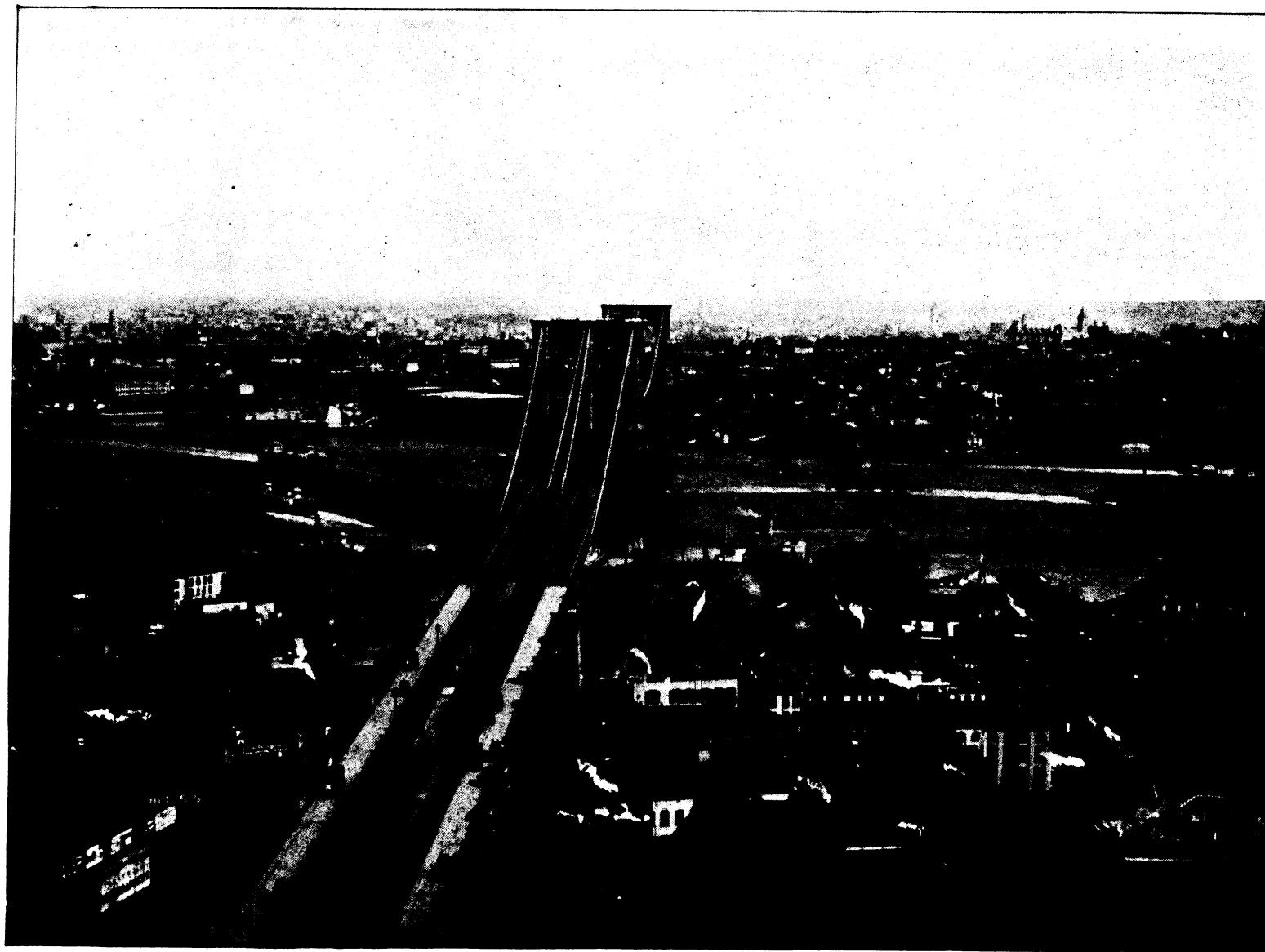
**New York End Brooklyn Bridge.**

### **Brooklyn Bridge.**

Most notable of all New York's connections with its environs, however, is the majestic bridge that spans the East river, commonly called the Brooklyn Bridge. This, by far the greatest suspension bridge in the world, was begun in 1870 and, after much needless delay, was opened for use on June 24, 1883. It consists, briefly described, of one enormous span across the river, one thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet long, between two towers; a span from each tower to the land anchorage, each nine

hundred and thirty feet long, with approaches at each end. The entire length is nearly six thousand feet. The bridge is eighty-five feet wide with two wagon-roads, two railroad tracks, and a broad promenade. The crown of the centre span is one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water. On January 2, 1870, work on the towers was begun. The first thing was to make foundations by sinking caissons of timber down to a solid resting-place, seventy-eight feet below the water level on the New York side, and forty-five feet in Brooklyn. As fast as they sank, by the digging away of the ground beneath them, masonry was laid, course by course, and when hard-pan was reached, the hollow beneath the caisson was filled with concrete. Upon





Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn.

these wooden caissons the vast granite towers rest. The lower part of the towers (which are one hundred and forty by fifty feet), is solid, then they are hollow up to the base of the great arches, one hundred and nineteen feet high; the arches rise one hundred and seventeen feet higher, and the cap-stones are two hundred and seventy-one feet above the water. Meanwhile the massive masonry anchorages, one hundred and twenty-seven feet high and one hundred and nineteen feet wide, containing the arrangement of iron bars to which the ends of the cables are fastened, were prepared, nine hundred and thirty feet behind each tower.

The masonry having been completed, work on the cables was begun on June 11, 1877. Galvanized steel wire, about the size of ordinary telegraph wire, was used. Strand by strand it was carried across the river, over the tops of the towers, from anchorage to anchorage, until the entire distance was spanned by no less than twenty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six strands of wire. These were gathered into four cables, of five thousand four hundred and thirty-four strands each. The wires in each cable are not twisted, but lie side by side. Then other wire was wrapped around and around the cables, like thread on a spool, binding the five thousand four hundred and thirty-four wires into a compact body. Each cable is three thousand five hundred and seventy-eight and a half feet long and fifteen and three-quarters inches in diameter, and able to sustain at the middle of the main span a weight of twelve thousand two hundred tons. From these cables is suspended by wire ropes the steel frame-work on which rests the roadway of the bridge. The total cost of the bridge, up to the time of opening it for use, was more than \$15,000,000. The railroad cars on the bridge are propelled by cable power, and carry about forty million passengers a year, while millions more cross on the foot-path and wagon-roads.

Work has been begun, but slight progress made, on a still more gigantic bridge, that is to span the Hudson river and connect New York with the New Jersey shore north of Hoboken. Other bridges are planned, to connect New York with Brooklyn and Long Island City. A tunnel under the Hudson river, to Jersey City, was begun many years ago, and is now approaching completion.

## CHAPTER III.

### THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY.

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THE HEART OF NEW YORK IS BROADWAY. It is not only the heart, but the brain, the spinal column, the great nerve-centre, the chief artery. As New York is the world in microcosm, Broadway is an epitome of the whole city. In almost every particular, this famous street is surpassed by some other in New York. The Bowery and the uptown avenues are wider. Several avenues are longer. Other streets have perhaps finer buildings. Elsewhere there is a greater concentration and display of wealth. But taking all things together, Broadway is absolutely unrivaled, easily and incomparably supreme.

#### **Broadway the Great Thoroughfare.**

Nor is it suprême only in this city, but probably in all the world. No other street plays so important a part in its city as Broadway does in New York, and no other street anywhere possesses quite so unique and commanding a personality. Mention Piccadilly or the Strand or any other great London street, or some famous boulevard of Paris, and instantly the name of some rival street in the same city arises, and you hesitate between the two. Perhaps the Prater in Vienna, and Unter den Linden in Berlin, occupy places more nearly akin to Broadway than any other streets. But even they are insignificant in interest compared with it. There is but one Broadway in all the world.

#### **Bowling Green.**

The beginning of this famous street is near the southern end of Manhattan Island. The extreme southern point is occupied by the park called, in memory of its ancient uses, The Battery. Immediately adjoining this,



Lower Broadway.

at the north, is a tiny oval of grass and flowers and shrubbery and a fountain, enclosed by an iron fence, called, also because of its ancient uses, Bowling Green. Upon it in late Colonial days, stood a lead statue of King George the Third, which in Revolutionary times the ardent patriots pulled down and converted into bullets, with which to win their independence from that monarch's sway. Here, its end expanded in order to enclose the Green, Broadway begins.

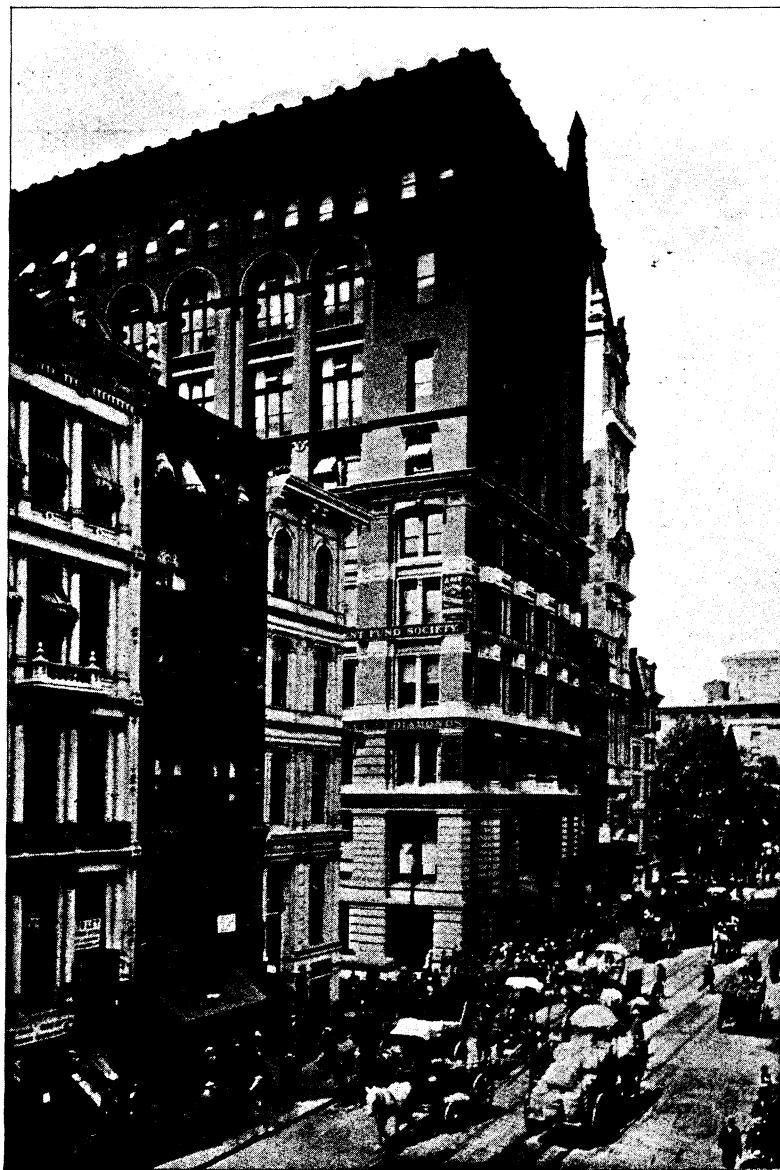
#### **Buildings Towering Skyward.**

Number 1, Broadway! What an imposing address! It is an imposing building, too, towering skyward more than a dozen lofty stories, and commanding an unrivaled view across The Battery, over the bay, through the Narrows to the Atlantic Ocean, with Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the New Jersey shore for framework of the picture. The Washington Building, it is fittingly called, for it occupies the exact site of the building once used by the Father of his Country for his military headquarters.

Other mighty edifices are clustered round the Green, and as, just to northward, Broadway narrows down to its normal width, one seems to be looking into some majestic canyon. And such it is, with a ceaseless stream flowing through it, to and fro, such as no river in the world can boast, and walls of varied stones carved often more fantastically than those that wind and wave have worn. Here are the offices of most of the



**Bowling Green.**

**Telegraph Office.**

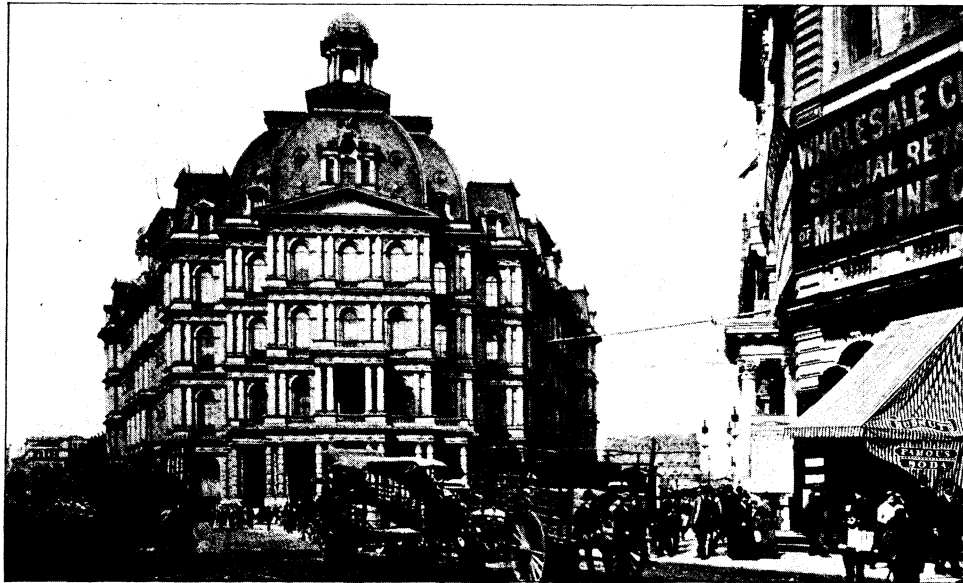
great steamship lines and express companies, and consulates of foreign governments, and brokers' offices for changing foreign money. The sidewalks are thronged with immigrants from every quarter of the globe, in outlandish garb, chattering in strange, alien tongues; and with the wide-awake agents of railroad companies, and boarding-house runners, and other gentry ready to greet the strangers and to take them in, in more senses than one.

Presently the scene changes, as we approach the corner of Wall Street, which runs eastward from Broadway, a quarter of a mile north from Bowling Green. In this region are many noteworthy buildings: The Consolidated Exchange, a vigorous rival of the Stock Exchange; the Union Trust Company's building, a singularly handsome edifice; the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's, the tallest in the city, twenty-two stories high; the Boreel, the United Bank building, and the Equitable Life Assurance building, a vast structure which is a city in itself, with hundreds of suites of offices, shops and stores, restaurants, a law college, and numerous other forms of industry, all under one roof.

Directly opposite the head of Wall Street, on the western side of Broadway, stands Trinity Church, the

foremost of the Protestant Episcopal faith in all the city. It is a stately gothic edifice of dark red sandstone, with a spire two hundred and eighty-four feet high, and a fine chime of bells.

Around it lies a graveyard, in which are the tombs of Alexander Hamilton, Captain Lawrence of "Don't give up the ship!" fame, and many other great men of the last century. A fine monument to the American patriots who died in British prisons during the Revolutionary War, stands in the northeast corner, opposite the head of Pine street, placed there, it is said, to prevent the city authorities from extending Pine street across



**General Post-Office.**

Broadway and through the churchyard. This part of Broadway is thronged by bankers and brokers and their clerks, and lawyers and railroad and insurance men, and in the middle of the day presents one of the busiest scenes in all the city.

At Maiden Lane and John street we skirt the edge of the wholesale and manufacturing jewelry region. At Dey street is the Western Union Telegraph building, the greatest of its kind in the world, and at Fulton street are the buildings of the "Evening Post" and "Mail and Express" newspapers, ushering us into the centre of communication with all parts of the world. Here, at Ann street, is the old home, now a branch office, of the "Herald," on the site of the famous old Barnum's Museum.

**General Post-Office.**

Just beyond, at the junction of Broadway and Park Row, is the huge Post-Office building, modeled after the Tuileries. It is triangular in ground area, occupying what was formerly the southern corner of the City Hall

Park. On the other side of Broadway is the Astor House, one of the most noted of New York hotels; a dark-colored granite building of almost forbiddingly plain design. Two blocks farther on are the sky-reaching buildings of the Postal Telegraph and Home Insurance companies. North of the Post-Office, for three blocks to Chambers street, on the east side of Broadway, lies the City Hall Park, containing the handsome but antiquated City Hall, the County Court House, in building which the Tweed Ring stole millions of the public money, and two or three minor

buildings. Looking across the Park, we can see the towering edifices around Printing House Square, the offices of the "Times," "Tribune," "Sun," "World," and other papers, which make, with the agencies of out-of-town journals, the greatest newspaper centre on the globe.

Beyond the Park both sides of Broadway are lined with almost unbroken rows of giant buildings. Conspicuous among them are the Stewart, Cable, Mutual Reserve Insurance, and New York Life Insurance buildings. Great clothing stores abound; hardware stores, law offices, insurance, firearms; and then comes the famous Dry-Goods District, the richest in the city. For, after all, the greatest of New York's many great businesses is that of dry-goods. For many blocks along Broadway, and for blocks down each side street, are vast stone and iron warehouses, devoted to the wholesale trade in cotton, linen, woolen and silk fabrics of



Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall Station.

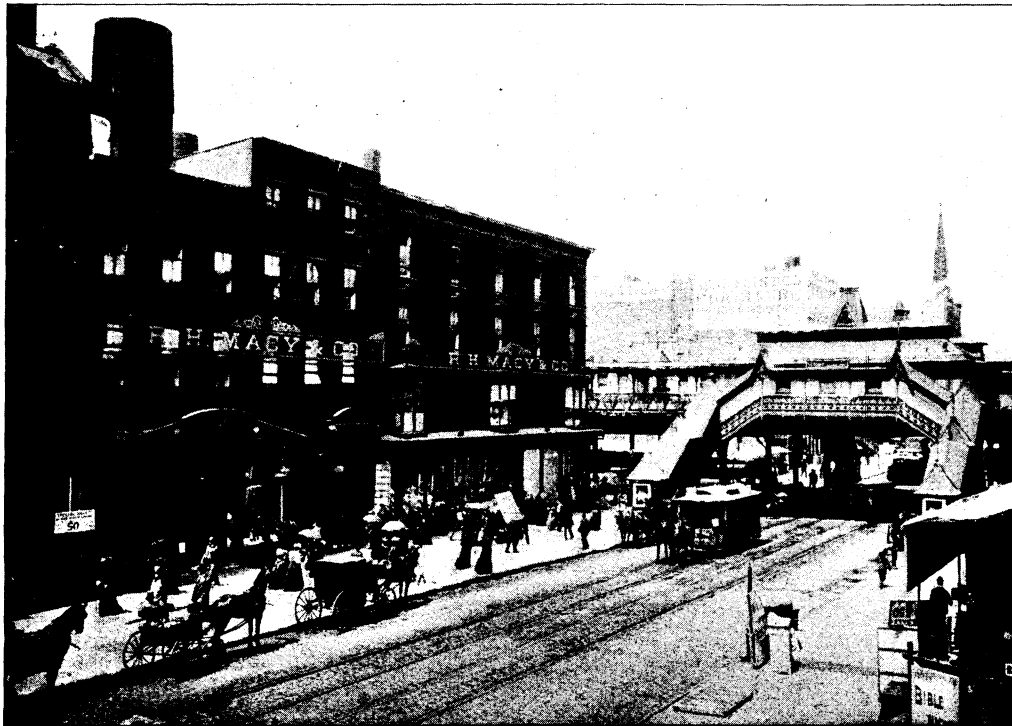


every conceivable variety, while the roadway is a maze of carts and drays, and mountains of huge packing-boxes make the sidewalks well nigh impassable.

North of Canal street the scene changes again. Wholesale and retail clothing stores abound here; wholesale dealers in gloves, laces, trimmings, novelties of all kinds. Here is the Metropolitan Hotel, the first we have seen since leaving the Astor House; and in its central court is Niblo's Garden Theatre, the farthest down town of all the play-houses in New York. Both hotel and theatre were a part of the estate of A. T. Stewart, and they have had a striking history. It was in that theatre that Edwin Booth first captivated the American public with his Hamlet, playing it one hundred nights in unbroken succession. And it was upon that self-same stage

that the modern spectacular drama was inaugurated by a long run of "Black Crook."

This part of Broadway was once the great hotel region, when the famed St. Nicholas, the Prescott, and others were the leading hostelrys of New York. But they are all gone, save the Metropolitan, until we reach the big Broadway Central, formerly called the Grand Central, opposite Bond street. It was in this hotel that the famous railroad speculator, "Jim" Fisk, was murdered. We have now reached a part of Broadway where great book stores and publishing houses, picture stores, furniture stores, and similar establishments



A Large Retail Establishment.

abound. We are also on the brink of the retail dry-goods and shopping region, for the whole block between Ninth and Tenth streets is taken up by the enormous iron building erected by A. T. Stewart—probably the largest dry-goods shop in America if not in the world, and still, though so far downtown, one of the favorites and leaders in that trade. Several other large dry-goods stores are nearby.

Just above Tenth street Broadway turns toward the northwest, and at the angle, apparently blocking the head of the street as we look toward it from downtown, stands Grace Church, after Trinity the best-known Protestant Episcopal church in New York. It is a beautiful Gothic building, of white marble, with a tall, graceful spire and sweet-toned chime of bells. Close by stands the rectory, and between them is an exquisite bit of lawn adorned with shrubbery, a delightful oasis of greenery in the long extent of brick and stone and iron. A



**Washington Statue, Union Square.**

few minor hotels are scattered along Broadway here, and a fine theatre, the Star, is at Thirteenth street. Then at Fourteenth street we reach Union Square.

#### **Union Square.**

This little park, rich with trees and shrubs and lawns and flowers and fountains and statuary, is one of the great business centres of the city. Fourteenth street at the south, Seventeenth street at the north, Fourth

avenue at the east, Broadway at the west, line it with an imposing array of buildings. Here is the great store of Tiffany & Co., with its gold and precious gems, one of the sights of the city. Nearby is the publishing house of the "Century" magazine. There is Sarony's famous photograph gallery. Other great silverware and jewelry shops, photograph galleries, publishing houses, banks, hotels, sewing-machine warehouses, piano and music stores, office buildings, etc., make this a noteworthy region.

#### **Immense Retail Establishments.**

Above Fourteenth street is the great retail shopping section of Broadway. Many of the most popular stores and shops have been occupied by the same firm names for several generations; some, however, have changed hands, and others have but recently sprung into popularity. Hotels, too, and theatres, are found here in increasing numbers.

#### **Madison Square.**

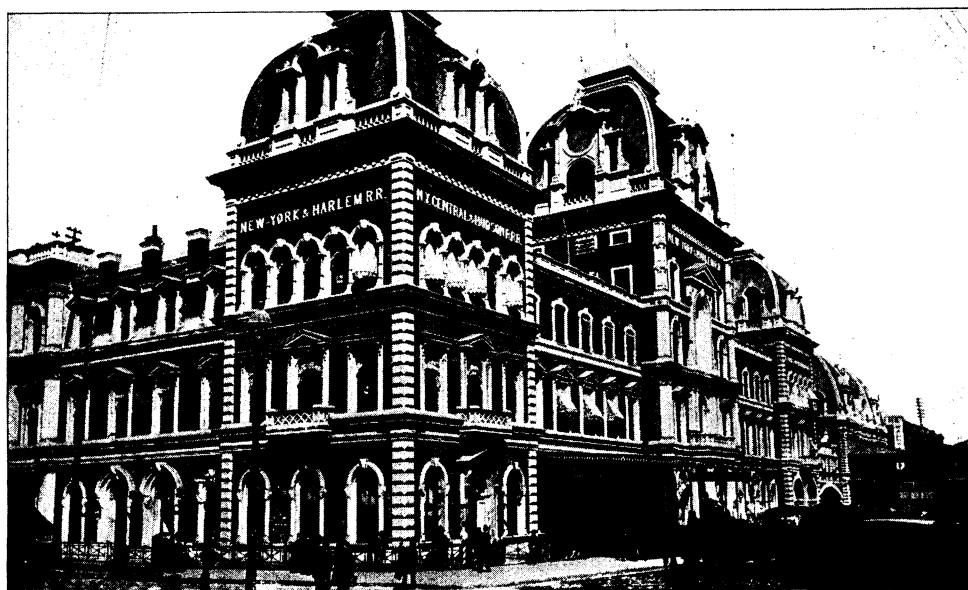
At Twenty-third street Madison Square is reached, a park similar in size to Union Square, with Twenty-third street at the south, Twenty-sixth at the north, Madison avenue at the east, and Broadway and Fifth avenue at the west. It is a more beautiful park than Union Square, and is girt with a similarly imposing array of buildings—the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman House, Delmonico's, the Brunswick, the Bartholdi, the huge Metropolitan Insurance Company's building, and the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which the famous Dr. Parkhurst is pastor. At the northeast corner are the University Club, and the giant tower of the Madison Square garden. Here are statues of Farragut and Conkling, and an obelisk in memory of the soldiers lost in the Mexican War.

North of this comes the great hotel and theatre region of Broadway, with a liberal admixture of shops of all kinds. At Thirty-third street is the crossing of Sixth avenue, with a statue of Horace Greeley in Greeley Square, and the new "Herald" building just beyond. Hotels and apartment houses, with theatres and the great Metropolitan Opera House, dominate the remainder of this noble thoroughfare to its end at Fifty-ninth street, where it enters Central Park.

In this swift flight we have scarcely glanced at the cross-streets, some of which are well deserving of attention; Fourteenth and Twenty-third, for example, rank among the chief shopping streets of the city. Forty-second street, on which stands the Grand Central Railroad Station, is also an important business thoroughfare. Let us also glance briefly at the avenues, running north and south. Avenues A, B, C and D, and First and Second, run through the crowded tenement-house region of the East Side, with a dense population, chiefly German in origin.

### Third Avenue.

Third avenue is one of the longest and busiest streets in the city, lined with retail shops and tenement-houses, with scarcely a single important building. Lexington avenue is chiefly occupied by private dwellings and apartment houses. Fourth avenue and Park avenue, which form one continuous street, is devoted to business as far up as Thirty-third street, with a group of notably fine buildings at Twenty-third, including the Bank for Savings, the United



Grand Central Depot.

Charities Building, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Academy of Design. At Thirty-third street are the Park Avenue Hotel and the 71st Regiment Armory. Then, as we saunter on to Forty-second street, which we find to be one of the choicest of private residence streets, there are some fine churches, and the Murray Hill and Grand Union Hotels.

**Grand Central Railroad Station.**

At Forty-second street is the Grand Central Railroad Station, one of the largest in the world, in which are the terminals of the New York Central & Hudson River, New York & Harlem, and New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad systems. Hundreds of trains arrive and depart daily, carrying tens of thousands of passengers. The great train shed is six hundred and ninety-five feet long, and two hundred feet wide, covered with a glass and iron roof in a single arched span, one hundred and ten feet high. A dozen passenger trains

**Train Shed.**

of a dozen cars and an engine each, can stand in it at once, side by side. Above Forty-second street the avenue is traversed by the railroads, four tracks wide, partly elevated and partly underground, built at a cost of several million dollars a mile. The avenue is built up with apartment houses, factories, asylums and hospitals.

**Great Main Avenues.**

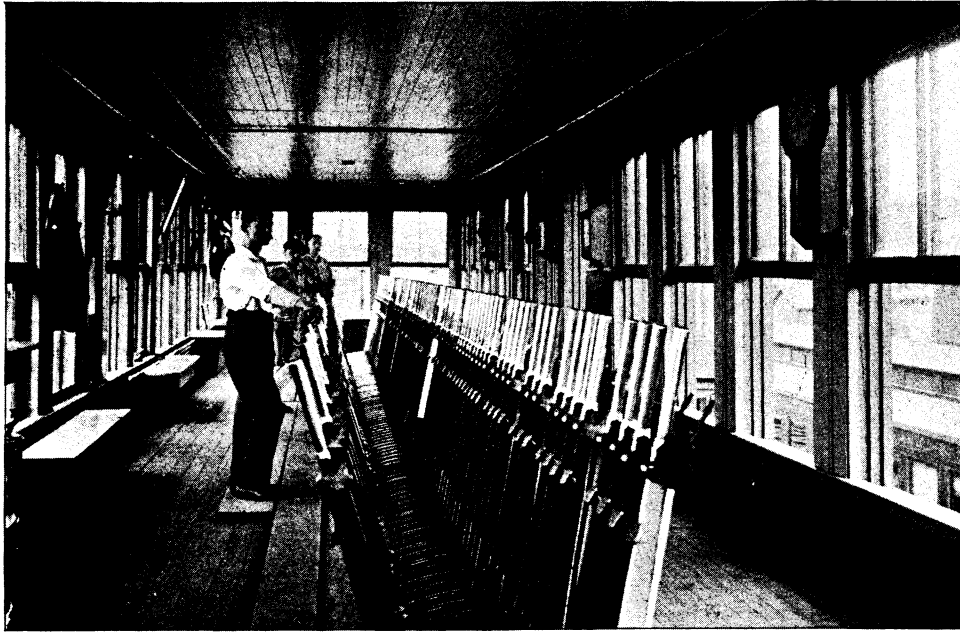
Madison avenue is lined with fine residences, first-class apartment houses and churches. Fifth avenue is the fashionable thoroughfare of the city; from Washington Square to Fourteenth street, quaint and quiet, with private residences and churches; thence to Fifty-ninth street a brilliant array of private houses, hotels, churches, club-houses and fashionable shops; above Fifty-ninth street, facing Central Park, the stateliest residence street in America. Sixth avenue is a great retail shopping street, with some theatres and numerous flats, largely occupied

by people of light morals. It is one of the favorite stamping-grounds of the demi-monde, and the dissolute and immoral classes in general. Seventh avenue is scarcely better in moral tone, and of much less importance from a business point of view. Eighth avenue is the great retail shopping and business street of the West Side tenement-house region, corresponding with Third avenue on the East Side. Ninth avenue is largely given up to tenements, and so is Tenth avenue. These remarks apply to these avenues below Fifty-ninth street. Above that point Sixth avenue is lost in Central Park, and when it emerges at One Hundred and Tenth street is known as Lenox avenue, and is a quiet, stately street of residences and apartment houses. The same may be said of Seventh avenue, which, however about the Park, is still known as Seventh avenue, and is one of the great driveways of the city, thronged daily with a bewildering variety of equipages. Where it faces the Park, Eighth avenue takes the name of Central Park West, and is largely given up to fine hotels and apartment houses. Ninth avenue becomes Columbus avenue, and is lined with apartment houses and flats. Tenth avenue changes its name to Amsterdam avenue. Other important thoroughfares in the upper West Side are the Boulevard, a continuation of Broadway, very wide, with a strip of park along the centre; West End avenue and St. Nicholas avenue, splendid residence streets; and Riverside Drive, which runs from Seventy-second to One Hundred and Twenty-third street, winding along the edge of Riverside Park and overlooking the Hudson river.

#### **Riverside Drive.**

Riverside Drive, indeed, demands attention as probably, all things considered, the finest avenue on the American continent.

Nature has done her share toward making it a pleasure spot of unusual charm and beauty; she has endowed it with a situation on a commanding height and has spread out, for the delectation of those who visit it, an abrupt decline of green; then the wide, shining bosom of the noble Hudson; beyond that, the tall Palisades, with their covering of shrub and foliage broken by occasional patches of bare earth and stone; next a line of hills, surmounted by restful forests, and poured around all, the ocean of the sky, with its almost human

**Switch Tower.**

moods, from the clear, smiling, happy face of a perfect summer day to the roaring, crashing, flashing rage and fury of the storm.

It is the landscape spread toward the setting sun which enables New York to fear no comparison of Riverside Drive with similar avenues abroad. Berlin's Unter den Linden is a beautiful and imposing stretch, but it is short, and is dependent entirely on itself for its attractiveness. A fit setting to show up the jewel to advantage is lacking. London's Rotten Row is famous for its associations and for the cavalcade which graces it, but

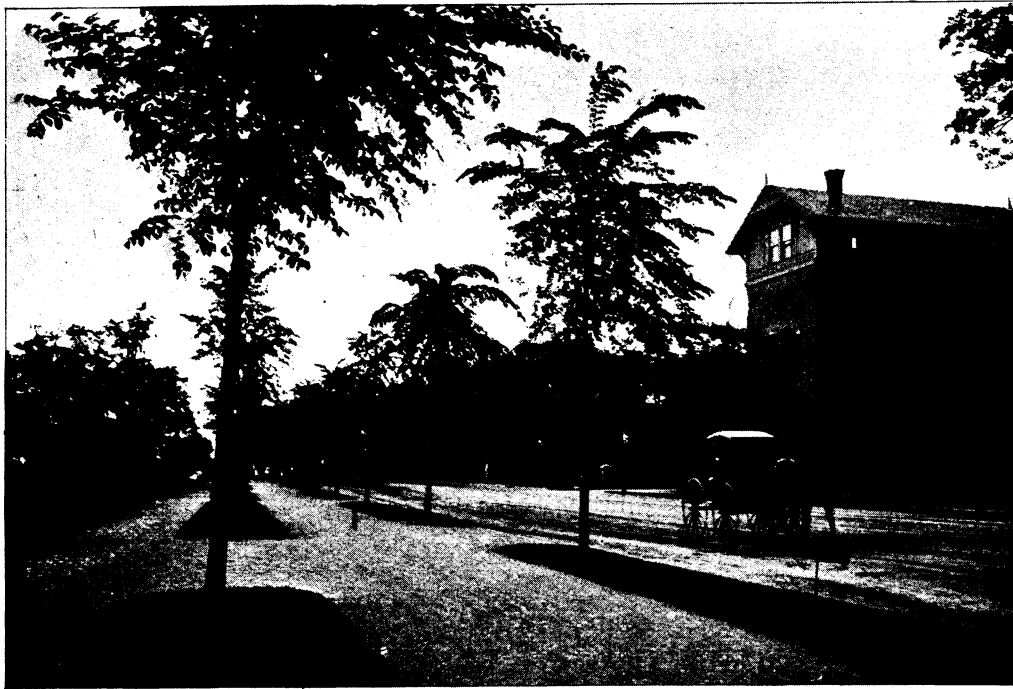
the intrinsic beauty which it possesses never gets beyond the conventional.

In Naples alone, travelers say, is to be found a road which rivals Riverside Drive in the magnificent view it affords; this thoroughfare clings to the hills lying behind the city. The Bay of Naples, the fame of which travelers have carried to the ends of the earth, lies to the west, and overhead is the Italian sky, with its unrivaled softness of texture and glory of coloring. The imaginations of even non-traveled persons can easily feel the rapture of the scene.

One who has never been to Naples, however, need not cause himself overmuch regret at his ill fortune if he will see a sunset from Riverside Drive on a day when the conditions are favorable. It is not necessary to make a comparison between what he will witness and the view from the Neapolitan hillside road. The visitor would be foolish indeed to bemoan a joy he never knew, in the presence of such splendor as that in which

the sun's declining rays light up the western heaven. The panorama of the colors, glowing in rich brilliancy or stretching away in benign mellowness, is one to arouse a love for the beautiful even in a clod.

Riverside Drive is not an ordinary city avenue, but a park. The Department of Public Works has no juris-



**Riverside Drive.**

diction over it, the sole control being invested in the Board of Park Commissioners. This gives the direction of the Drive and the Park to a single body, which can therefore improve the two in harmony with each other. The Drive is simply a pleasure thoroughfare, and it is governed by the rules which apply to Central and the other parks of the city. No heavy wagons or trucks are allowed on it, and driving at a gait faster than seven miles an hour is prohibited. In consequence of this rule, and also because of the ups and downs of the Drive, men who wish to

speed their horses avoid the place, finding the Boulevard better suited to their purpose. It is needless to say that the Drive loses none of its attractiveness, especially to women and children, on account of the absence of "flyers" which are trying to shave a quarter of a second off their records.

The spring and fall of the year are times when the display of equipages is finest in Riverside Drive. In the season there are spick and span carriages, with handsomely attired occupants, well groomed horses brightly trapped out, and faultless English coachmen galore. Many feel that a drive through Central Park is incomplete





Grant's Tomb.

unless supplemented by one through Seventy-second street and up Riverside Drive to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, with perhaps a brief stay at the Claremont Hotel for refreshments. Persons on horseback also make a favorite resort of the Drive. The bridle-paths are lined by shade trees, and the feeling of exhilaration produced by a brisk gallop is favorable to an appreciation of the view of the shining body of the Hudson, and the Palisades and hills beyond.

Wheelmen on squat "safeties" or tall "regulars" form part of every gay procession on Riverside Drive. The hilliness is not a recommendation of the place to them, for the pleasure of coasting down one incline is not thought to compensate entirely for the hard work of going up another. Still, the road is smooth and hard, and bicyclists are perhaps even more keenly alive to the beauties of nature than are the occupants of carriages, so Riverside Drive generally forms part of the route of a wheeling tour to Washington Heights, the Annexed District of Westchester county.

While the Drive is pre-eminently a resort for riders and drivers, people on foot also find it attractive. It is true that the beauties of the place are heightened when seen from a carriage or horseback, but they are by no means unenjoyable to those on foot. A better stretch of road for a "constitutional" could not be imagined. Then Riverside Park proper furnishes delightful lounging places. In parts the ground has been laid out as a regulation park, with gravel walks, flowers and "Keep off the grass" signs, but in the upper section Nature's reign has been all but undisturbed, save for the presence of rustic paths. Here are big trees—not planted in rows—tangled underbrush, long grass, and a general wildness which invites one to linger and to lounge. Nursemaids find the park a delightful spot for their bright-faced little charges as well as for themselves.

#### **General Grant's Tomb.**

At One Hundred and Twenty-second street is Grant's tomb, and hard by is the Grant Memorial. When the latter is fully completed, it will attract thousands of sight-seers to that part of the Drive. The tomb has already been of great service in making the public better acquainted with Riverside Drive, for many saw the

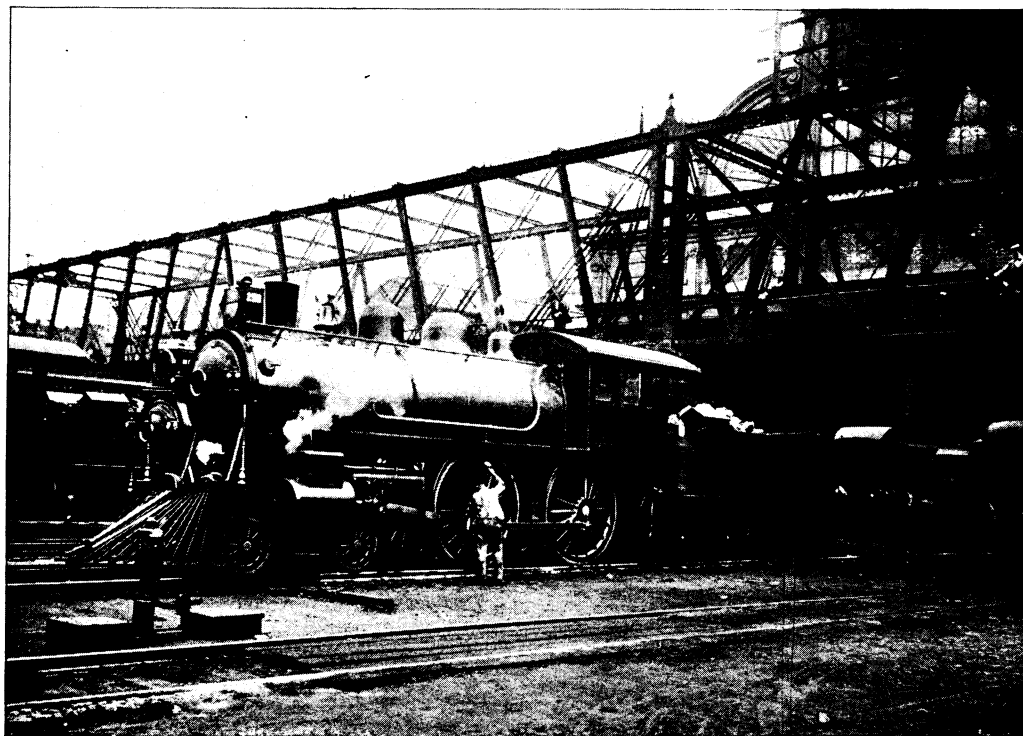
avenue for the first time on visiting the dead General's grave. Not far from the tomb, near the eastern edge of the Drive, stands a chestnut tree in the centre of a little plot of grass. It is the only tree in that part of the Drive, and would have been chopped down in the course of the improvements, were it not for its associations. Few people know that the tree was planted by Washington Irving, and that fact has saved it from destruction. The Drive divides at a point a little below the Grant tomb, the two forks sweeping around and meeting at the upper end of the park. They enclose a beautiful oval lawn, in the centre of which stands the Claremont Hotel, with its broad verandas inviting one to enjoy the view and something to eat and drink at the same time. The hotel is perched on a high bluff, and from it a view of the Hudson beyond Yonkers is afforded on a clear day. Along the eastern side of the Drive, facing the park and river, are some of the finest residences in the city, and the number of them is steadily increasing.

West Seventy-second street is a broad and beautiful thoroughfare, and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, east and west, is the chief business street of the upper part of the city.

#### **Elevated Railroads.**

If one would thoroughly traverse the great metropolis, a trip over the elevated railroads must not be omitted. There are four lines, running lengthwise of the city, known as the Second-avenue, Third-avenue, Sixth-avenue and Ninth-avenue lines; all under one management, that of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. The four extraordinary facts about the system are: It carries more passengers than any other railroad in the world; it carries them farther for the same cost than any other road would; it carries them safer, for since its wheels were first set in motion there has never been a passenger killed while in transit; and it employs more men and more cars in proportion to its mileage than any other road. In no other city could such a condition of affairs be duplicated. No other city equals New York in the desire of its citizens to get somewhere quickly and safely. The "elevated" is its main and, up to date, its most rapid transit, and hence its marvelous history. Its cheapness is as inviting as its cleanliness, while its speed is perhaps its most attractive feature.

The "elevated" road carries daily on an average over six hundred thousand passengers. For the transfer of this multitude nearly one thousand cars are daily employed and three thousand three hundred and thirty trains are daily dispatched. Over five thousand one hundred men are employed by the company on the Second, Third, Sixth and Ninth avenue lines, exclusive of the hands engaged at the round-houses at Ninety-ninth street, where the works take up more than one entire city block. In all the years that it has been in operation never has the life been lost of



**A Chicago Flyer.**

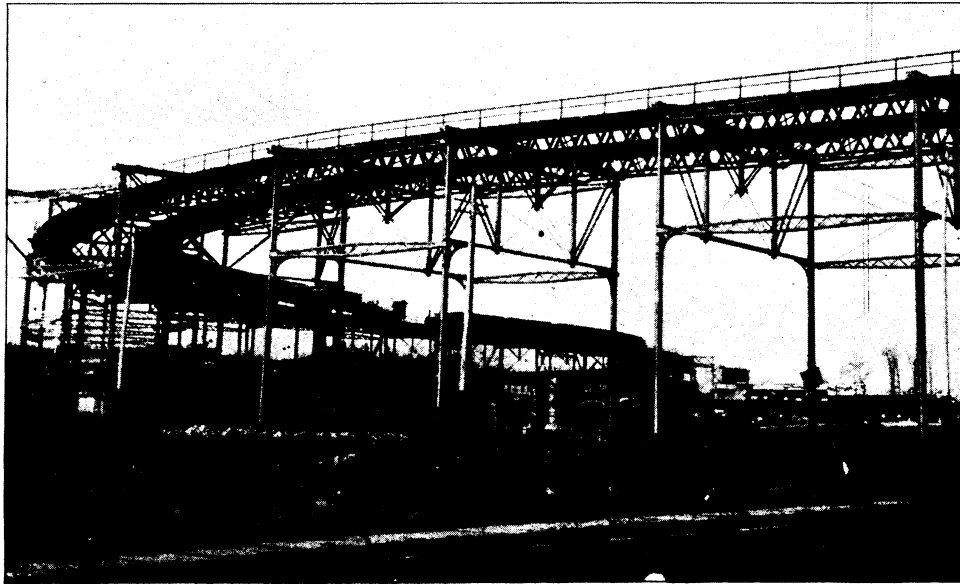
a passenger actually in a car, a remarkable fact when it is considered that it carries in round numbers two hundred and nineteen million people yearly of all ages, classes and conditions.

Perhaps the most severe test to which it was ever subjected was the handling of the multitude during the three great days of the Columbus celebration in October, 1892. Its traffic list for those days is brimful of suggestion, first as to the number of people that can comfortably find locomotion and a roof to shelter them in this city, and next of the resources of a corporation that can handle them, and the perfection of a system which could transmit them without a single accident. Not only were three million people transported without accident, but there was not a single blockade, no serious delay, and not a single complaint was sent to headquarters.

**Immense Traffic in Human Freight.**

In those three days fifty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four cars were used on eleven thousand six hundred and eighty-eight trains. On the Third avenue line alone on the concluding day of the celebration, one thousand four hundred and twenty-two trains were run, with a total train mileage of eleven million one hundred and twenty-five thousand and seventy-eight, and a total number of cars reaching seven thousand and fifty. This stands a world's record in every feature, in keeping with the celebration and with the city. Vice-President and General Manager F. K. Hain, in tribute to the services of the men, issued a special order commending them for their expertness in accommodating such a multitude without friction.

And yet this perfection is the result of less than a score of years. Old-timers recall the public discussions that in the early '60s agitated the town, all looking in the direction of a rapid transit.

**Rapid Transit a Necessity.**

**Curve of Elevated Railroad, One Hundred and Tenth Street.**

Harlem was then but tenanted here and there, with a house and a garden attachment. It was a speculation in the real estate world. People recognized its value, if it could be reached, but trips by stages were not suited to men who had come to New York on the business of life. They were ambitious spirits. There was plenty of land in the towns and countries they had left. They had come to be factors in the business mart, and could not afford to be hours away from where they worked,

Gradually that same business, all-conquering in its march, drove them from the sea walls in the south of the city and backward uptown. There was no place else for them to go, or rather there was no place more suited to them, if only access within reasonable time could get them there. Jersey City was not thought of. It was an uninviting place, foreign to the rush and vigor of this city. Brooklyn was passed by. A man depended in those days on the whims of the ferry service as to when he would reach it, or, once there, when he could return. Rapid transit was the only way in which to solve the problem, and it was a problem itself of very complicated aspect and widely divergent ideas. In 1866 the question was submitted to the State Legislature. Forty plans were placed before that body, and finally that of C. C. Harvey was accepted. An experimental elevated track was built from the Battery along Greenwich street to Twenty-ninth street. The means of locomotion was a wire rope drawn by a stationary engine. It was watched with intense interest, but day after day only added to its misfortunes. It was neither speedy nor commodious, and was finally taken down. This company, which failed in 1870, was succeeded by the New York Elevated Company, which began the use of small engines on the track, such as are now in service.

The Manhattan Railway Company was formed in 1875, and in 1879 it leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years the New York Elevated Railroad and the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, both of which were chartered in 1872, and in 1878 the road was opened. The modification of the lease in 1884 and the history of its career in the speculative world is well known. The New York line cost for construction and equipment \$20,500,000, and the Metropolitan \$23,300,000. The plan of its construction has been commended the world over, both for safety and cheapness, while its great trestles in the uptown districts have been the admiration of engineers of highest repute in this and in foreign lands.

It is one of the very few elevated railroads in the world and certainly the most successful. As a means of locomotion it is infinitely more pleasant than the gruesome underground tunnels of London, where the very air is charged with noxious odors that cannot be dissipated, and where there is an ever present menace of danger



**Fifth Avenue Reservoir.**

that the open air under any circumstances does not convey. Used as New Yorkers are to its use merely for convenience, they fail to appreciate what to the stranger is one of its chiefest charms, and that is its panoramic beauty. From Battery Park he may take a Sixth avenue train to One hundred and Fifty-fifth street, a distance of ten and three-quarter miles, and for five cents see in a hurried tour the western half of the city. He goes by the ruins of Castle Garden of world renown, through which have passed more penniless men that now are millionaires than has any other gate in any other city of ancient or modern times. As he is hurried through the lower portions of the town he gets a glance at the German, the Danish and the Swedish quarters, and skirts the rear of famous Trinity Church, and the very strangest of all strange sights, a churchyard, silent and humble, amid the babel of business and of Wall Street, mad with the thirst of fortune. To his right is the most valuable property in America. At the Park Place station he may have a glimpse of the Post Office, Newspaper Row and the City Hall, best preserved of all our ancient buildings. Then the teeming streets, filled with the business of the wholesale dry-goods district and the avenues to the great ocean-liners that link two continents. Farther up he reaches the shopping districts, Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, with their palaces of trade, and the still more interesting streams of shoppers. He is only a short block away from the great promenade of the boulevardier, and still farther up he nears Fifth avenue, running parallel with the brown-stone mansions of legitimately fashionable New York. The Vanderbilt homes and the spires of St. Patrick's call for an instant's commendation as they seem to float gracefully in the distance, and then he goes on through Fifty-third street to Ninth avenue.

This is the uptown district of homes, and from there to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street every foot of the ground and almost every building is a tribute to the utility of the road. It has made it possible for the workman to find a home from which he would be safe from the incursions and demands of trade and yet be near at hand, to get to and from his work within a reasonable time. Beyond them again, is the Hudson rolling on to the sea by the foot of the Palisades, while on all sides are evidences of the march of the town upward and onward.



## CHAPTER IV.

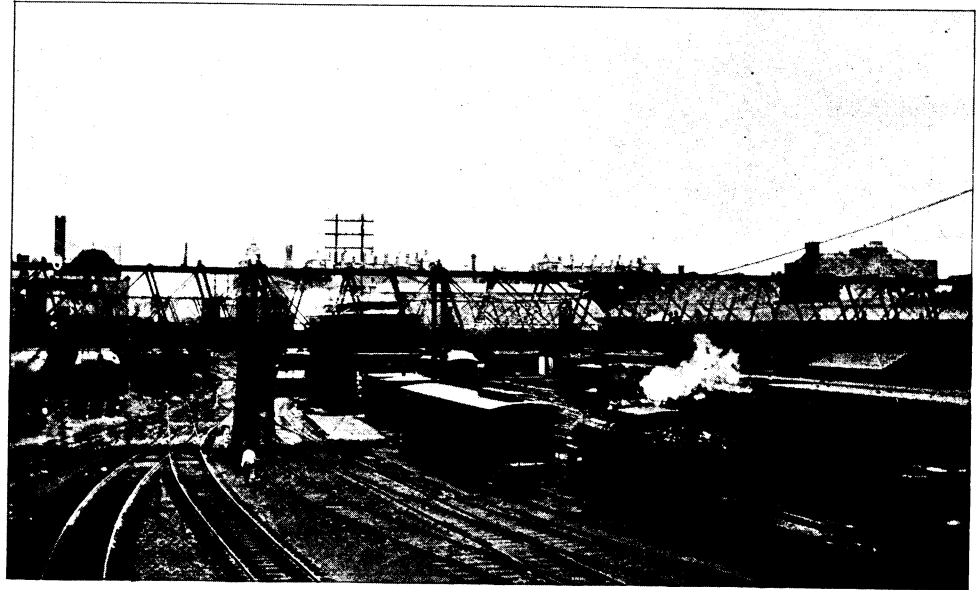
### STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES.



HAT WE HAVE already said of the extent of New York beyond the strict geographical boundaries of the city, applies with equal fitness to its population. If one should take a census of the city at noonday, and another at midnight, a dozen hours later, he would find a vast difference between the two. He would find that at noonday New York contained tens, scores, perhaps hundreds of thousands more persons than

at midnight. And this daily rise and nightly fall continues with rhythmic regularity, six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year.

The cause of this phenomenon is not difficult to discover. One has only to visit, morning or evening, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Grand Central railroad station, or any of the score of ferries along the water front. New



Grand Central Terminal.



Interior Waiting-Room Passenger Station, Jersey City.

York is girt about with large cities, populous towns and well-inhabited country. These are all traversed by innumerable lines of steam, electric, and horse railroads, all converging toward New York. The metropolis is the heart, these lines of transportation are the veins and arteries; and every morning the blood, the human tide, flows inward to the heart, and every evening it flows back again.

**The Morning Influx of the Human Tide.**

Let us take our stand at the foot of one of the short streets running from Broadway to the North river, in the southern part of the city, where a ferry connects New York with the cities on the New Jersey shore and with the great railroad systems that terminate there; Chambers, or Cortlandt, or Barclay, or Liberty street, any of them will do. It is yet some hours before daylight. But each incoming boat has a goodly cargo. There are news-agents coming for bundles of morning papers. There are workmen and employes, of various kinds, whose duties begin before the mass of mankind is awake. There are market men, who must have their stalls open for business long before breakfast time. There are men with wagons and teams, bringing loads of milk in ten-gallon cans, or garden produce heaped high, to feed the myriads of New York.

Later come whole armies of brawny laborers and mechanics, roughly clad, bearing pick and shovel, hammer and saw; the great host of workingmen who toil all day in the streets and workshops of Manhattan, but make their homes elsewhere, perhaps in some country cottage, where the children can breathe fresh air and find better playground than the stony street, or perhaps in some neighboring city, where, if conditions of life are no pleasanter, rents of houses are much lower than in New York. These must be at work at seven or at eight o'clock, and the ferry-boats just before those hours are thronged with them, and the narrow street pulsates with the stress of their measured tread. There are countless boys, and women and girls, among them, too. These come to toil in shop and factory, amid whirring, clattering machinery, where the air is heavy with dust and noisome gases, and life is a weary grind. They are plainly, even shabbily, clad, most of them; in winter shivering with the cold; yet each displays some little attempt at finery, in a feather or a ribbon, and each carries,

besides her little lunch-satchel, some book for reading in the brief moments of respite from toil. Generally it is a cheap edition of some trashy, sensational novel, but sometimes a standard work of choice literature. Their cheeks are often pallid, their eyes sunken, their whole appearance that of those who are overworked and under-fed. Yet the irrepressible spirits of youth triumph over all. Merry conversation, jest and laughter prevail, and each morning's boat-load of toilers bound for the workshop has the air and tone of an excursion party on pleasure bent.

Following these come hosts of boys and girls, bound for the schools of the city—the great private schools and academies; and hosts of young men and women in business, clerks, salesmen, typewriters, and what not. These last are better clad and more prosperous-looking than their fellows of an hour or two before; though scarcely merrier in demeanor. They are all reading the morning papers, or discussing some topic of the day's news, and you may hear the ten-dollar-a-week clerk talking of great operations on



**Fulton Ferry.**

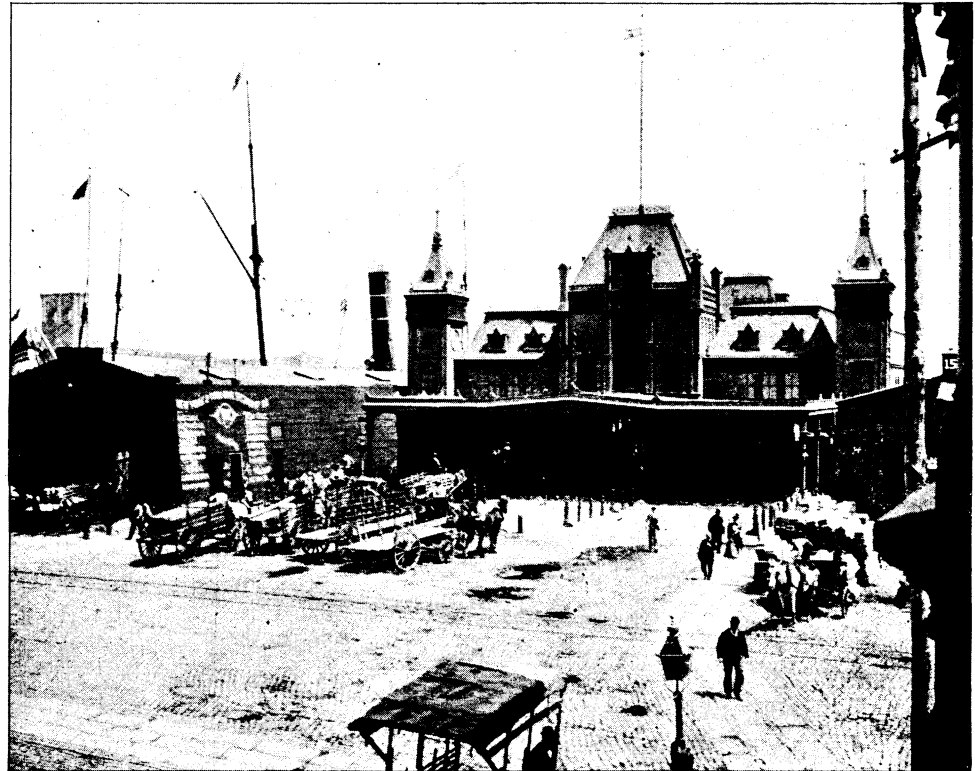
Wall Street as though he were the money-king of the town. Among them are scattered substantial-looking business-men, who have come by railroad train from their suburban homes, twenty or thirty miles away, and with them often come their wives and daughters, intent on a day's shopping or sight-seeing. Still later, come whole beves of fair shoppers, carrying the breath of blossoms and meadow into the crowded shops behind whose counter stand the sales-girls who came in on the same boats a few hours before.

**The Ebbing Tide at Night.**

Then early in the afternoon the tide begins to turn, and it is the outgoing boats that are crowded. The first to go are those who were last to come, while the weary toilers who filled the early boats must wait until evening before they are released from their toil. From five to seven o'clock are the "rush hours," when the streets leading to the ferries are choked with the human stream, and sitting room in boats and cars is at a premium. Half the throng are laden with packages and bundles, the day's purchases. Nearly all are weary, and therefore less inclined to conversation and laughter than on the morning trip. They peruse in silence

the evening papers, or discuss in listless tones the doings of the day, and so pass out to their homes, to rest and sleep in preparation for another day's work in New York's perpetual treadmill.

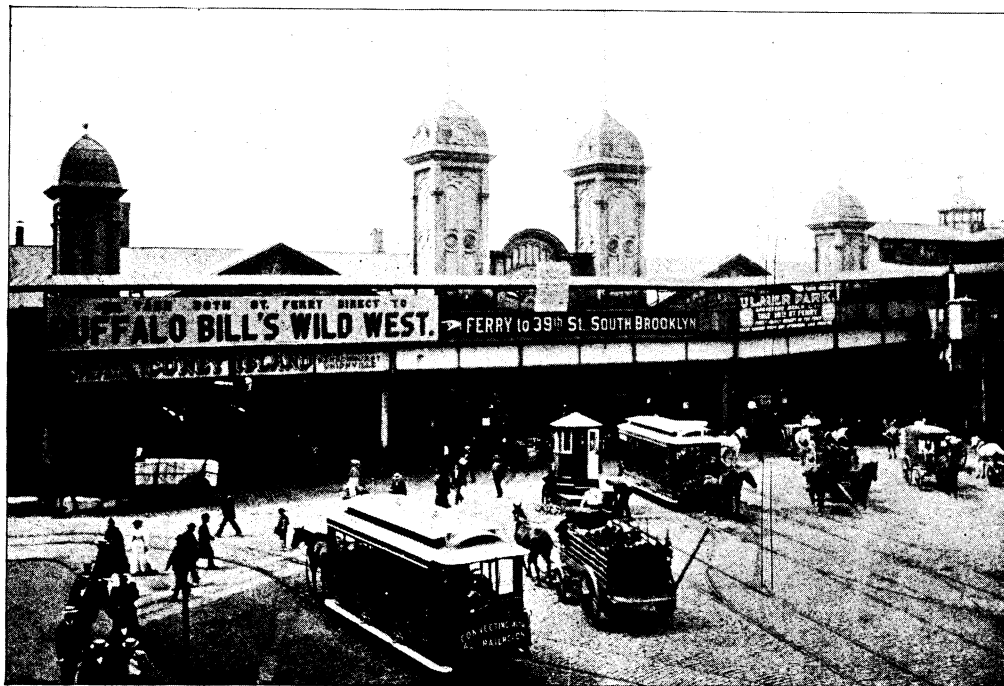
The exodus continues on a diminished scale all through the evening. But another tide for a time sets back toward the city. Hundreds and sometimes thousands come in by evening trains and boats, from all the region around, to visit the theatres and other places of entertainment, and by very late boats and trains return again to their homes. These are most numerous on Wednesday and Saturday nights, for on those dates the railroads run special "theatre trains," leaving the city at midnight and stopping at all stations for perhaps thirty



Wall Street Ferry.

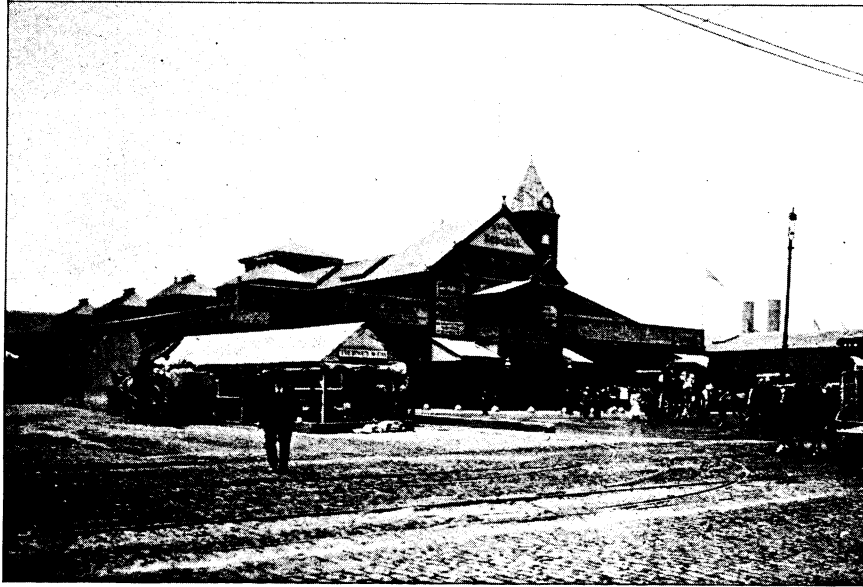
miles out. These trains are usually crowded, and their passengers get to their suburban homes in the "wee, sma' hours," at which time the advance guard of the invading army is again waking and moving city-ward. And so the constant circulation is maintained, of all sorts and conditions of men, on all manner of errands, going in to the great city for a few hours, and then back again to their suburban homes.

How vast this daily influx and reflux of population is, can scarcely be conceived. We must measure it by hundreds of thousands. One of the chief gates of entrance is the Brooklyn Bridge, over which a hundred and fifty thousand persons pass each day. At the Grand Central railroad station there are scores of trains on each of three great railroads—the Hudson river, the Harlem, and the New Haven—bringing passengers by tens of thousands from hundreds of outlying towns and cities. At Forty-second street and at Franklin street are ferries connecting with the West Shore and other railroads; at Twenty-third street and at Chambers street those connecting with the



Hamilton Ferry.

Erie's half-dozen lines and with a part of Jersey City; at Christopher street and at Barclay street those of the great Delaware, Lackawanna and Western roads, and the city of Hoboken; at Desbrosses street and Cortlandt street, the Pennsylvania railroad and chief Jersey City ferries; and at Liberty street the ferry of the New Jersey Central railroad system. All these are on the North river front. On the East river are a dozen or more ferries



Hoboken Ferry.

to Staten Island, to Brooklyn, to Long Island City, and to the Long Island and Staten Island railroad systems. All these contribute to the daily multitude of "strangers within our gates."

#### **New York a Great Commercial Exchange.**

There are, however, besides these daily visitors, thousands of others who come from more distant places on various errands, and stay perhaps a few days, perhaps weeks or months. Most of these are business-men. New York is at once the greatest centre of production and the greatest consumer in America. Consequently both buyers and sellers

flock hither to ply their trades. How numerous they are, the long catalogue of hotels testifies most eloquently. Of mammoth first-class hotels there are scores; of reputable houses of entertainment, great and small, there are hundreds. A portion of their patronage comes from permanent residents of New York, who prefer such life to the cares of housekeeping. But the vast bulk comes from visitors from out-of-town.

#### **The Mecca of Drummers and Speculators.**

Here are hosts of "commercial travelers" or "drummers," representing manufacturing establishments in New England or elsewhere, with sample cases filled with goods, which they seek to sell to New York shopkeepers. Here are others, more numerous, perhaps, whose object is to buy. They come from every city and large town in the United States, Canada and Mexico, to purchase stocks of goods for their local trade.



Hoffman House.



**Their Marked Characteristics.**

Here are speculators and financiers from all over the world, come to borrow money or to sell shares in their enterprises, or in some way to launch their schemes upon the troubled waters of Wall Street. Here are slow-moving, substantial-looking farmers from the West and South, come to arrange in person for the marketing of their products.

All these and many more, chiefly single men or men unaccompanied by their wives and families, make a large and distinct class in the floating population of New York. They almost monopolize many of the hotels. At the theatres their presence is conspicuous. They are perhaps more numerous in summer than at any other season; or at any rate their presence is more observed then. Audiences at summer theatres and roof-gardens are largely made up of them. Nor do they wander about in solitary loneliness. Acquaintances are not difficult to make in New York. Unhappily the acquaintances thus formed are not always of the most exemplary character. You will see visitors chatting on confidential terms with daintily-attired women whose names are never heard in good society. They go with them to the theatre, to the beach, to all resorts of pleasure and amusement; then, when they leave town, they leave with the fair charmers so much ready cash or so many jewels, charged perhaps as expenses of trade against the firms they represent; and the men who come the next week take their places by the side of the same fickle creatures.

Business is not the only attraction that draws strangers to New York. Thousands come purely for pleasure and entertainment. There are the opera and theatres and museums and other sights of the great city. Consequently they come, singly or by families, to visit the metropolis, see the sights, and perhaps do a lot of shopping; then return to their distant home to regale less fortunate neighbors with wondrous tales of their experiences.

**The Immigrant Class.**

For many years Castle Garden, at the Battery, was the landing place of all immigrants arriving at the port of New York, and its name became historic in that connection. But at the beginning of 1892 the station was

transferred to Ellis Island, where a huge barrack-like pile of buildings had been erected for the purpose. The size of these buildings may be imagined from the fact that more than four million feet of lumber entered into their construction. On the ground floor are railroad, baggage and express offices. On the second floor are the examination and registration offices, where a dozen clerks are able to examine from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand persons a day. There is here a gallery, which extends completely around this floor. From this the immigrants can be inspected by the public or those interested in them, without coming into actual contact with them. Detention-rooms are provided also on this floor in abundance. There are rooms for paupers, another for lunatics, another for those suspected of being contract laborers, another for women and children, and so on. The telegraph station, money exchange, postal station, information bureau, railroad and steamboat ticket offices are all arranged so as to give the newcomers the least possible inconvenience.

#### **How They are Provided For.**

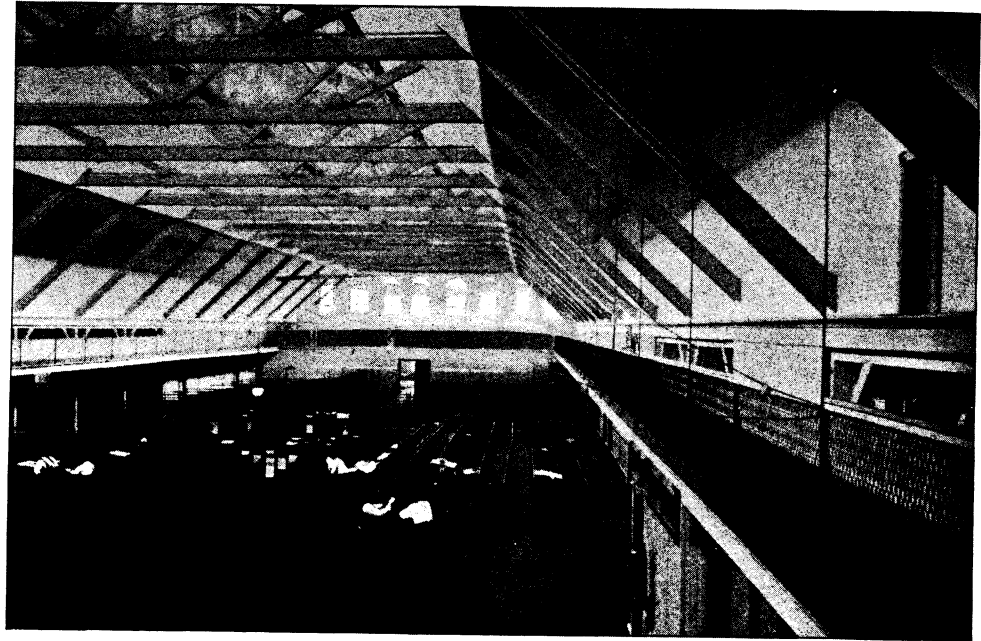
It has been frequently remarked that the poorest immigrant who arrives at this port is more carefully looked after, more zealously protected from fraud and imposition of any kind, than the wealthiest cabin passenger, foreign-born or American citizen. The latter may easily become the victim of a cabman or a baggage-sharp, but the immigrant is protected against loss of this kind and almost of every other. All rates to him are low, fixed, and adhered to with scarcely an exception.



**On Ellis Island.**

Sleeping-rooms are provided on the third floor, and while it is the constant effort of the immigration officials to send forward the immigrants as fast as possible to their places of destination, yet when some of them are compelled to stay one night, they are not forced to sleep on benches, much less on the floor.

None of the officials live on the island except the surgeon. His quarters are in a separate building, the one formerly occupied by the gunner when the island was a storehouse for explosives. Adjacent to the surgeon's quarters are the boiler and dynamo rooms. The artesian well is near here. A little to the east of this stands the detention pen, for the use of immigrants adjudged unfit to land. They are kept there pending their transfer to the ship or ships for deportation. The hospital service has a supplement in the shape of a huge bath on the western side of the island. This is for the use of those whose appearance indicates the need of it, and is employed in such cases whether desired or not. They can have, however, warm or cold water. This bath-house contains also two rooms for steaming filthy clothing.



Interior Main Building, Ellis Island.

Some interesting details concerning the vast hosts of immigrants that annually come into America through the gateway of New York may be gleaned from the statistics of a recent average year, in which the number of alien arrivals by steerage was 428,618. The nativities of these strangers were as follows: Ireland—35,904; males, 18,453; females, 17,451. England—22,685; males, 14,835; females, 7,850. Wales—432; males, 305;

females, 127. Scotland—4,949; males, 3,310; females, 1,639. Germany—79,250; males, 45,823; females, 33,427. France—3,957; males, 2,254; females, 1,703. Russia—49,624; males, 30,236; females, 19,388. Poland—27,997; males, 17,608; females, 10,389. Switzerland—6,308; males, 4,036; females, 2,272. Sweden—32,414; males, 18,925; females, 13,489. Norway—10,647; males, 6,682; females, 3,965. Belgium—2,715; males, 1,793; females, 922. Holland—4,278; males, 2,588; females, 1,690. Italy—65,434; males, 53,329; females, 12,105. Spain—135; males, 116; females, 19. Portugal—1,889; males, 1,092; females, 797. Denmark—9,029; males, 5,554; females, 3,475. Hungary—25,201; males, 18,164; females, 7,037. Austria—27,701; males, 19,337; females, 8,364. Bohemia—8,066; males, 4,297; females, 3,769. Finland—4,113; males, 2,909; females, 1,204. Armenia—820; males, 786; females, 34. Australia—14; males, 10; females, 4. Turkey—70; males, 57; females, 13. Arabia—1. Greece—1,042; males, 994; females, 48. All other countries, 3,493; males, 2,598; females, 1,345.



Interior Detention Quarters.

The total number of males was, 276,092; females, 152,526. Of the whole number of alien passengers landed, 76,553 were under fifteen years of age; 304,528 were between fifteen and forty, and 47,537 were over forty years old. The destinations of the immigrants were in all parts of the country. About one-half, however,

were booked for New York state, the majority of these latter, of course, remaining, at least for a time, in the city itself. How they were distributed throughout the country is indicated by these figures:

Alaska . . . . .	—	Illinois . . . . .	28,928	Massachusetts . . . . .	12,377	South Carolina . . . . .	334
Alabama . . . . .	382	Iowa . . . . .	4,853	New Hampshire . . . . .	699	South Dakota . . . . .	1,098
Arizona . . . . .	236	Idaho . . . . .	463	North Carolina . . . . .	421	Tennessee . . . . .	578
Arkansas . . . . .	479	Kentucky . . . . .	822	North Dakota . . . . .	895	Texas . . . . .	3,114
Connecticut . . . . .	8,459	Kansas . . . . .	2,014	Nebraska . . . . .	3,180	Utah . . . . .	869
Colorado . . . . .	2,706	Louisiana . . . . .	794	Nevada . . . . .	732	Vermont . . . . .	718
California . . . . .	6,290	Maine . . . . .	734	New Jersey . . . . .	14,953	Virginia . . . . .	594
Delaware . . . . .	881	Maryland . . . . .	1,805	New Mexico . . . . .	482	West Virginia . . . . .	536
District of Columbia . . . . .	644	Michigan . . . . .	9,559	New York . . . . .	227,798	Wisconsin . . . . .	7,557
Florida . . . . .	454	Missouri . . . . .	3,843	Ohio . . . . .	9,771	Washington . . . . .	1,210
Georgia . . . . .	412	Minnesota . . . . .	8,669	Oregon . . . . .	1,420	Wyoming . . . . .	430
Indiana . . . . .	2,095	Mississippi . . . . .	506	Pennsylvania . . . . .	48,276		
Indian Territory . . . . .	410	Montana . . . . .	1,356	Rhode Island . . . . .	2,682	Total . . . . .	428,618

The occupations of these foreigners were as follows:

Architects . . . . .	69	Cooks . . . . .	704	Machinists . . . . .	1,982	Tailors . . . . .	9,013
Brewers . . . . .	759	Coopers . . . . .	428	Millers . . . . .	838	Tinsmiths . . . . .	1,030
Butchers . . . . .	1,588	Farmers . . . . .	49,145	Musicians . . . . .	1,079	Tanners . . . . .	605
Barbers . . . . .	1,264	Florists . . . . .	260	Painters . . . . .	1,837	Wagonsmiths . . . . .	432
Bakers . . . . .	2,404	Gardeners . . . . .	1,126	Peddlers . . . . .	3,531	Weavers . . . . .	1,526
Blacksmiths . . . . .	2,092	Hatters . . . . .	836	Plasterers . . . . .	731	Waiters . . . . .	925
Bartenders . . . . .	468	Ironmoulders . . . . .	715	Porters . . . . .	610	All other occupations . . . . .	6,420
Bricklayers . . . . .	1,163	Laborers . . . . .	159,403	Potters . . . . .	209	No occupation, including women and children	152,126
Carpenters . . . . .	3,268	Locksmiths . . . . .	1,388	Printers . . . . .	895	Total . . . . .	428,618
Cabinetmakers . . . . .	1,923	Laundrymen . . . . .	34	Saddlers . . . . .	578		
Confectioners . . . . .	560	Masons . . . . .	3,076	Shoemakers . . . . .	4,319		
Cigarmakers . . . . .	1,224	Miners . . . . .	5,668	Spinners . . . . .	367		

So much has been said and written of an alarming character as to the rapid way in which this country is being filled up with foreigners that it is somewhat refreshing to hear the other side. This has been given in an interesting way by Mr. Austin, the manager of the Immigrants' Money Exchange, and a student of the immigration question. While a firm believer in the wholesale restriction of immigration, Mr. Austin maintains

that this country is far, far from the prohibitive point. In support of this contention he draws a comparison between some of the countries of the Old World and various states of the Union as to population per square mile. Here are some of his figures: England's area is about five thousand eight hundred square miles, about the size of New York and New Jersey combined; its population is about twenty-five millions, or three hundred and thirty inhabitants to the square mile, exclusive of London, while New York has only six millions, or about thirty-two to the square mile, outside of New York city. Belgium is the most densely populated country of Europe. Its population is four hundred and sixty-one to the square mile; Italy's is two hundred and thirty, and Denmark's population is about one hundred and thirty; Sweden, about twenty-eight, and Norway about eighteen. Norway is the most sparsely settled country of Europe, but compare it and the others with some of our States, with Texas, for example, with its area of two hundred and sixty-three thousand square miles, and a population of nine to the square mile, or Kansas, with a population of nine to

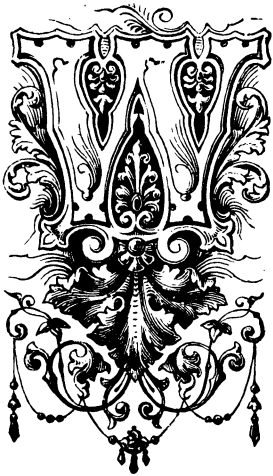


**Group of Immigrants, Ellis Island.**

the square mile, or the Dakotas, with a population of about five to the square mile, or New Mexico, with only two to the square mile, or Washington, with three or four to the square mile, or Idaho, with less than one, or Wyoming, or Nevada, or Oregon, or even Michigan, Missouri, or Iowa. Iowa, with an area of fifty-five thousand and forty-five square miles of rich country, has only about thirty people to the square mile. Michigan has about thirty-one or thirty-two; Missouri has about the same.

## CHAPTER V.

### MANSIONS OF THE RICH.



WHEN ONE THINKS of the aristocratic quarter of New York, he instinctively thinks of Fifth avenue, and of that part of Fifth avenue known as Murray Hill. This is, traditionally, the Mayfair, the Belgravia, the Faubourg St. Germain, of New York. In a measure it is so in truth, but not so fully as it once was. In the olden time, of course, the centre of wealth and fashion was elsewhere. At the foot of Broadway, around Bowling Green and The Battery, you will to this day find the mansions of the rich of former generations, queer old brick houses, with big brass knockers on the doors, and quaint dormer windows in the steep roofs. Steamship companies and foreign consuls occupy them now, and only the ghosts of their former tenants sometimes revisit them to recall the social splendor of the past.

#### **Old-Time Residence Streets.**

Wall Street and the lower part of Broadway were once fashionable residence streets, and so was Greenwich street with its fine prospect of the North river and the New Jersey shore. In turn Bleecker street claimed the abode of fashion, and to-day is lined with houses in which once the aristocracy dwelt, now given up to trade or to vice and squalor. The steady expansion of business has driven all else before it, and unceasingly northward the tide of fashion has taken its way.

It is a memorable fact that the first distinctive attempt to found a permanent aristocratic quarter was made on Second avenue, which is now chiefly the home of the poor. That avenue was laid out in noble width,



Fifth Avenue at Madison Square.



and lined with shade trees. At the lower end the property on both sides was owned by old-time Knickerbocker families, of great wealth and greater pride. There they built their own homes, and they proposed to have only such neighbors as they pleased.

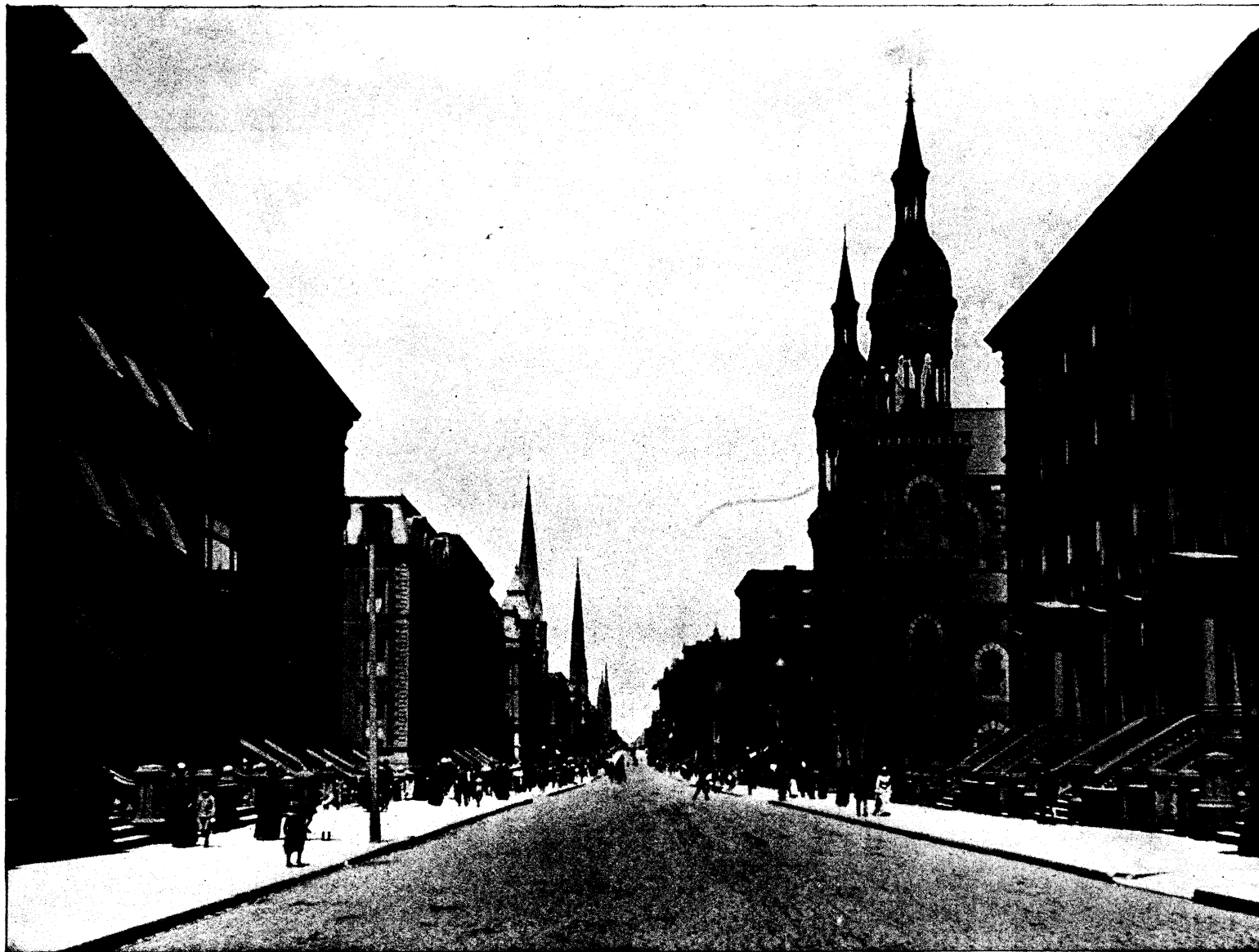
**Lenox, the Projector of Fifth Avenue.**

Now it came to pass that one day a rising young man named Lenox, a canny Scot, sought entrance within that charmed circle. He was a "self-made man." That is to say, he had been poor but had amassed a fortune by his own exertions; rapidly, too, for he was still young. He wished now to "found a family," and to build a home that future generations of Lenoxes might occupy. He therefore sought to purchase a plot of ground on Second avenue. But the haughty Knickerbockers would not have him. Not one of them would sell him a single lot. They wanted no parvenu among them, no one who had not had a rich grandfather.

Thus repulsed, Lenox was not at all cast down. There were, he thought, as good fishes in the sea as had ever yet been caught; and Second avenue was not the only place in which a gentleman might live. So he walked over westward, to the centre of the island, to what is now Fifth avenue. The avenue was scarcely yet laid out. Meadows and gardens bordered it. But he saw that the situation was good, and he bought a plot of ground, and built him a splendid mansion, that quite cast into the shade the homes of the haughty Knickerbockers. Immediately others of the "new-rich" flocked thither and built houses, the young, progressive men of the city. And so in a twinkling Fifth avenue became the seat of fashion and of wealth. As for Second avenue, it stood still, and then declined. The little colony of Knickerbockers, from Eighth to Seventeenth street, held their ground. You may find some of them there to-day, clustered around Stuyvesant Square. But the rising tide of tenement-house life swirled around them, and claimed for its own the rest of the avenue clear up to Harlem.

**Its Rise and Decline.**

Fifth avenue then became the aristocratic quarter. It began at Washington Square, around which were built rows of stately mansions. These have now vanished, or have been transformed and degraded, save



**Fifth Avenue North from Forty-second Street.**

along the north side of the square, where, in quaint old brick houses with white marble trimmings, you will find much of the wealth and fashion and culture of the city domiciled. The lower part of Fifth avenue, too, from Washington Square to Fourteenth street, is still largely occupied by aristocratic families who settled there in the first Lenox's day, and who hold their ground against the encroachments of the business world.

#### **Business Innovations.**

Above Fourteenth street business has crept in, and now monopolizes most of the stately avenue as far north as Central Park. Publishing houses, hotels, piano warehouses, furniture and tailor shops, and above all club-houses, are in full occupation. At Thirty-third street Alexander T. Stewart built a palace of white marble that was the wonder of the city. It is now a club-house. Nearby the Astor families occupied two large but plain brick mansions. A huge hotel now stands upon the site. Some private residences are still to be found on almost every block, but they are the exception rather than the rule, until we get as far north as Fifty-first street.

#### **The Aristocratic Section of the City.**

At this point modern Fifth avenue, the real Faubourg St. Germain, of New York, begins. Here for several blocks on the west side the avenue is lined with the most magnificent mansions in America, rivaling in cost and splendor the palaces of European kings. Four of the most notable are occupied by members of the Vanderbilt family who, in the space of a quarter of a mile, have spent a dozen millions of dollars in architecture. The side streets here, too, are lined with elegant mansions, in which the millionaires of the city dwell.

Above Fifty-ninth street the avenue runs along the side of Central Park, and is therefore occupied by houses only on the other side. Here, however, are scores of the finest mansions of the city, all of recent construction, scarcely two alike in architecture. Brownstone, red sandstone, white marble and freestone, gray granite, red and yellow brick and terra-cotta, all are pressed into service, and the result is a panorama, extending for miles, of constantly varying but always impressive architecture.



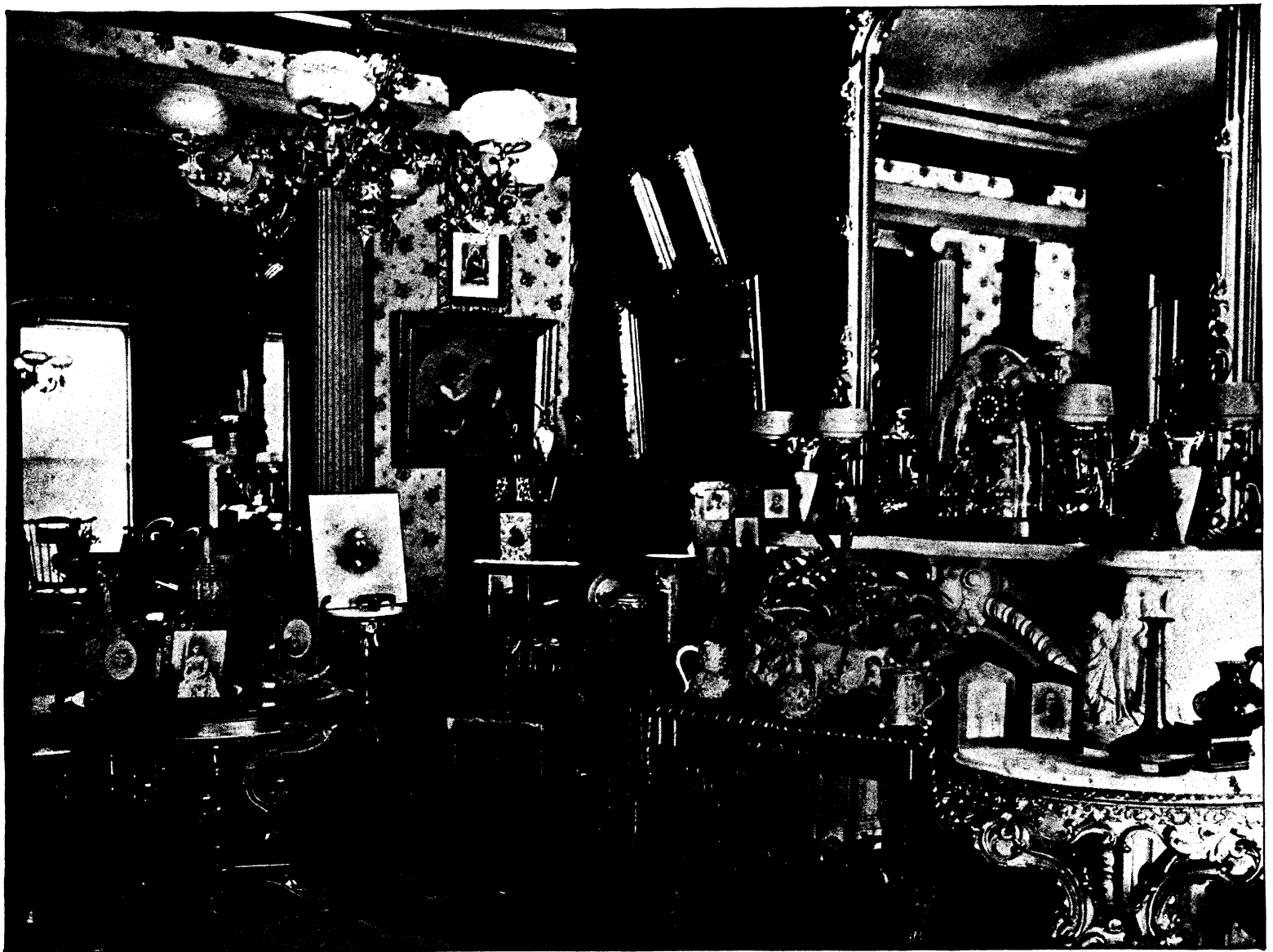
Art Gallery of a Millionaire.

Three other avenues in this part of the city almost vie with this one in wealth and fashion. One of these is Madison avenue, lying next to Fifth avenue at the east, and possessing many blocks of mansions comparable with almost any in the city. Next beyond it lies Park avenue, as this part of Fourth avenue is called; the centre of the roadway over the railroad tunnel underneath being devoted to a charming strip of lawn, with flowers and shrubbery. This avenue is one of the favorite homes of the rich. The third, Lexington avenue, lies just east of this, and though scarcely ranking with the others in stateliness and wealth, yet it contains many elegant residences.



**Interior of a Fashionable Residence.**

But within the last few years a great impulse has been given to the uptown movement. The improvement of parks and streets on the "upper west side," that is from Seventy-second street northward, and between Central Park and the North river, has made that one of the most attractive regions of the whole city. Seventy-second and many other of the cross streets are built up with houses of the best class, occupied by families of wealth, while West End avenue, St. Nicholas avenue, Riverside Drive, and other avenues running north and south now rival the stateliest portions of Fifth avenue itself. A delightful feature of these new quarters is that the streets are not always built up solidly with houses touching each other. The houses are



A Corner in a Fifth Avenue Palace.

detached, with lawns about them, and rows of shade trees are planted along the sidewalks. The beauty of the city is thus inestimably enhanced. Riverside Drive is a splendid, winding avenue, bordering Riverside Park. The houses are built only on one side of it, facing the west. They thus look out upon the Park, the Hudson river beyond, and the Palisades and the New Jersey hills in the farther distance.

These are the regions in which chiefly the rich have their homes. Impressive as is the general view, a detailed examination of almost any one of these millionaires' mansions will prove still more bewildering.

#### **The Vanderbilt Mansions.**

Probably the most magnificent and certainly the most conspicuous residence in the city is that of Cornelius Vanderbilt on Fifth avenue, extending from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-eighth street. It is built of red brick and gray-stone and is so large one finds it hard to believe that a single family can fully occupy it. The main entrance faces the plaza at Fifty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. The house is surrounded by a high fence of wrought iron, and on the plaza side there are handsome iron gates. An unusual but most welcome feature of this superb mansion is the fact that the house itself does not cover all the available space, quite a large part of the ground around the main entrance being reserved for a driveway, surrounded by patches of turf and evergreen trees. The interior is in keeping with the exterior. The



**Residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.**



Dining-Room in a Palatial Home.

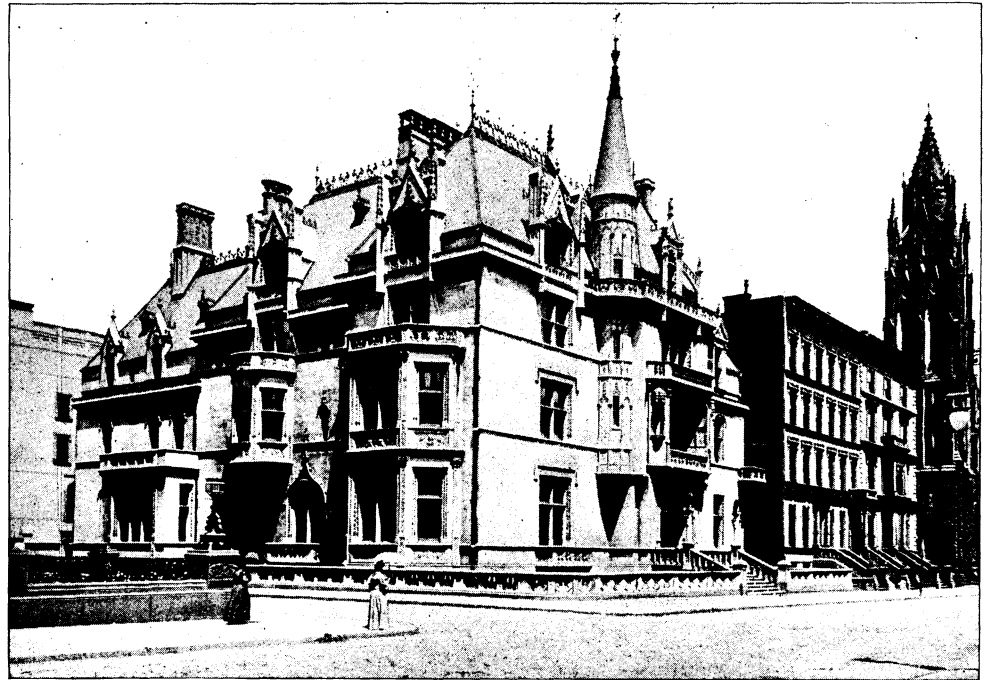


very latest improvements in the way of plumbing and illuminating have been introduced, and aside from these practical features, the various apartments are so many dreams of artistic beauty.

The blue and white bed-room, boudoir and bath of Miss Vanderbilt form the handsomest suite ever occupied by any American girl, and Mrs. Vanderbilt's rooms are equally fine, if not even more magnificent. The ball-room is on the Fifth avenue side of the house, and is one of the largest and most beautifully decorated apartments of the kind in New York.

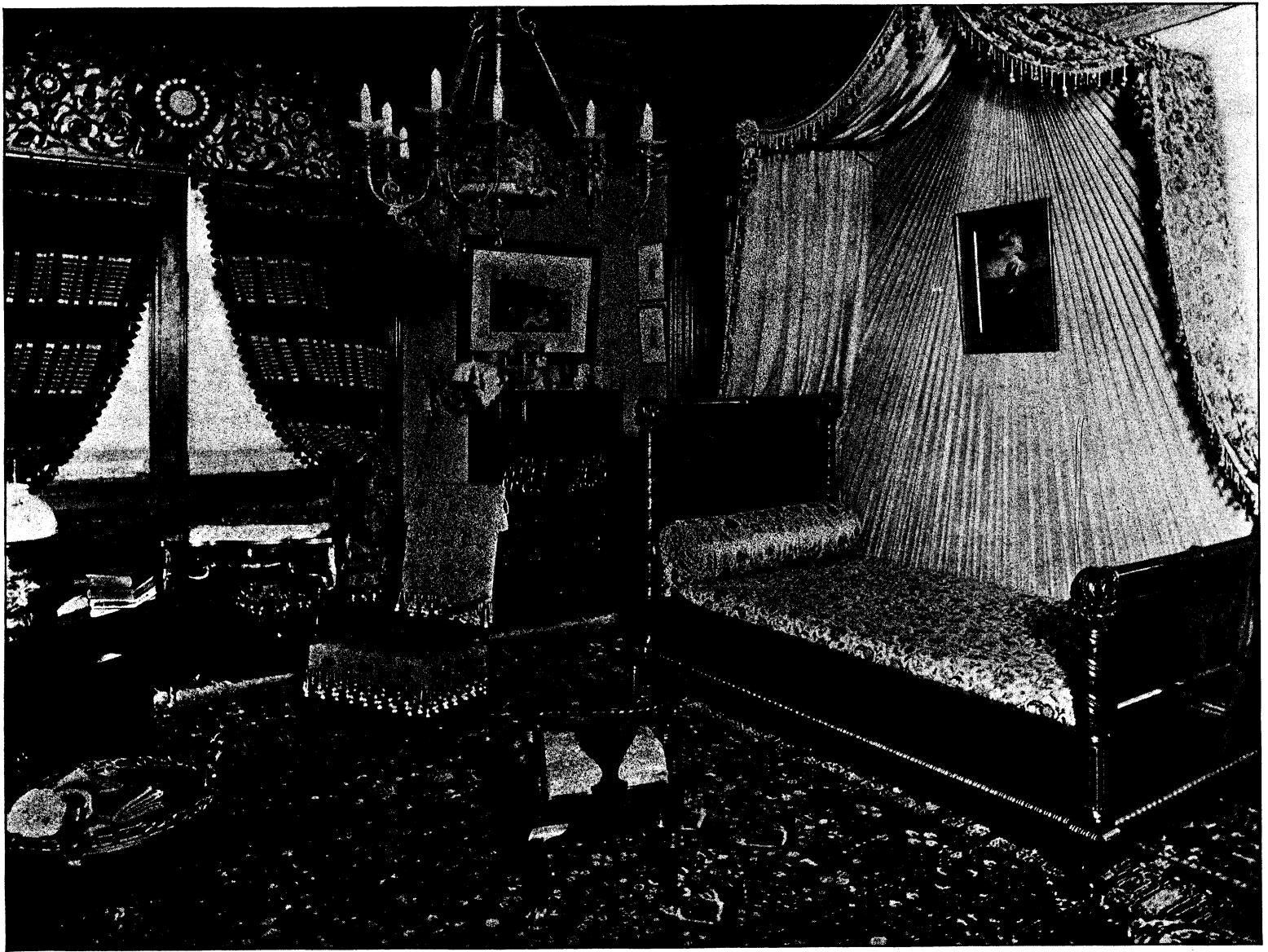
#### **Other Noted Residences.**

On the southwest corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue is the home of ex-Secretary Whitney. The house, though large, seems dwarfed by the massive size of the Vanderbilt mansion opposite. It is built of red brick, and is so profusely covered with trailing vines, it attracts the attention of every one in the summer and autumn, when the bricks are half hidden by the thick leaves. The white and gold ball-room has been the scene of brilliant social events, but owing to the death of Mrs. Whitney the house has for some time been practically closed.



**Residence of Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt.**

On the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street is the home of Mrs. Paran Stevens. It is the last of a row of white marble houses which extend along Fifth avenue from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-eighth street, and is one of the very few that are still used as private residences. All of them were formerly homes



**Bed-Room of a Moneyed King.**

of New York aristocrats, but they have been diverted from their original purpose and are now occupied by banks, schools, clubs, etc. Mrs. Stevens' house is the largest in the row, and the interior has been entirely remodeled since her occupancy. Without, it is not in any way conspicuous, but within it is exceptionally handsome. A large room on the ground floor is reserved for Mrs. Stevens' writing-room, for she is a business woman as well as a social leader. In this special apartment, there is every convenience for the transaction of business. Certain hours daily are devoted by the owner to writing or dictating letters, and overseeing accounts, and when she leaves her duties for social pleasures, the writing-room is locked up and no one is admitted.

The Roosevelts occupy an old-fashioned gray-stone house on the south side of West Fifty-seventh street. It has been their home for many years, but still holds its own as one of New York's handsome dwelling places.

Next to the Roosevelts is the house owned and occupied by the millionaire John Kennedy, and opposite is the plain brown-stone edifice in which Gunther, the furrier, lived and died, and which is now occupied by his widow and her children. The block is one of the finest in New York, and looking at its array of handsome houses, it seems almost incredible that less than twenty years ago there was but one house between the avenues, and that was the narrow brown-stone dwelling which is now No. 10, and which was built by W. B. Bishop about 1875. His only neighbors at that time were squatters who lived in shanties, perched on the high rocks which were then a feature of the block. In those days, directly next to No. 10 was the hut of a poor couple who shared their humble two-roomed house with pigs, goats, and ducks. On the northeast end of the block, near Sixth avenue, there was a whole village of shanty dwellers, and conspicuous among them was a continually inebriated virago, called the "Queen of the Hill." New York has grown so rapidly that such changes as have been witnessed in Fifty-seventh street are the rule rather than the exception, and are within the memory of even young inhabitants.

At the southeast corner of Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue is the Sherwood Studio Building. While it is not exactly what might be termed a "mansion of the rich," yet it is the home of New York's



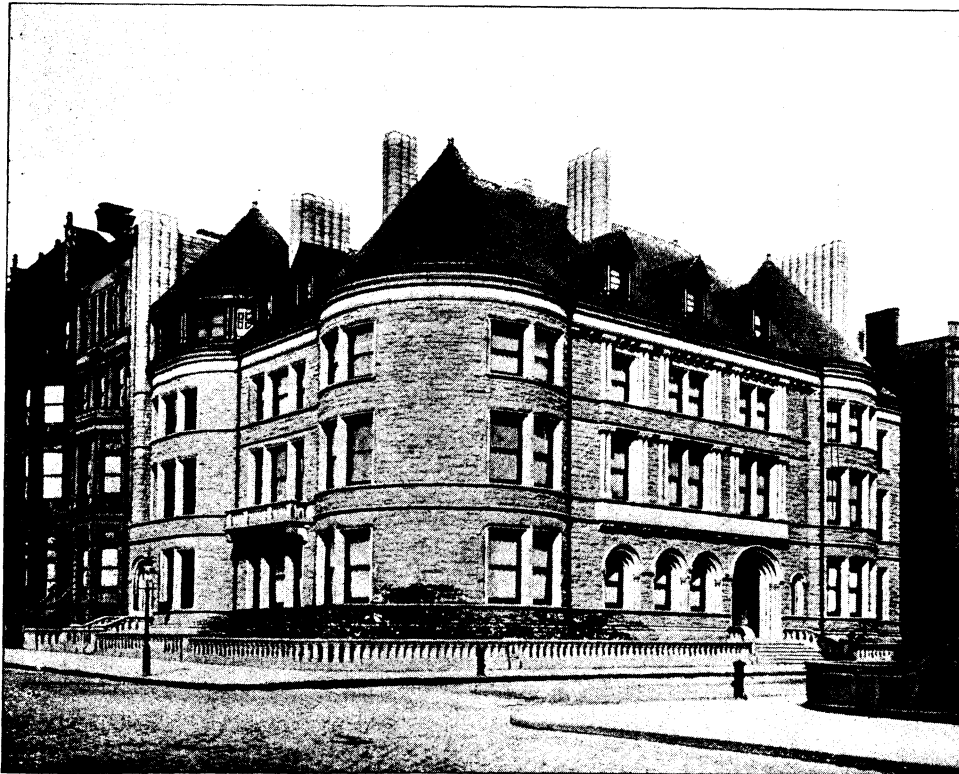
A Luxurious Sitting-Room.

wealthiest and best known artists, among whom may be mentioned Carrol Beckwith, Muller Ury, Carl Blenner, Leslie Caldwell, Robert Van Boskerck, A. T. Van Laer, Robert Reid, and a score of others. Clyde Fitch, the author, also has an apartment in the Sherwood.

On the southeast corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue is the palatial mansion erected by Collis P. Huntington. Although he fully intended to occupy the building himself, fate decreed otherwise, and it has now passed out of his ownership. It is a magnificent structure, though somewhat heavy in style. The architectural scheme is Colonial, but simplicity has succumbed to severity, and the house,

in spite of its grandeur, is not particularly artistic. It is built of rough gray-stone, and is surrounded by a wrought-iron fence.

The two connecting Vanderbilt houses on Fifth avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets are plain but good in style and together have rather an imposing appearance. The lower house is the one formerly occupied by the late William H. Vanderbilt. Its distinctive feature is the famous art gallery on the Fifty-first street side. For many years, it was the generous custom of Mr. Vanderbilt to admit to the art gallery any respectable person who had made previous application by letter. Thursday afternoons were the days chosen for these



Residence of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer.



Hall and Stairway in a Private Mansion.

semi-public functions, and it was not unusual for Mr. Vanderbilt himself to be present. He frequently introduced himself to his stranger-guests and acted the part of a genial guide and host as only a genuine gentleman could. Unfortunately his kindness was abused by the public, and rather than be imposed upon, he was forced to discontinue the Thursday exhibitions. One of the most interesting pictures in the gallery is the portrait of old Commodore Vanderbilt. On the northern corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue is the turreted, light colored stone house owned and occupied by W. K. Vanderbilt.

**The Astor Mansion.**

The residence of Mrs. Astor, at 350 Fifth avenue, is an unpretentious structure of rough stone and brick. John Jacob Astor and his young wife occupy a rented house when they are in town.

**The Tiffany Residence.**

The Tiffany house at Seventy-second street and Madison avenue is one of the most peculiar structures in the city. It is a large gloomy-looking building, very greatly admired by some enthusiasts and as earnestly condemned by others, who assert that its severe exterior gives it more the appearance of a prison than a dwelling-house. It was designed and built by Louis Tiffany, the artist, whose specialty is making beautiful pictures in stained glass. He is a son of Tiffany, the jeweler. He intended the Seventy-second street house for his own exclusive use, but finding it far too large for his small family, he rents the lower floors as apartments.



**Residence of Mrs. William Astor.**





A Private Library.



The upper floors of the house are occupied by Mr. Tiffany and his family. The rooms are so unusual in character and beauty, they deserve more than passing mention. Next to the top floor are the apartments of Mrs. Tiffany and the children. Here, too, are the large rooms used respectively as library, ball-room and dining-room. Stained glass has been used to adorn all these rooms. A peculiar effect has been obtained by placing a stained glass window in the wall dividing the library and ball-room. On the library side, the window forms the back of a large, old-fashioned fireplace. The decorations of both library and dining-room are somewhat dark but decidedly cheerful in tone. Mrs. Tiffany's room has no unique feature; and the dainty apartment reserved for Miss Tiffany is prettily simple in its appointments. The drawing-room or ball-room is an enormous place, with hardwood floor, delicate furniture and pictures that are uniformly pleasing in subject and graceful in treatment. The unusual feature of the room is its Seventy-second street side, where a series of extraordinarily large windows take the place of a wall.

But it is on the top floor of the building that one finds the most to astonish and interest. Certain rooms are reserved for Mr. Tiffany as sleeping and dressing apartments, and they are so admirably fitted for their use, and are so rich in every comfort, yet withal simple and unpretentious, that they are the envy of every bachelor who has ever seen them, and it is the verdict of Mr. Tiffany's friends that no married man should be allowed to enjoy, exclusively, such attractive apartments. Therefore entertainments are frequently given to the envious bachelors that they may temporarily share their host's delightful surroundings. There is even a dining-room, specially decorated to please the masculine eye. It is an airy room, with raftered ceilings and a huge fireplace surmounted by a chimney-piece of gigantic height. Blue and white pottery is everywhere, and the rafters are covered with roughly printed mottoes that are appropriate in sentiment for such an apartment.

The chief attraction on the top floor, however, is Mr. Tiffany's celebrated studio. Outside its entrance is a small hall-way hung with tapestries and ornamented with large shields which form a background for various



Music-Room, Uptown Residence.

warlike weapons, daggers, scimitars, Toledo blades, etc. To enter the studio one ascends a few steps and opens a beautifully carved door. Once within, the first impression is that New York is several thousand miles away and that this is a forgotten nook of past centuries, so full is it of curios and old-time treasures. Yet on closer examination, one perceives that only modern progress and invention could produce such an apartment. There are alcoves everywhere. In one is a peculiar swaying seat from India. Three or four people can occupy it at once, and it is swung from the ceiling by strong chains. Over it is carelessly flung a soft fur rug. In another alcove is a large and comfortable arm-chair, and just behind it a fine piece of statuary. A third alcove is so arranged that it forms a private "den" or writing-room for the artist. Directly in the centre of the studio is a chimney which runs up through the ceiling, and which has four fireplaces on the four sides of its base. From the ceiling throughout the entire studio hang lamps of every age and description, from every land in the world. Plain glass, stained glass, bronze, iron, brass and even silver and gold lamps are suspended by chains of varying lengths. At one side of the studio is a long model stand and above it a huge stained glass window extending the entire length of that side of the room. At the western end of this unique apartment is a gallery filled with tropical plants and cages of rare living birds. There are lamps of all kinds here too, and another large stained glass window forms a picturesque background for the gallery. When social functions are given in the studio, all the lamps are lighted and fires burn in the four hearths, but no other light is used. Bronze dishes of smoking incense burn here and there, and the general effect is fairy-like and weird in the extreme.

On Madison avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets are the "Villard houses," so called because they were designed and built by Henry Villard, the German financier. One of the houses is now occupied by Whitelaw Reid. They are noticeable in many ways. The architectural style is simple but excellent in its way. The material used is brown-stone. The main feature of the houses is the court around which they are built. They do not entirely enclose it, for in front it opens on the street. There is a driveway around the court, and well-kept bits of lawn form a pleasing oasis in New York's dreary desert of plain "brown-stone fronts."



Parlor of a Society Leader.

The house of the late Jay Gould at 579 Fifth avenue, now owned by Miss Gould, is a plain brown-stone corner house. It is fairly large, but in comparison with the houses of other millionaires is rather simple. Within, it is handsomely decorated, a striking feature being a chandelier in the main hall. This chandelier is near the stairway and is in the shape of a flowering vine. The leaves are of bronze and the flowers are electric-light bulbs. In the main drawing-rooms there are magnificent pictures and bits of statuary, but no distinctive decorative effects. There is a small conservatory in the rear of the house. In the dining-room is a fine portrait of the late millionaire. Upstairs is the room he occupied, a magnificent apartment, beautifully furnished. There is a large dressing-table covered with everything in the way of brushes, hand-glasses, etc., of genuine old ivory, with the monogram J. G. in solid gold. A front room, facing Fifth avenue, is occupied by Miss Gould. The entire house has a home-like look, comfort having been everywhere considered. George Gould now owns the large brown-stone house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixty-seventh street. Russell Sage lives in a very modest brown-stone house on the west side of Fifth avenue, a few doors above Forty-second street. There is nothing remarkable about the house excepting that so plain a dwelling should satisfy so rich a man. The upper part of New York, on either side of Central Park, is rapidly growing in favor as a location for handsome houses. The Brokaw house, at No. 1 East Seventy-ninth street, is of white marble and faces on Seventy-ninth street, while the side windows all overlook the Park. It is one of the largest houses of the many large ones on Central Park East. The doors of the house are very curious, being of marble inlaid. The effect of the house as you enter is quite different from any other, the hall being of marble, yellow in hue; staircase, floor and wainscoting all to correspond. The back of the hall is used as a music-room, and is furnished with a piano, other instruments and various handsome and curious chairs. It is lighted by a superb stained glass window. The tapestries and hangings at the back of the hall, or rather on the first landing of the staircase, are wonderful. There also stands a curious old gilt chair, covered with a marvelous piece of the same Gobelin tapestry. The house is on the plan of a double house. As you enter,

on the right there are two rooms, drawing-room and ball-room; on the left, library and dining-room. The dining-room is furnished in a dark leather, with high oak chairs and other furniture. The chandelier and mantel shelf are most curious, quite different from ordinary ones. The fireplace is of the immense old-fashioned kind, and is large enough to have a great log of wood in it.

At No. 2 East Seventy-eighth street is the residence of Mrs. Lauterbach. The steps are built in what is quite the modern fashion, from the side, instead of straight up. The first room which you enter is an exquisite little affair, very dainty, and furnished in Louis XVI. style, with quantities of Dresden ornaments and light hangings and furnishings. All along in front of the windows in this room runs a low divan covered with cushions of every shape and size. Through this room one goes into a unique room which is Moorish in every detail. From this opens out a sitting-room, and then a most beautiful mediæval dining-room, one side of which is almost entirely taken up with fireplace and mantel-shelf. The other side is of opalescent glass, shaped like a church window and opening with casements. On the other side of the room stands a magnificent sideboard, over which is a large stained glass window. The design of the room is carried out to the minutest detail, and it is doubtless the most perfect room of the kind in the city. Mrs. Lauterbach's bed-room is a perfect sample of the Empire style of furnishing and is also very beautiful.

Another handsome uptown house is that of Mrs. Herter, on Seventieth street and Madison avenue. This is a corner house. It has a curious porch over the entrance, which is entirely encased in glass. The outer door opens into a square hall, which is somewhat furnished. The floor is covered with a wonderful Turkish rug, having a marvelous blending of colors. The staircase is of dark wood, and it is arranged in a very odd fashion, quite impossible for anybody but an architect to describe. Close up against the first steps is placed a divan, with two large pillows. The divan is covered with a piece of eastern material of a turquoise blue, stamped with curious silver designs. The house has no ball-room, but it has a superb drawing-room, which is furnished with every imaginable luxury in the way of furniture. To the right of the hall is a large library



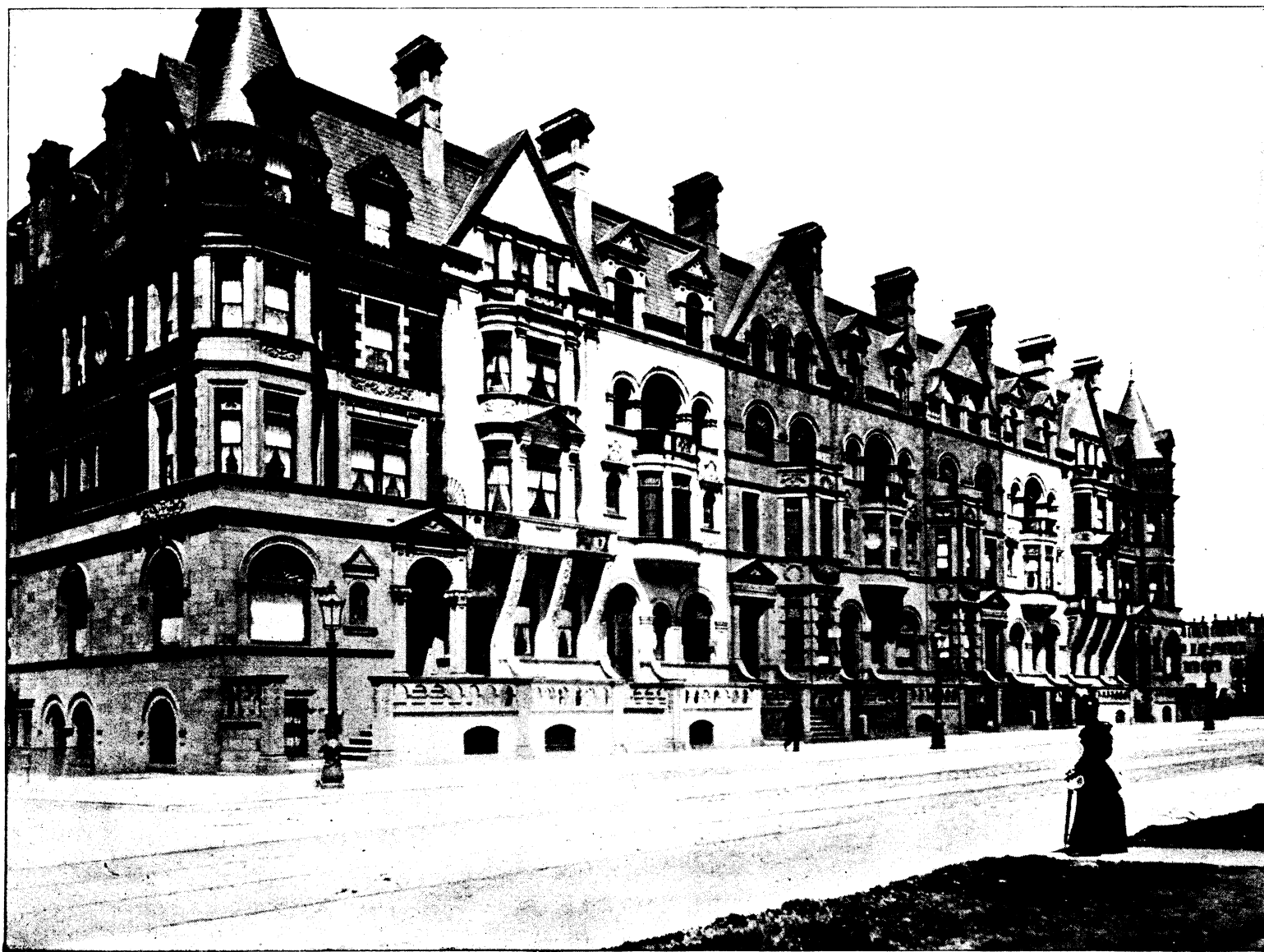
A Cosey Library.

furnished in ebony, with low bookcases, and the walls are hung with dark blue. The dining-room opens off the library, the end of which is a conservatory sunk in a marble floor, and not, as is generally the custom, separated from the dining-room by glass. On the second story are a morning-room and two bachelor dens, as they are called, all furnished in the Oriental style.

But not all the fine residences in the city are new. Many of them were built years ago and have been altered to suit the modern taste. The home of E. C. Benedict in west Fifty-second street is one of these reconstructed houses. It has a small reception-room in front, then a large drawing-room decorated in light colors, and having hardwood floors. In the centre of the room is a group of tall columns, around which is placed a circular seat. At one side of the apartment a fountain has been set in the wall. The water pours from a sculptured head into a marble basin a foot above the floor, in which goldfish disport themselves. Tropical plants grace the room, which is light and cheerful in the extreme. In the rear of the house is a handsome dining-room, with a wide fireplace and an unusually high mantel, from which a shelf starts, that extends all around the room. On this shelf are rare pieces of pottery and a fine collection of blue and white plates. This house is really quite an old one, but by removing some partitions and putting up others, by the addition of modern improvements and artistic decorations, it has been made into a beautiful residence which is quite "up to date."

Another remodeled old house, at No. 6 West Fifty-second street, is the residence of Mrs. Frederick Benedict. This house is remarkable for the taste shown in its furnishing and designing. The drawing-room is very beautiful, and very light in effect. The dining-room is the principal room of the house, and is an immense square room with a bay-window at the back, which is all of glass, with an exquisite grille of iron. This is so arranged that it may be used as a little breakfast-room, and may be shut off from the main dining-room by the dropping of yellow silk curtains. The dining-room is furnished in dark red and ebony. The fireplace covers one side of the room, and is a superb piece of workmanship. Directly facing it is the sideboard. Mrs. Benedict's bed-room is furnished and hung with very light effects, the woodwork being white and gold.





Residences, Eighth Avenue and Eighty-fourth Street.

The residence of General Louis Fitzgerald, at No. 255 Lexington avenue, is a splendid example of what may be done with an old-fashioned house. It is a corner house, and of course on that account afforded far more than ordinary scope for the builder's fancy. The entrance and hall are most unusual for a city house—the hall is really like a room—superbly wainscoted, and with a wonderfully fine, solid staircase. The hall is fitted up with cleverly carved oak chests. The floor is of marble, covered with beautiful rugs of every description. The staircase is round and winding to the top of the house. It is left uncarpeted, and the wood is polished so as to show off the beauty of the graining. There is a vista of three rooms looking from the library—the ball-room, dining-room, and beyond all, the conservatory, filled always with a superb collection of palms, orchids, and other flowering plants. The library is the first room you enter, and has bookcases extending from floor to ceiling. The ball-room is a round room, opening directly from the library, and is furnished in light gray and what appears to be silver instead of gilt. The panels on the wall are beautifully decorated. The next room beyond is the very large dining-room, the back of it being entirely of glass and opening into the conservatory. This house was built several years ago, how many it is not quite known, but it is emphatically not one of the modern houses, and yet it is distinctly one of the finest houses in this city.

Among the notable houses on the West Side of uptown New York are two picturesque edifices on Riverside Drive. One of them was built by Matthews, the soda-water fountain man, and the other, on the lower corner, was built by a gentleman who made a fortune in suspender buckles.

Many of New York's oldest families cling to an old residence portion of the city, near or on Washington Square. The magnificent house of the Rhinelanders is at the corner of Washington Square and Fifth avenue.

Gramercy Park also maintains its prestige, and among its residents are the surviving members of Cyrus Field's family, the Hewitts, and many other well-known New Yorkers.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### “THE FOUR HUNDRED.”

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RISTOCRACY IN A DEMOCRACY is anomalous. The theory in America is that every man is as good as any other; and perhaps, as Pat says, a great sight better! Nowhere is there any natural basis for distinction of caste; and as for artificial basis, the Constitution distinctly discourages, if not forbids, it. With no laws of primogeniture, the claims of long descent are idle. The same circumstance makes the holding of hereditary fortunes difficult, and the constant and rapid rising of new men to the front rank in finance renders any attempt to establish an aristocracy of wealth altogether futile. Titles of nobility are expressly forbidden, and office in governmental life conveys no social honor. The bases of old-world aristocracy are thus altogether wanting here, and the natural result should be that social distinctions are here unknown.

#### **Caste Distinctions Sharply Drawn.**

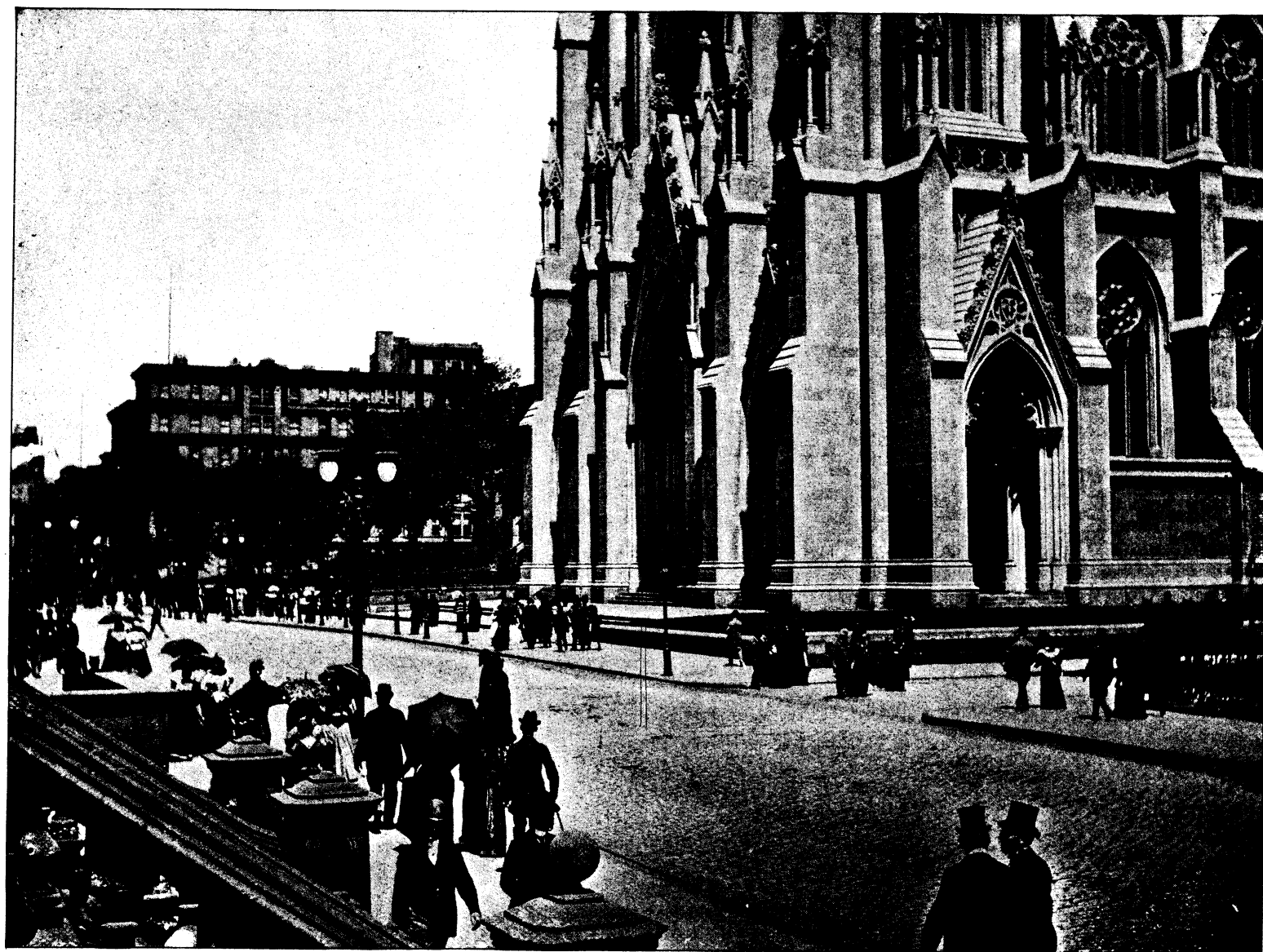
Should be, not is. In scarcely any country of Europe are caste distinctions more sharply drawn than here, unreasonable and illogical though they often may be. In the old countries the proudest nobles, secure in their rank, can afford to be condescending and affable to their social inferiors. But our republican aristocrats are not so sure of their station, and are therefore infinitely more jealous of it. They can never afford for one moment to unbend their dignity or to relax the awful strictness of the exclusive barriers that encompass them. The pride of an Austrian archduke or of a Spanish grandee is no match for that of a self-created American aristocrat.

Now in various American cities there are various qualifications for aristocracy. In Boston, for example, the chief one is intellectuality. "What does he know?" is the question asked concerning an applicant for admission to the social Sanhedrim. In Philadelphia, family plays the chief part, and the guardians of the Holy Place ask, "Who were his grandparents?"—and there is much reality in this statement of their social creed.

In New York it has been said, the chief question is, "What is he worth?" that is, in dollars; and this also is largely true. The aristocracy of New York is more an aristocracy of wealth than that of most other American cities; for the obvious reason that New York is more a centre of wealth than any other city. Nevertheless it is not by any means correct to say that this is the only qualification required. Social conditions and influences are far too mixed and complex in this composite city to allow any such single standard generally to prevail.

There are numerous examples, which readily occur to the mind of every well-informed New Yorker, of men and families of great wealth who are not "in society" and cannot get in, no matter how hard they try. They may have fine houses on Fifth avenue, drive splendid equipages in the Park, and even rent a box at the opera. They may make a greater display of wealth than any of the leaders of society, but in the list of names of guests at any of those social gatherings to which admission is regulated by the will of the real leaders of fashion, you never see their names. Instances are remembered of men attempting to purchase social recognition with a great price. As much as fifty thousand dollars was once offered for a ticket of invitation to a ball, attendance at which meant membership in the undisputed aristocracy; but it was refused with scorn.

On the other hand, there are people conspicuous in the highest ranks of New York society whose financial means are actually meagre. They live plainly, and dress economically. Yet they are welcomed as peers by all multi-millionaires. Their wealthier neighbors even devise little schemes and manœuvres for helping them along, or at least enabling them to keep the social pace without too sorely taxing their own limited



Fifth Avenue on a Sunday Morning.

resources. The secret of it is, that they possess certain qualities of manner, or mind, or heart, or heredity, that make them desirable members of the best society, and the best society does not, therefore, propose to lose them simply because they are not rich.

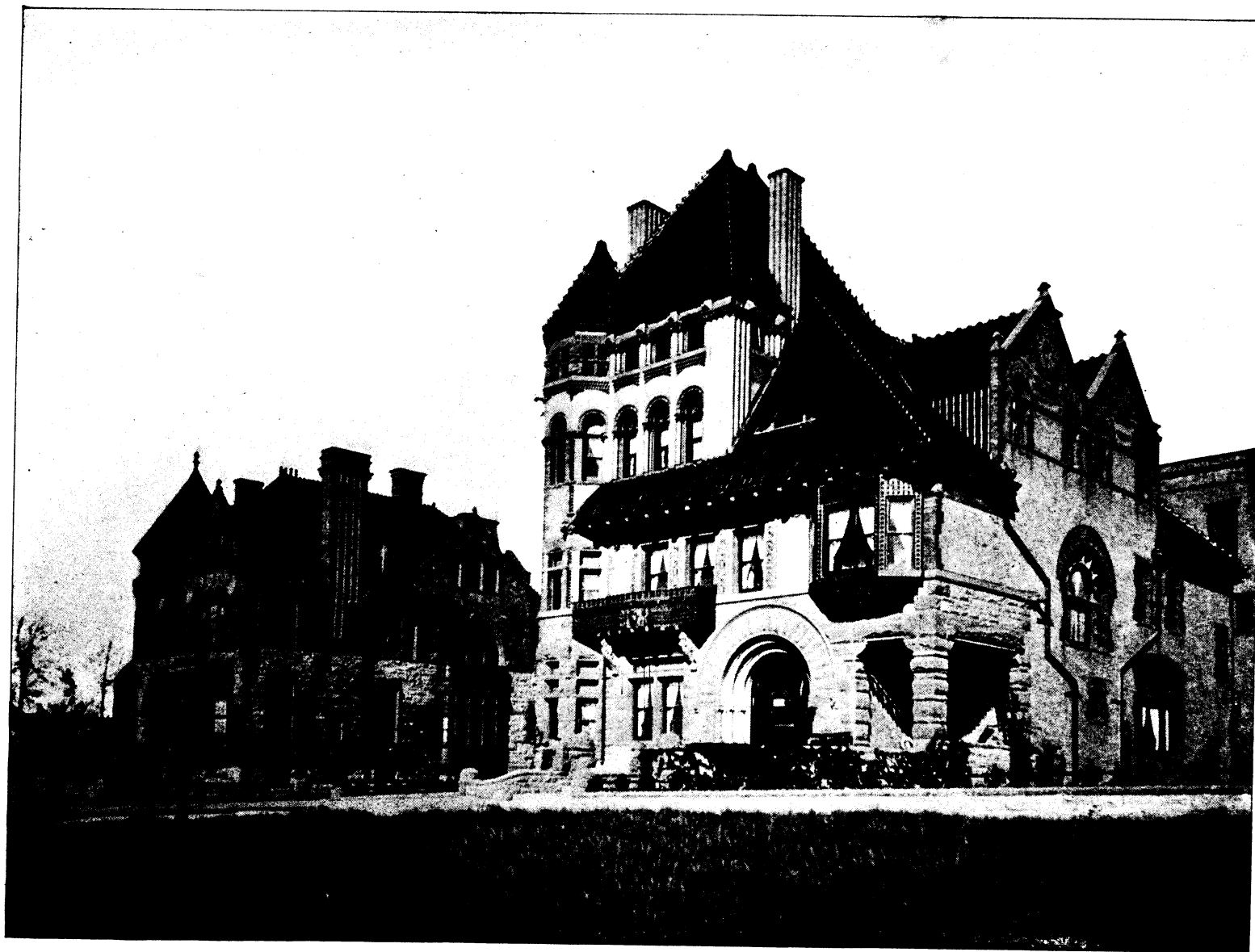
The fact is that New York is entirely too large and composite a city to allow any one shibboleth to determine the social rank of its people. Wealth counts, of course, and counts largely; but so does family descent; and so does intellectual distinction; and so does "the arduous greatness of things done." Let a man explore an unknown land, or win a great battle, or make some great invention, or write a great book, and he will find the door of the social temple not only ajar but wide open to receive him.

#### **The Origin of "The Four Hundred."**

A few years ago a gentleman in New York society, himself a New Yorker not by birth but by adoption, put forth the remarkable pronouncement that only about four hundred persons in the whole city really belonged in the best society; and thus he attempted to constitute a sort of exclusive peerage of four hundred, selected by himself, with himself, of course, as the head and autocrat. Absurd as the notion was, it attracted much attention. The phrase stuck, and though the author of it was unable to maintain his self-claimed leadership, the title, "The Four Hundred," is now commonly applied to the aristocracy of New York, just as one would speak of the "haut ton," or the "grande monde."

#### **Its Unwritten Laws.**

The laws that constitute and regulate this body are of course unwritten, but they are none the less explicit. It is a democratic aristocracy, and the will of the majority prevails. There is no autocrat. There are leaders, but they obtain their leadership only through natural worth, and retain it only by the consent of the rest of the "Four Hundred,"—which is really perhaps nearer four thousand. No one would venture to force into society an unfit candidate against the general wish of the others. And when any one is guilty of conduct offensive to the general sense, his place is forfeited, no matter what his wealth or family connections.

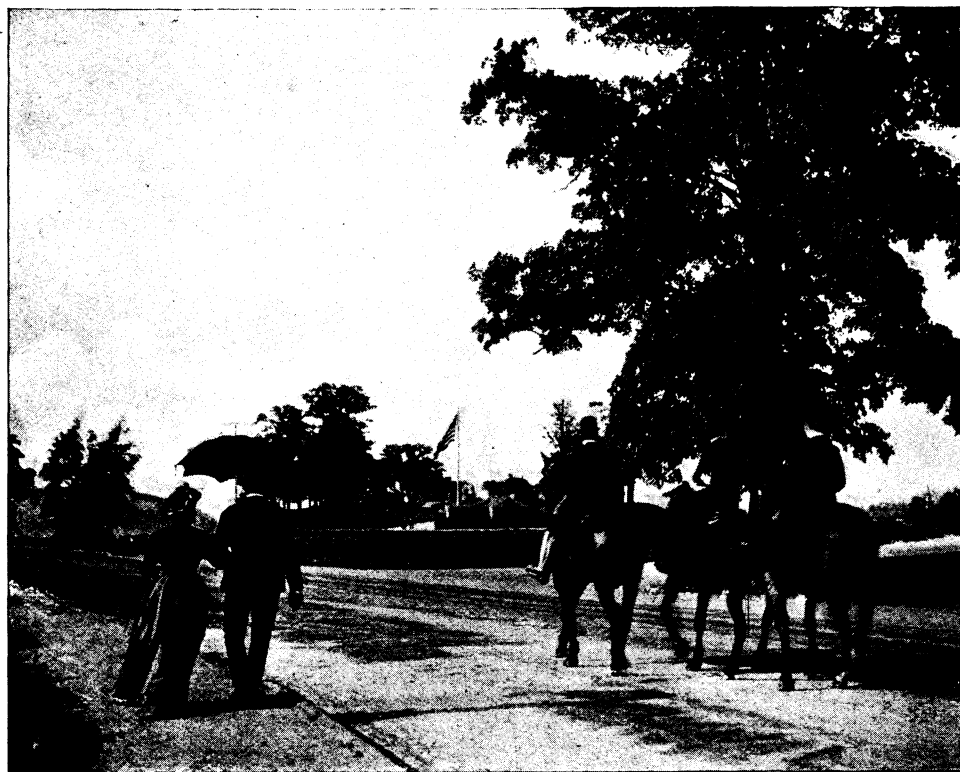


Homes on Riverside Drive.

Now this “Four Hundred” is, withal, a motley body in its origin and composition. It contains some members who have ranked as New York autocrats ever since New Amsterdam was settled by the Dutch. There are others who date from English Colonial days. There are many whose family first came to notice in the Revolution, and there are not a few who within the present generation have abruptly risen from obscurity to eminence.

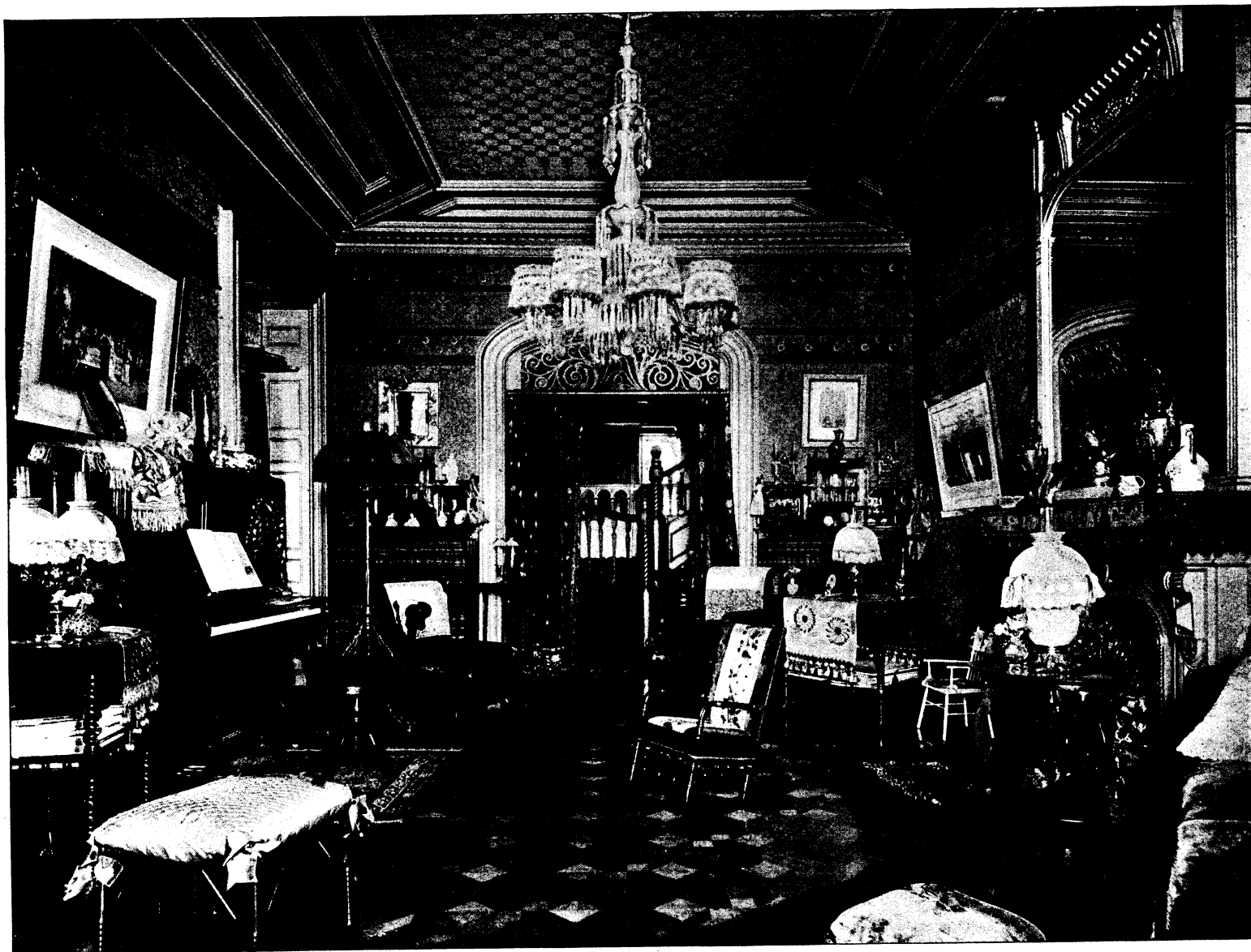
One of the foremost families, indeed the one which has come nearest of all in New York history to absolute autocracy in social matters, had its origin a century ago in an itinerant tradesman who came hither from Germany in quest of a fortune. Hard-working, economical, enterprising, he made profits on every bargain, and carefully laid by every spare dollar. In trading with the Indians in the Far West he made great gains, and, being gifted with confidence in the future, he invested his means in land in New York city. The growth of the city justified his faith. His land increased enormously in value. And to-day his great-grandchildren rank among the richest landed proprietors in the world.

The “Four Hundred” itself is divided into a great number of small cliques, composed of people interested in special sports and amusements, or identified with particular hunt and country clubs. There



North End of Riverside Drive.





Music-Room in a Riverside Residence.

are the Cedarhurst set, the Westchester Country Club set, the Southampton set, and others, "too numerous to mention."

#### **Athletic Sports in Great Favor.**

Athletics are in great favor with all these people, and sports of every kind are popular. The women are partial to riding, driving, tennis, golf, bowling, swimming, and even bicycle-riding. The children are educated in all these sports as carefully as in book knowledge, with the result that each succeeding generation is larger in build and

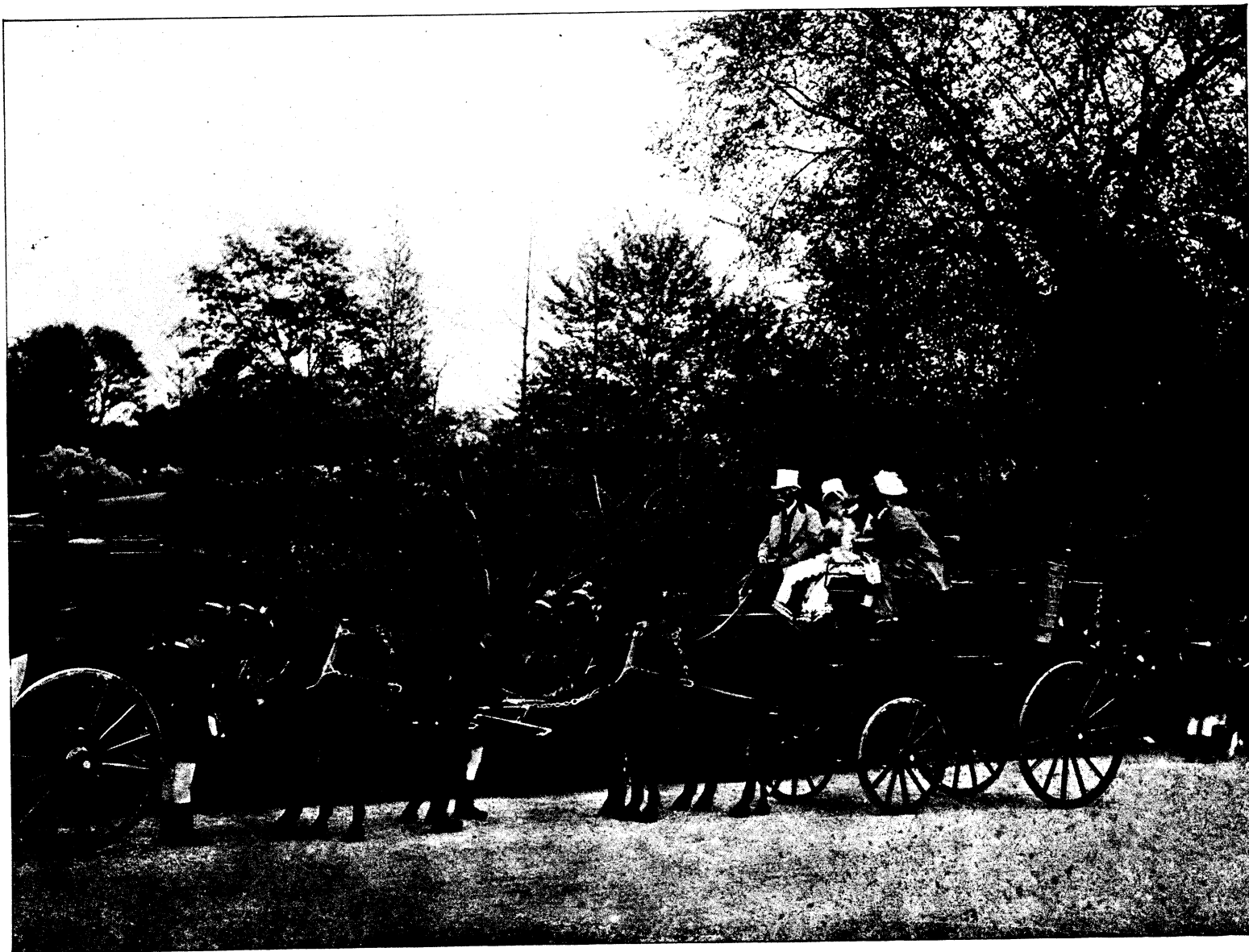


**Riding Meet, Central Park.**

healthier in body than the preceding. The young girls of the "Four Hundred" must study things that were never deemed necessary to a woman's well-being in bygone years. Art, music, and literature, the languages, dancing, fencing and physical culture are all a part of the curriculum. The society woman of to-day is no gay butterfly. She is usually over-worked, over-trained and constantly occupied. Ennui is not so often heard of as in former years, for no one, at least no woman, has time to be bored.

#### **Fashion's Toilet.**

The New York social leader must rise at a moderately early hour in the morning, and a good hour is devoted to her toilet, for bathing is a fine art nowadays and is recognized as an important factor in the preservation of health and beauty. When Madame is called by her French maid, she rises and dons the silken peignoir brought her by that patient functionary, then she slips her feet into a pair of dainty "mules," a species of high-heeled slipper having no back or sides, her hair is twisted into a high knot by the maid, and then she



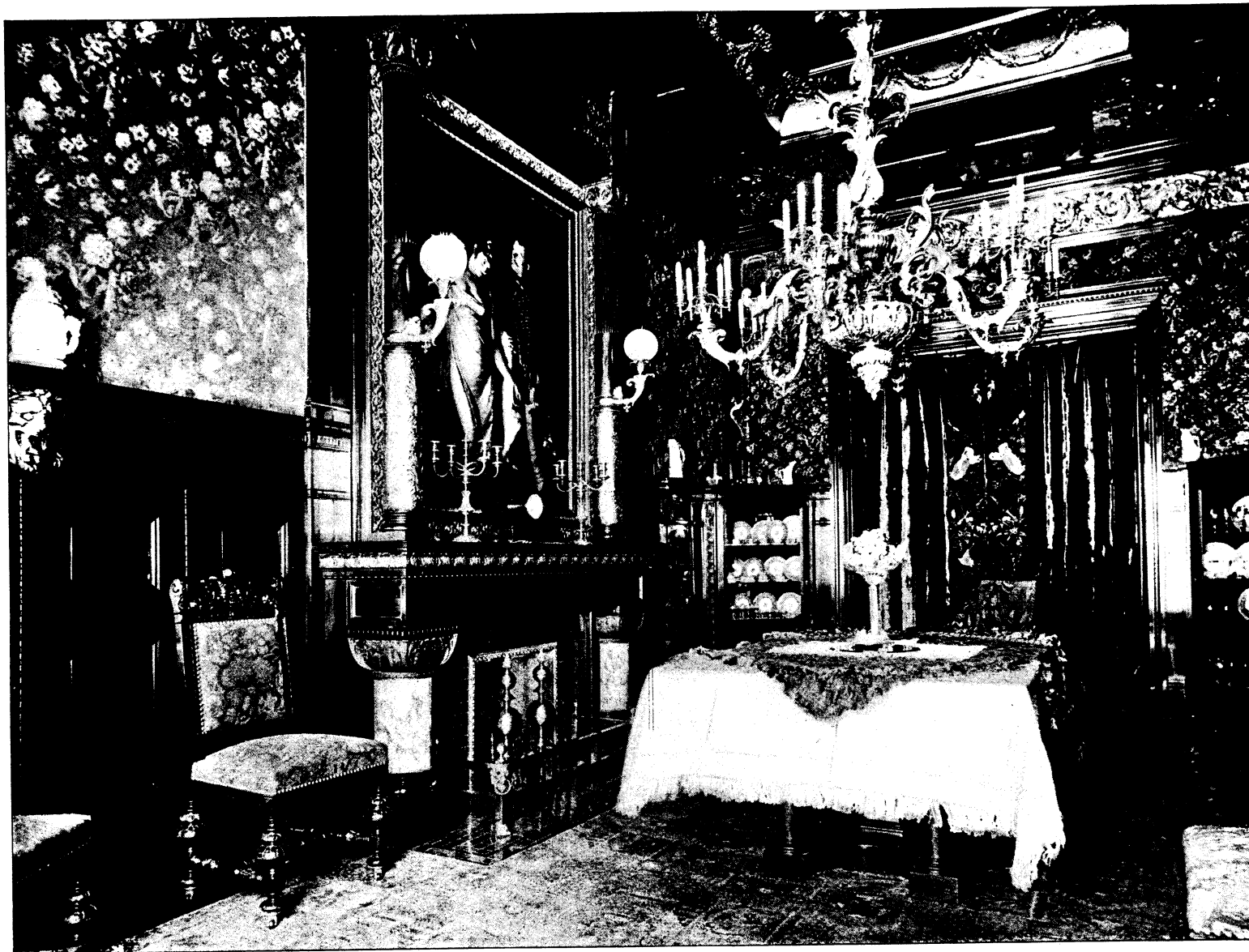
Coaching.

is ready to enter her tiled bath-room. The tub is of porcelain, silver, or Mexican onyx. The floor, ceiling and walls of the room are made of porcelain tiles, or of mosaic. The pipes and faucets are actually things of beauty, nickel-plated and fairly brilliant with much polishing. In the homes of the "Four Hundred," only the new open-plumbing is used, and there are no concealed pipes to become rusty and dirty. Madame's tub is first filled with warm water, then a tiny sack of bran is thrown in, a pint of violet water perfumes the bath, and a tablet of a famous French preparation renders the water soft, milky in appearance and effervescent.

After the bath, the maid must rub her mistress, for daily massage is a part of the regular programme. Then the hair-dresser arrives, unless the maid is proficient in that art. While Madame's locks are being curled and twisted, the manicure is ushered in, and, to save time, attends to her duties during the hair-dressing operation. Finally, all these preparations for the day having been accomplished, a tray with coffee, rolls and fruit is brought in, for French customs in breakfasting are observed among "The Four Hundred."

#### **The Daily Routine of a Society Woman.**

After breakfast, the housekeeper is interviewed, the coachman calls to receive his orders, and all important affairs of the household for a while receive Madame's personal attention. Then if it is not the day for hospital visiting, there is sure to be a meeting of some charitable society in which Madame is interested, or if no meeting claims her time, there is a musical matinee, a class in foreign literature, or a "current-events" class to attend. These "current-events" classes are a feature of life in the "Four Hundred." These busy women have no time or inclination to wade through all New York's voluminous daily papers, so they hire a woman to read them and she takes note of all the important events. On a stated morning, she meets her patrons at some one of their houses, or else in Sherry's Rooms, or the parlors of the Waldorf. Here she gives a brief talk, instructing her hearers in all the political movements of the day, and all the important occurrences of the past week. After such a lecture, Madame is well-informed as to the history of to-day, and will not be caught napping at her next dinner party, should the conversation turn on the state of affairs at home or abroad.



Dining-Room of "One of the Four Hundred."

If there are no classes or meetings to attract her, she takes a ride in the Park, always accompanied by a groom. Her horses are all trotters, the pacer being very much out of fashion in aristocratic circles. Her habit is severely plain, but its perfect fit, conventional cut and correct style prove it the work of an expensive tailor. Her saddle is of English make, and her whip is a silver or a gold mounted crop.

After the ride, comes another bath, a rest of fifteen minutes, and then she has some friends to lunch with her at home, or else she lunches at some one else's house. The meal is usually informal, but the costumes worn are always elegant in spite of their average simplicity. Sometimes the morning is of necessity occupied with visits to or from a tailor, dressmaker, glover, milliner or bootmaker.

After lunch, there is time for an hour's sleep, then the round of calling begins. From half after three until seven, there is constant driving from house to house, five minutes in the drawing-room of each friend whose "day at home" it may be. Then there is sure to be an art exhibition, a concert, or some great reception at which fifteen minutes or half an hour must be spent. A little after seven, Madame is at home again, and in an hour she is "en grande tenue" for the evening's social functions. First there is the late dinner, seldom taken alone with her family. Afterwards, in the season, she appears in her box at the opera. From there she goes to one and sometimes even two or three balls, arriving home weary and exhausted at five o'clock in the morning. With her house, children and servants to look after, her charitable duties, her educational classes, her church duties, the social claims upon her time, the hours she must needs devote to her toilet, and her tailors, etc., small wonder that after a few years she becomes morbid, hysterical, and broken down in health. Physical culture and athletic sports ensure her children's health, but if she makes time for these herself, she is too exhausted by her other duties to be greatly benefited thereby.

#### **Stoicism Considered a Virtue.**

Above all, her one great duty is to suffer in silence, to conceal every real emotion, to be the "grande dame," at all times, with a smile on her lips despite the ache at her heart. No one is free from sorrow, but the woman



Parlor in a Fifth Avenue Residence.

**"THE FOUR HUNDRED."**

of the "Four Hundred" must conceal her grief. Her husband may be flagrantly faithless, her income may be insufficient for her needs, her health may be broken, or her heart breaking, but still she must "keep up appearances," and play the part of a happy, cheerful and brilliant hostess, or a guest whose presence is everywhere desired.

**The Male Member of "The Four Hundred."**

With the men, it is but little better. There is too much to do, too little money or too much, and the high pressure of society life to-day in New York leads to immeasurable evil. The young man in the "Four Hundred," if he be wealthy, wastes his time and money in race-horses, footlight favorites, or in speculation. If he be poor, he must work all day and dance all night, undergoing a constant struggle to make both ends meet, and winding up his bachelor career in one of three ways—dropping out of society life entirely; marrying for money and insuring his social standing, but, nine times out of ten, losing every chance of happiness; or else letting his extravagance run him into debt, and his debts into dishonesty. He "borrows" money from his employer, without seeking that gentleman's permission. He means to pay it back, but he can never catch up in his accounts. Finally the day of reckoning comes, and if he does not escape to some other country, the brilliant youth that has graced the Patriarchs' balls ends his life by suicide or spends many a weary year in Sing-Sing.

With many young married men, the same state of affairs prevails. They may be wealthy, but their own extravagance or that of their families, leads them into debt, and from that to dishonor is but a short step.

Amongst those members of the "Four Hundred" to whom money is really of no consequence, so large are their individual incomes, there is the same extravagance that sets the example to poorer men. It does not lead to financial ruin in these cases, because the fortunes are too large, but it does result in dissipation, loss of health and lack of morals.

**"Scandal in High Society."**

Scandal is ever rife in the "Four Hundred." Sometimes, or, one may say, usually, these affairs are hushed up, but once in a while they creep into the daily papers, and those that are not "in the swim" read that





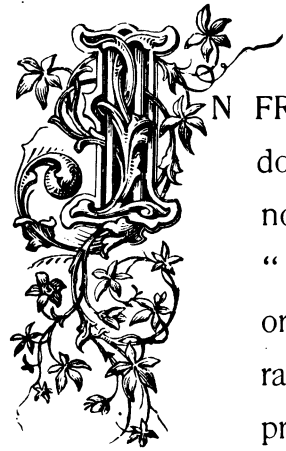
Dining-Room in a Fifth Avenue Residence.

Mrs. So-and-so seeks a divorce on the usual grounds from her husband, or vice versa. The inside history of these painful affairs is usually the same. A young couple start out in life with health, wealth, good looks, friends, high social standing and good birth; everything that would seem to insure happiness. The wife's social duties permit her to devote but little time to her husband. He seeks other attractive women. She is not deceived, and either obtains a divorce herself, or seeks revenge by giving her husband grounds for similar separation. Although vice is rampant in many high places, the "Four Hundred" has its saints as well as its sinners. In many wealthy homes, social duties are duly considered, but they take a secondary place, and the mistress of the household takes a personal interest in the care and guidance of her children, servants and poorer fellow-men and women. Take the Vanderbilts as an instance of a well-ordered family. The children have their time for study and play carefully regulated, and, best of all, a part of the time is devoted to conversation with their parents, golden hours that may well be envied by the poor children of some millionaires, who would almost require an introduction to their father and mother. The servants in the Vanderbilt family are well paid, and, what is more, they are treated with a just consideration for their rights, their comfort and their pleasure. The Vanderbilts give largely to charity, and in one branch of the family the amount spent on the household and in entertaining is accurately calculated at the close of the year, and an exactly equal amount is given away in charity. These men, and families like those of the Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Rhinelanders and others, form the backbone of the "Four Hundred." They are the solid element of society. The immoral, heavy drinking, opium smoking contingent is unfortunately a potent factor in social events, but society is not all bad as the lives of many in the "Four Hundred" give daily evidence.

Although the "Four Hundred" has its clowns, it has its heroes, and like every other grade of society it has its good women as well as its bad. Its men are not all fools, nor are its women all heartless. The heaven that redeems the whole is present, and to be one of the "Four Hundred" is by no means an undesirable honor.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CODFISH AND SHODDY.



IN FREQUENT INSTANCES terms of reproach are worn in high honor. Men fighting for freedom exult when their oppressors call them rebels. Men living in advance of their age grieve not if others call them "cranks." And so the original "codfish aristocracy" was entitled to be proud of that term of implied contempt. They were the sturdy New Englanders, who wrested wealth from the vicissitudes of nature:

"Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's Bank—

Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies, white and dank;  
Through storm and wave and blinding mist, stout are the  
hearts which man

The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape  
Ann!"

#### **Codfish Aristocracy.**

Such were the original "codfish aristocrats," the dauntless Yankee skippers who



**Broadway at Madison Square.**

won a peaceful fortune from the waves, and were sneered at for doing so by brainless idlers who had inherited their fortunes from some more energetic sires. Intended as a reproach, it was a badge of honor, as the codfish on the old State House in Boston proclaims to all the world.

Different is the manner in which the term is now applied. To-day it is given by men of real worth and standing to empty and spurious pretenders to social consideration. It is synonymous with "shoddy," a word first used as the name of inferior material mixed in with good wool in the manufacture of cloths, and was then given to the counterfeit aspirants who sought to mingle themselves with the true warp and woof of the social fabric.

There have always been such, and doubtless always will be. They were especially numerous in New York in the speculative days of a generation ago, when men were "striking oil," or growing rich with suspicious speed on Government contracts during the war of the Rebellion. But they are numerous to-day, and every season sees a new crop, springing up rank and odorous, like weeds in a flower-garden.

Let it not be imagined that we are thus stigmatizing real worth, simply because it has not the prestige of ancient descent. The "codfish" or "shoddy" aristocrat is not merely the new-rich. Some of the shoddiest

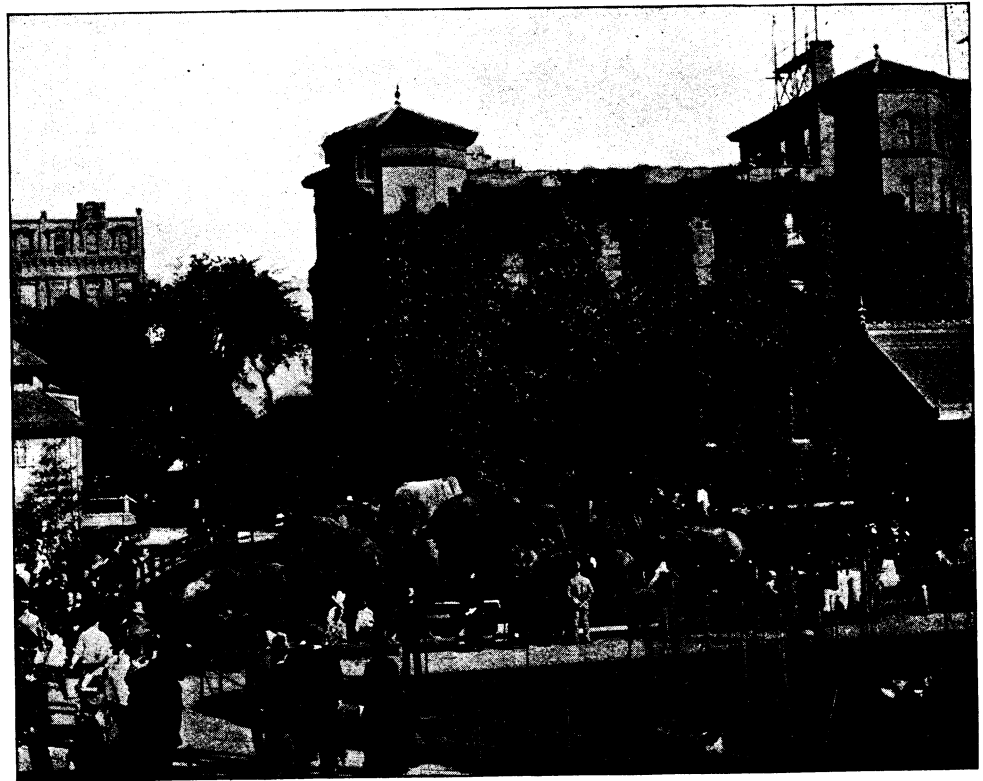


Fifth Avenue North from Forty-eighth Street.

of the shoddy possess long-inherited wealth ; and some possess no wealth at all. The essential characteristic of this genus is pretence, vulgar pretence. If they are not rich they pretend to be ; while if they are, they make the utmost possible display of it. They are ludicrously ignorant and ill-bred. They are the sort of people who esteem everything by its money value, and assiduously proclaim to the world the cost of everything they possess. The satirist does them no injustice when he represents one saying to a school-teacher : "I want you to teach my daughter to paint and play the piano and speak French." "But I fear, sir, she has no capacity for those studies." "Capacity? Then I'll buy her one. What'll it cost?" Surely it was a near kinsman who, on his return from a trip to Europe, being asked if he saw the Dardanelles, made answer, "Oh, yes; we dined with them in Paris!"

**Ignorant and Pretentious.**

It is such beings, ignorant, vulgar, noisy, pretentious, ill-bred, that compose the "cod-fish aristocracy." They live in fine houses, generally furnished at great expense in the worse possible taste. They employ artists to paint them "family portraits" of purely imaginary ancestors, and with obtrusive effrontery have emblazoned on their carriage doors and elsewhere, the showiest coat-of-arms they can find in some book of heraldry. Some of them affect the literary air, and have libraries in their houses,



**Zoological Garden, Central Park.**

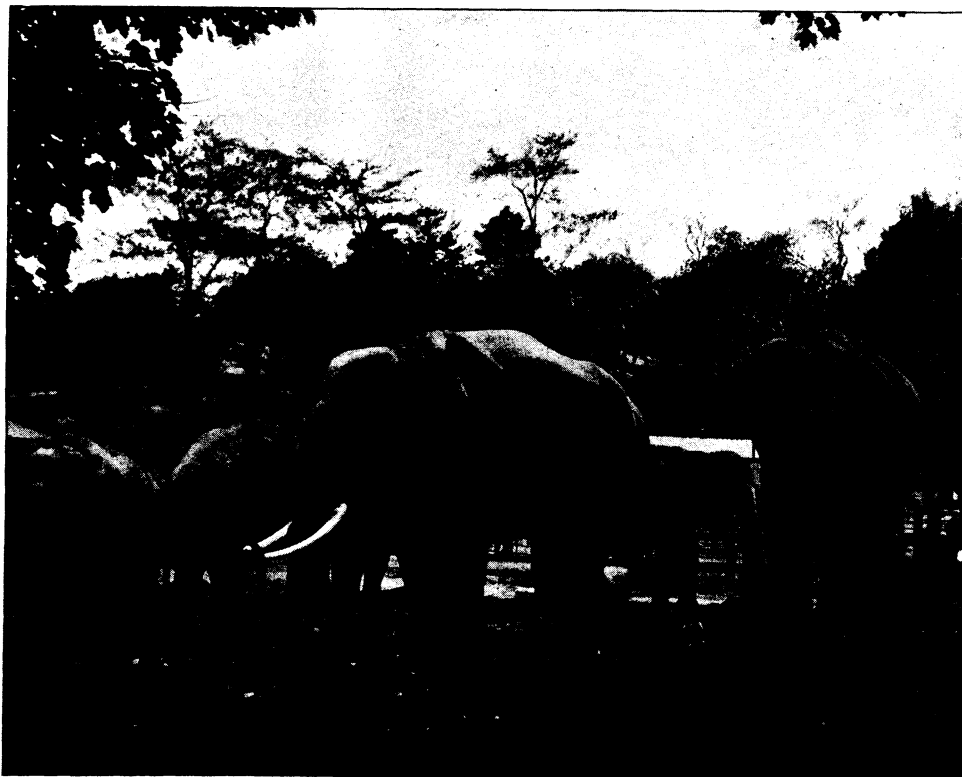
filled with books purchased like firewood, by the cord, books they never read nor open. Indeed more than one such "library" now existing in New York has its shelves filled with mere counterfeit presentments of books—blocks of wood, covered with leather and embossed in gilt with the names of standard works.

**Offensively Conspicuous.**

In dress these people make themselves offensively conspicuous. Their aim is "to make a show." Bright colors, extravagant patterns, are their favorites. They never consider for a moment what is becoming, but what is "the latest style." If they are actually rich, they spend their money lavishly,

and dressmakers and tailors grow rich at their expense. If they are not rich, they will live on bread and water at home for the sake of making display on the street; they will wear paste instead of diamonds, and brass instead of gold; and perhaps will run into debt and swindle their creditors at last, in order to devote all possible means to making a gaudy show.

They never, of course, get into real "society." They hang upon its skirts, eagerly scrambling for the crumbs that fall from its table. Wherever money can take them, they go. They have front seats in theatres, sometimes boxes at the opera, and conspicuous pews in churches. They often get their names into newspapers,

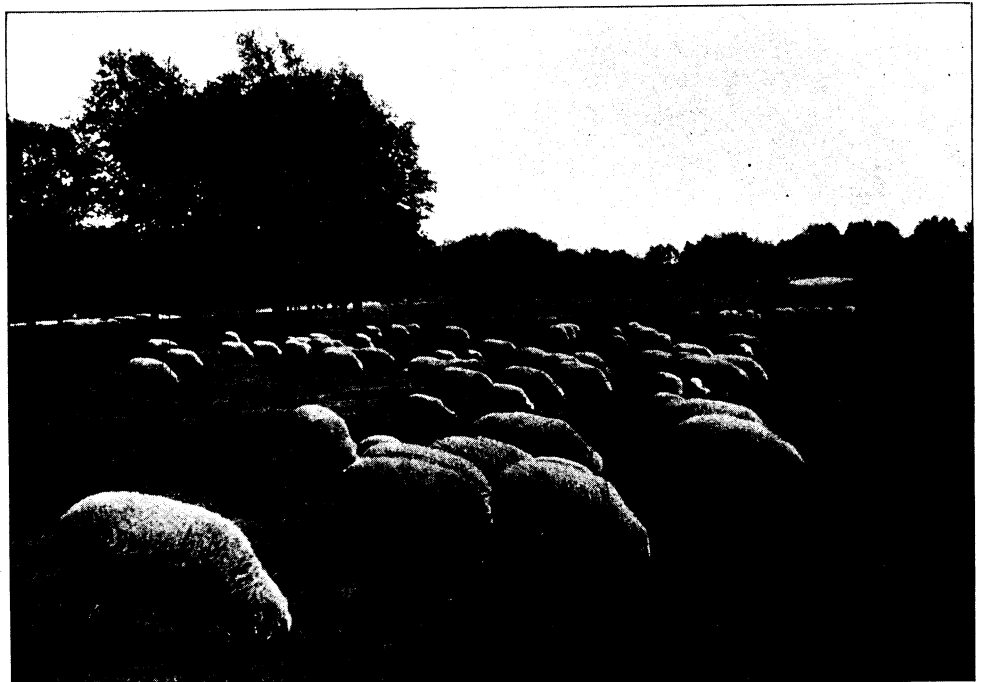


**Elephants, Central Park.**

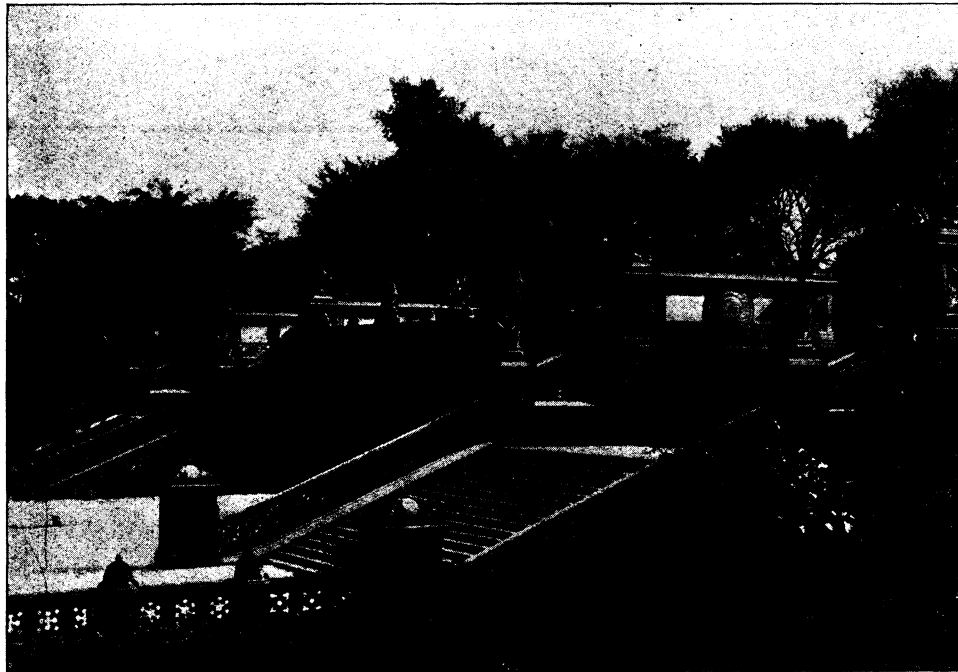
by giving social entertainments to members of their own class, and by patronizing expensive hotels at summer resorts; but their names are never seen in the lists of those who attend the assemblages of the "Four Hundred."

Their names—there, too, they have a manner of their own. Hoping thus to impress the world with a sense of their worth, they discard, frequently, the plain, old-fashioned names that belong to them, and assume new and ludicrously high-sounding ones; or else transform their old ones into new combinations. The "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins" of Du Maurier is no mere fiction. It seems to such folk a vast elevation from Smith to Smythe; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jones think their social salvation assured when they re-christen themselves Perkins-Jones; and when Andrew W. Brown blooms forth as A. Williams Browne, what is to be said, save that "of such is the kingdom of—shoddy!"

These engaging personages are of course very numerous in New York. They are probably to be found here in greater proportion than anywhere else, for the simple and obvious reason that, wherever they may be, they look to New York as the social capital of the country, and therefore they come hither just as soon as possible. For the same reason, when they get here they settle, if possible, in the most aristocratic parts of the city. Your true aristocrat may content himself with a modest home on a



Sheep and Lambs, Central Park.



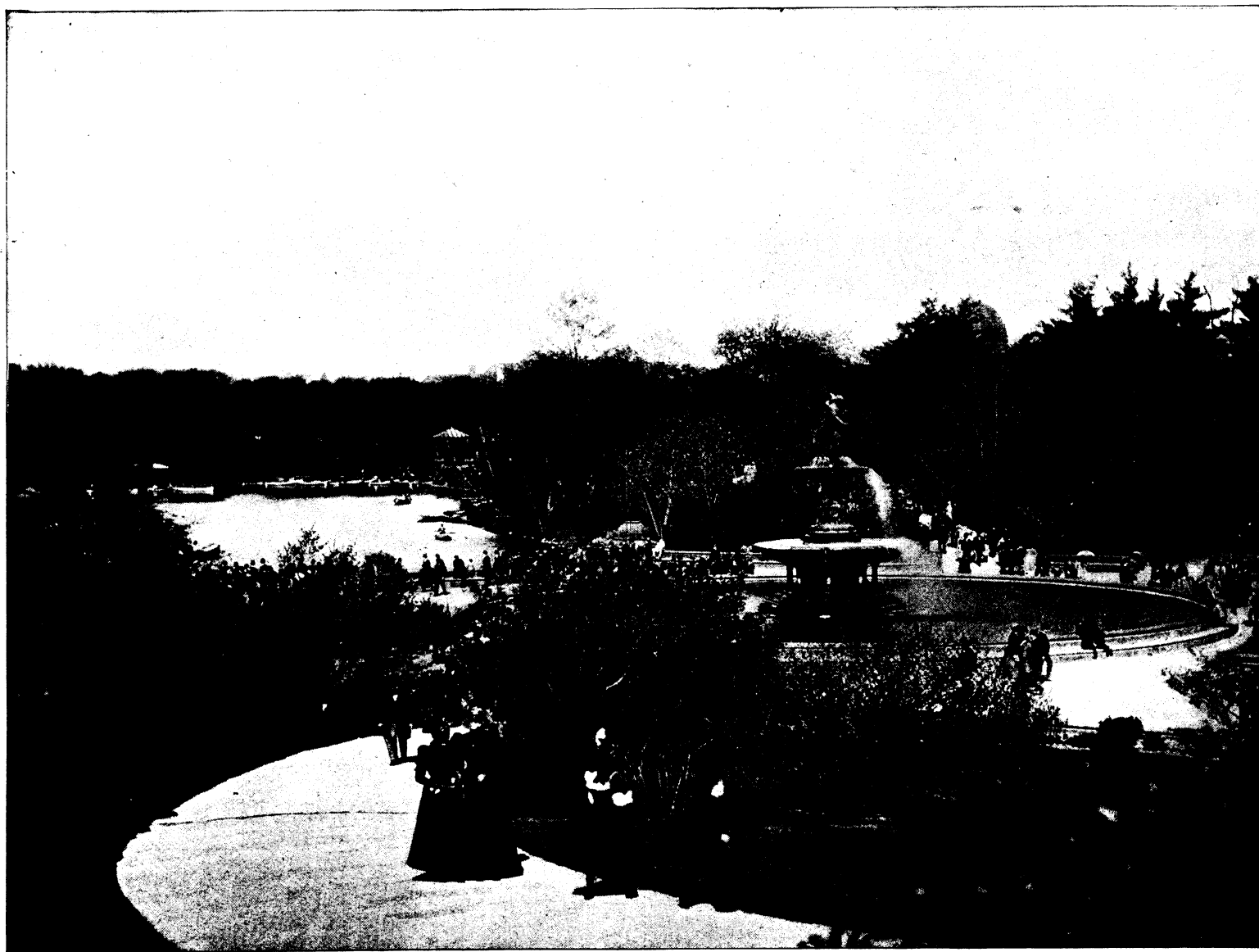
**Terrace, Central Park.**

side street. He knows that he is a member of the "Four Hundred," no matter where he may be. But your "shoddy" aristocrat must have a house on the avenue, with his name in big letters on a shiny door-plate. He must have liveried servants, coachman and footman; high-stepping horses and flashing, jingling harness. When his wife goes shopping, she must bedeck herself with diamonds, as if for a ball. In public they must speak in their loudest tones, and refer to their wealth on every possible occasion.

**Anglomania.**

Another important phase of shoddyism is what is known as Anglomania. It is not the Anglomania of the aristocrat, who has traveled abroad and has mingled with the cultivated circles of London's best society. The aristocrat, if he be an Anglo-maniac, is excusable, for he imitates what is best worth imitating in his trans-Atlantic friends. But the Anglomania of the codfish aristocrat is the worst variety of the fad. Access to refined English society is denied him if he travels, and he forms his ideas of English customs from cockneys and tradesmen of the lower order. He adopts an accent which he thinks is similar to that of the British peer, but which is really in vogue only amongst grooms and flunkies. He wears London-made clothes, ignoring the fact that with the exception of Poole, English tailors are distanced by their American competitors. With his English suit of clothes, he is very apt to don a ready-made tie, the unmistakable sign of shoddyism, and with his outing costume he frequently sins against





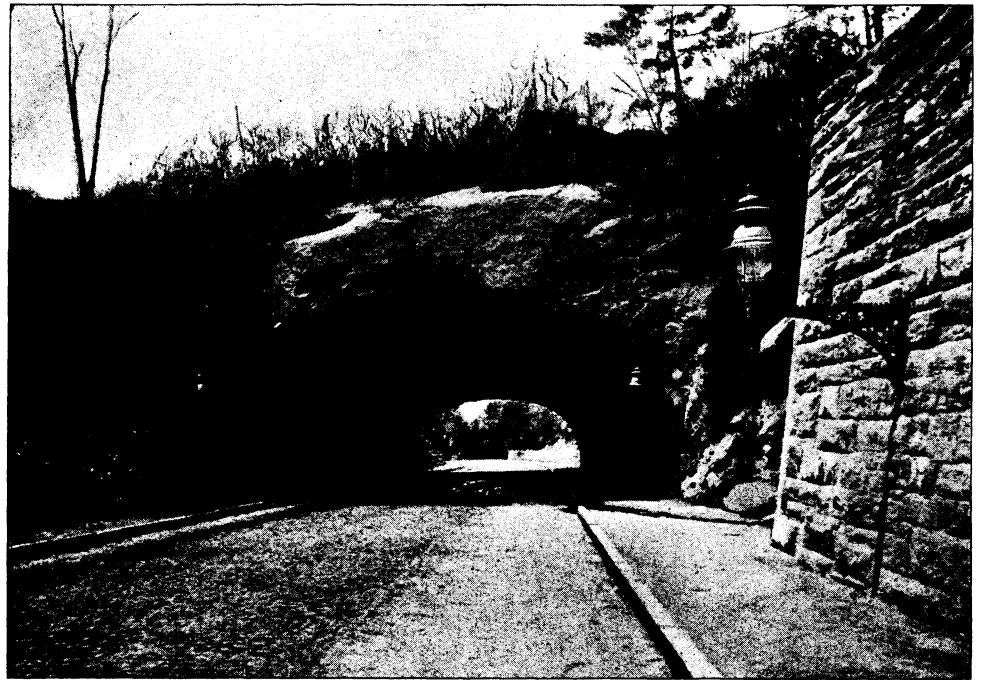
**Bethesda Fountain and Lake.**

propriety by wearing diamond studs. He gives large entertainments and invites his rich friends, snubbing his unfortunate acquaintances as only a vulgar parvenu can, and impressing his favored guests with his ostentatious extravagance and his utter lack of artistic taste. He tells you what he paid for his house, his furniture, even his wife's dress, and she supplements his confidence by a statement of her trials with servants, butchers, and her children.

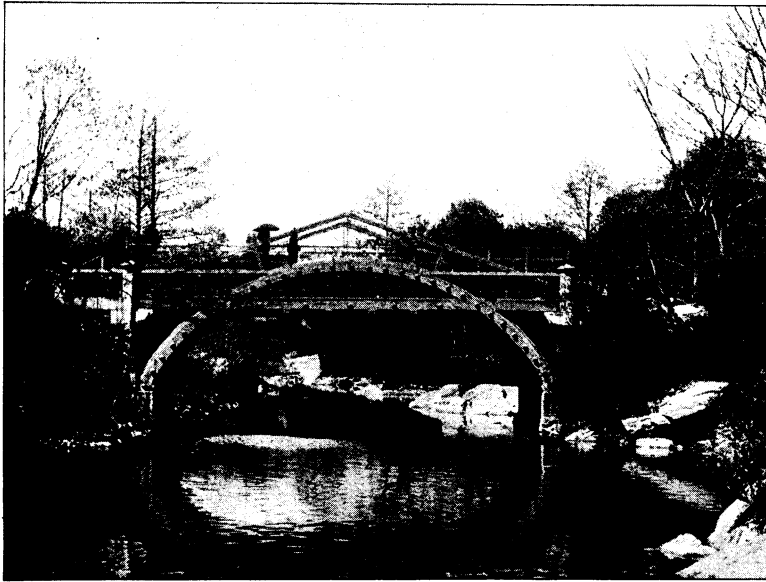
The codfish aristocrat buys his pictures because they are large, and the gilded frames please his untrained eye; his books are chosen for their bindings and size. He rarely looks at the pictures themselves; he seldom if ever opens the books. His wife wears expensive clothing, but she is never well dressed. His servants are poorly paid, and are crowded into tiny, ill-ventilated rooms, for they must pay the penalty for their master's extravagance.

#### **In Literary Circles.**

Codfish aristocracy exists even in New York's literary circles. As a rule, pen-workers are not wealthy, and to enjoy their acquaintance socially, one must meet them on Saturdays or Sundays. The rest of the week they work. It is a question whether the conversation is as weak as the punch at these Saturday night reunions, or whether the Sunday dinners are quite so meagre as the wit and wisdom of the diners. Yet these people are bright and clever enough in their way, but they save their best ideas to sell,



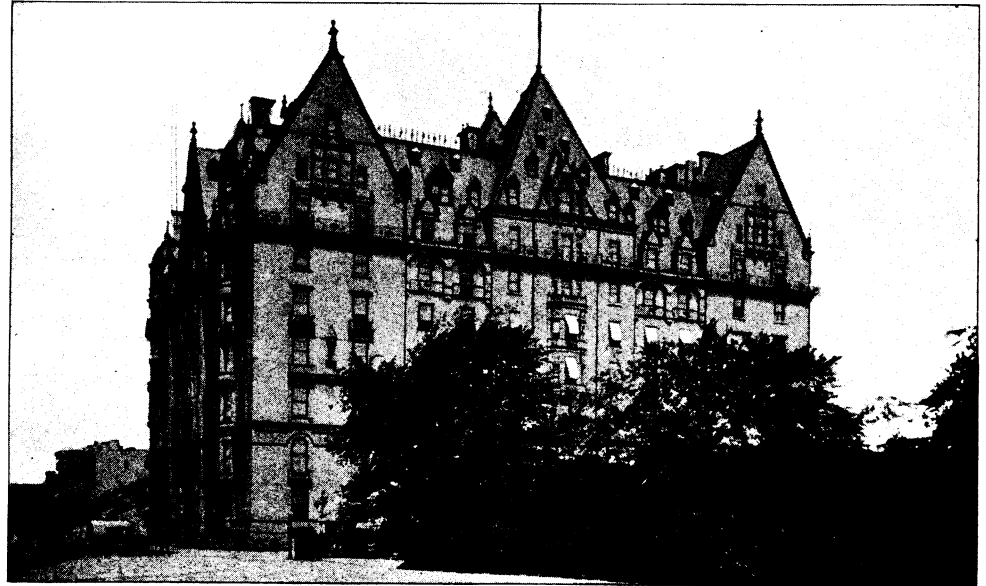
**Bridge of Solid Rock, Central Park.**



**Bridge and Lake.**

Or perhaps it is a woman who calls, some dainty girl who has interested him at one of the Sunday dinners, and whom he has regarded as a novelist or poet, from her conversation. She calls and reveals herself as a book agent! For at these gatherings of the "literary" codfish aristocracy everyone is bent on making use of everyone else. They toady to strangers, hoping by this means they may be able to sell them either pictures or books, and they toady to

and reserve their commonplaces for their friends. The people that compose what is called New York's "best society" are frequently reproached for flunkysm and toadying. While there may or may not be ground for this accusation, it is certain that such a reproach might be justly applied to many of the self-styled "literary" cliques in the city. In such circles the guest soon learns to repel the advances toward intimacy, surely forthcoming from the interesting people he meets. If he encourages them, he is quite apt to receive a call from some artist whom he met but once, and who desires him to purchase a miniature, or to sit for his portrait.



**Dakota Flats.**

each other from motives of policy. Many of them are really what they profess to be, authors and artists, but the authors are of the kind whose names are never seen in the best magazines, and the artists are, and always will be, deservedly unknown to fame. The main trouble with New York's literary society is that it is not purely literary. It is semi-theatrical, semi-artistic. Despite this fact it might be enduring were the actors and artists of the highest standing. Unfortunately they are not, and the funny attempts of these cliques at com-



Greeley Square.

binning a Murgeresque bohemianism with business, and the futile efforts at imitation of genuine good society, amuse at first but soon cease to interest, and then they begin to annoy.

There are men and women who earn their livings by pen and brush, and whose acquaintance is an honor greatly to be desired, but they do not frequent the gatherings described, and are certainly not a part of the codfish aristocracy.

#### **The Race of Snobs.**

When the would-be gentleman who does belong to the race of snobs, takes unto himself a wife or gives a ball, or buys a house, he immediately sends a paragraph about himself to the newspapers. He loves to see his name in print. Sometimes he makes the mistake of sending his wedding announcement and a paragraph describing the event to the advertisement department of the paper, thinking that the description will be used in the "society column" and the announcement placed in the usual way. But it frequently



Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue.

happens that the two items are not separated, and amongst the paid advertisements or notices of weddings, one reads something of this kind: "Brown—Smith.—Married, on June 1st, by the Rev. Dr. Blank, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mary Brown to John Smith. The bride was attired in a superb white satin gown, with garnitures of orange blossoms, which were most appropriate settings for her fair young face. A magnificent collation followed the ceremony. The bride's father is the well-known dry-goods merchant, Thomas Brown, and the happy husband is connected with a gentle-

men's furnishing store on Fourteenth street. Among those present were"—and here follows a list of names. This mingling of an advertisement and a "social item" is often seen on the first page of "The Herald," and causes as much amusement among the average readers as it does indignation among the participants in the happy event, who declare that "reporters are just horrid, and the editor might have known we didn't want the description to follow the announcement on the advertisement page!"

#### Shoddyism.

Another form of shoddyism is witnessed in the summer-time, when our codfish aristocrat and his wife decide that they can never be "real swells" unless they rent a country house. So the house is hired and they find their lives far duller than when they spent their summers in hotels or boarding-houses; for they cannot

persuade their neighbors to call, and their only amusement is in inviting their old friends to visit them, and it is these very old friends that they have hoped to escape. In some houses, the hostess, in a vain effort to imitate her millionaire neighbors, who ignore her very presence, will sacrifice the comfort of her family, in her desire to keep up appearances. She drives to the station, in a conspicuously light gown, to meet her husband, and gives no thought to the fact that her coachman's wages are unpaid, her horses badly groomed, and her showy vehicle more like a circus chariot than a respectable family "turnout." Sometimes it chances that she really



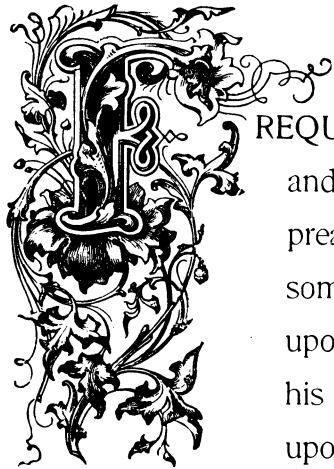
**Steamer-Day.**

does know a few young men of the "Four Hundred." She persuades them to visit her, hoping her hospitality may lead to an acquaintance with the women of their families. It never does; yet summer after summer she continues to invite these callow youths who come out of curiosity, or because the dinners she gives are fairly good, or for some other equally selfish reason. But she sees nothing of this, or if she is clever, pretends not to know that her guests make use of her and treat her house as though it

were a hotel for their special accommodation. There are thousands of these codfish aristocrats in New York. They do a great deal of harm, yet they have their virtues; for no one is wholly bad. Their private lives are usually decent, the men are honest, the women chaste; but out of their very virtues is evolved a vice, that of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. They are without the charity that comes of worldly knowledge, they have no pity for their erring brethren, and they are utterly lacking in sympathy for others less fortunate than they.

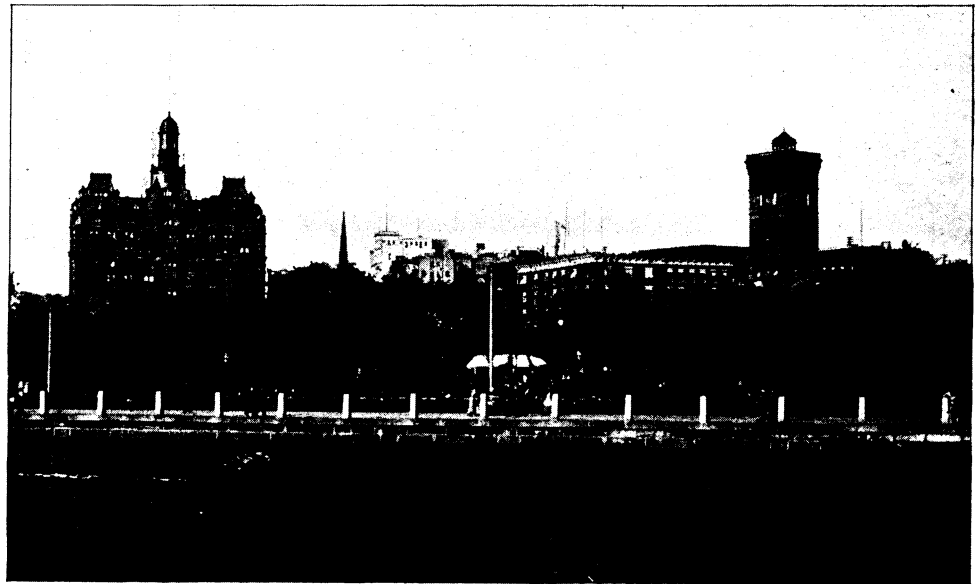
## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MIDDLE CLASS.



REQUENTLY the remark is made that New York contains no "middle class," but only the rich and the poor. Social philosophers and political economists take the statement for a text and preach interminable sermons upon it. And indeed to the superficial observer there seems some truth in it. The sight-seer visits New York. He goes to Fifth avenue and gazes upon its palaces. Then he goes to Mulberry Bend and gazes upon its squalor. Out comes his note-book, and down upon its page goes the sapient record: "New

York is inhabited only by the very rich and by the very poor." Necessarily, also, the newspapers foster the same idea. They have much to say about the rich, about the business and social doings of the "Four Hundred," about the palaces they build and inhabit. They have also much to say about the poor, about the denizens of the slums, about their needs, their misery.



Battery Park.

## THE MIDDLE CLASS.

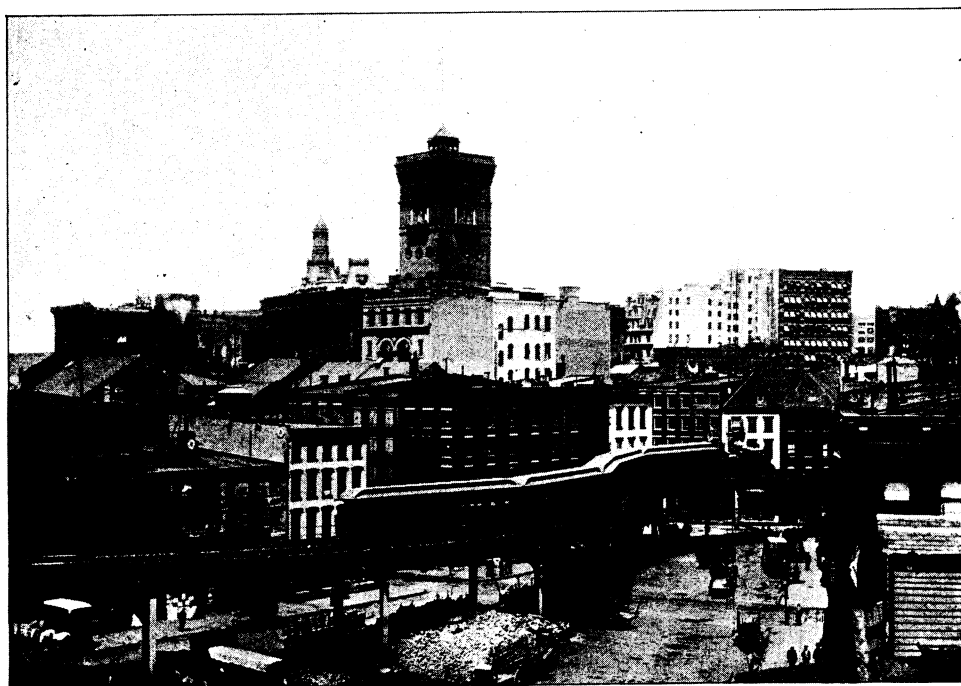
**Neither Rich nor Poor.**

But what is there to say of the great middle class, the thousands who have neither poverty nor riches, and are therefore content? They pursue the quiet, even tenor of their way without any occurrence to win them notoriety. Happy are the people who have no notoriety, and therefore live unobserved, save by those who are interested in them.

**Their Homes.**

It is probably true that New York contains, proportionately, a smaller middle class actually resident in it, than most other of our large cities. The reason of this is found in its environment. Clustered closely about it are tributary cities and towns and villages, easy of access, pleasant to live in. These are the homes of the middle-class people, who find that they can live there at less expense and with more comfort than in the city itself. The ferry-boats, and Brooklyn bridge, and suburban trains are crowded with them every morning and evening;

scores of thousands of genuine middle-class people, who belong to New York, who are engaged in business there, but who reside in that "greater New York" which lies beyond the present corporate limits of the city. Within those corporate limits, however, and even upon Manhattan Island itself, are scores of thousands more of genuine middle-class people. Some of them own their own houses and lots, and live "away down town."

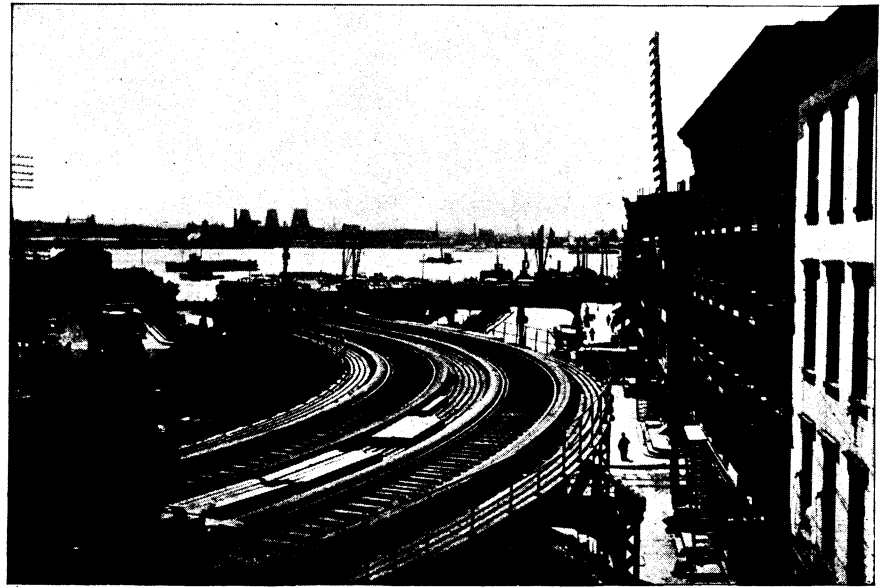
**Coenties Slip.**



**Ninth Ward Colony.**

There is a great colony of them in the Ninth ward—old Greenwich Village. There is perhaps no part of the city that figures in the newspapers so little as this. It lies at one side of the great highways of trade and fashion, almost forgotten and overlooked. It is one of the oldest parts of the city, and was settled by steady, industrious, thrifty Americans of the best type, who owned the houses they lived in and had an active public spirit for the welfare of the community.

In those houses their children and grandchildren dwell to-day, happy and prosperous. You feel, in walking through those streets, as though you had discovered some hitherto hidden city. The houses are two and a half stories high; chiefly of brick, trimmed with brown-stone. The front windows have old-fashioned blinds, painted green. On the front door is a large brass knocker, and around it are old-fashioned “side-lights” and “head-light,” with quaint traceries over the glass. Alley-ways are between some of the houses, with great wooden gates at the entrance. The railings of the high



**Elevated Railroad Near Coenties Slip.**

“stoops” are of wrought iron, elaborately twisted into antique designs. There are shade-trees along the street, and sometimes a wisteria vine on the front of a house. The roadway is perhaps cobble paved, and few wagons or carriages pass through it, save those of the butcher and baker and grocer. There is an unwonted quiet in the air, and you wonder if this indeed can be a part of noisy, dirty, overcrowded, bustling New York.



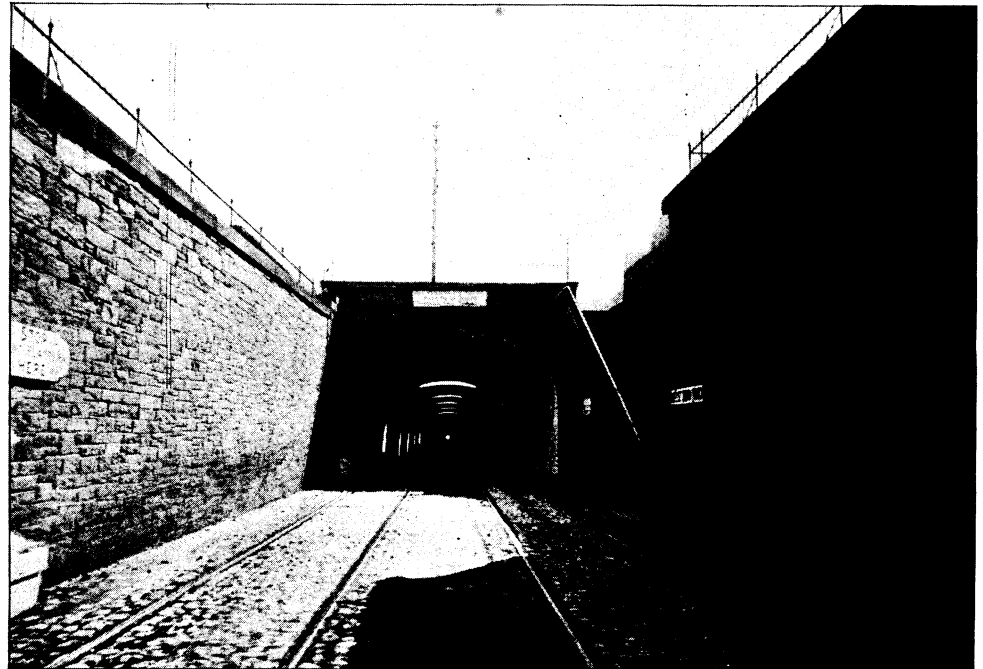
Broadway and Post Office.

But it is New York, and there are many such streets in Greenwich Village, and in Chelsea, where lives a middle class that inherits the traditions of the earlier and better days, before distinctions of rich and poor began to dominate American society.

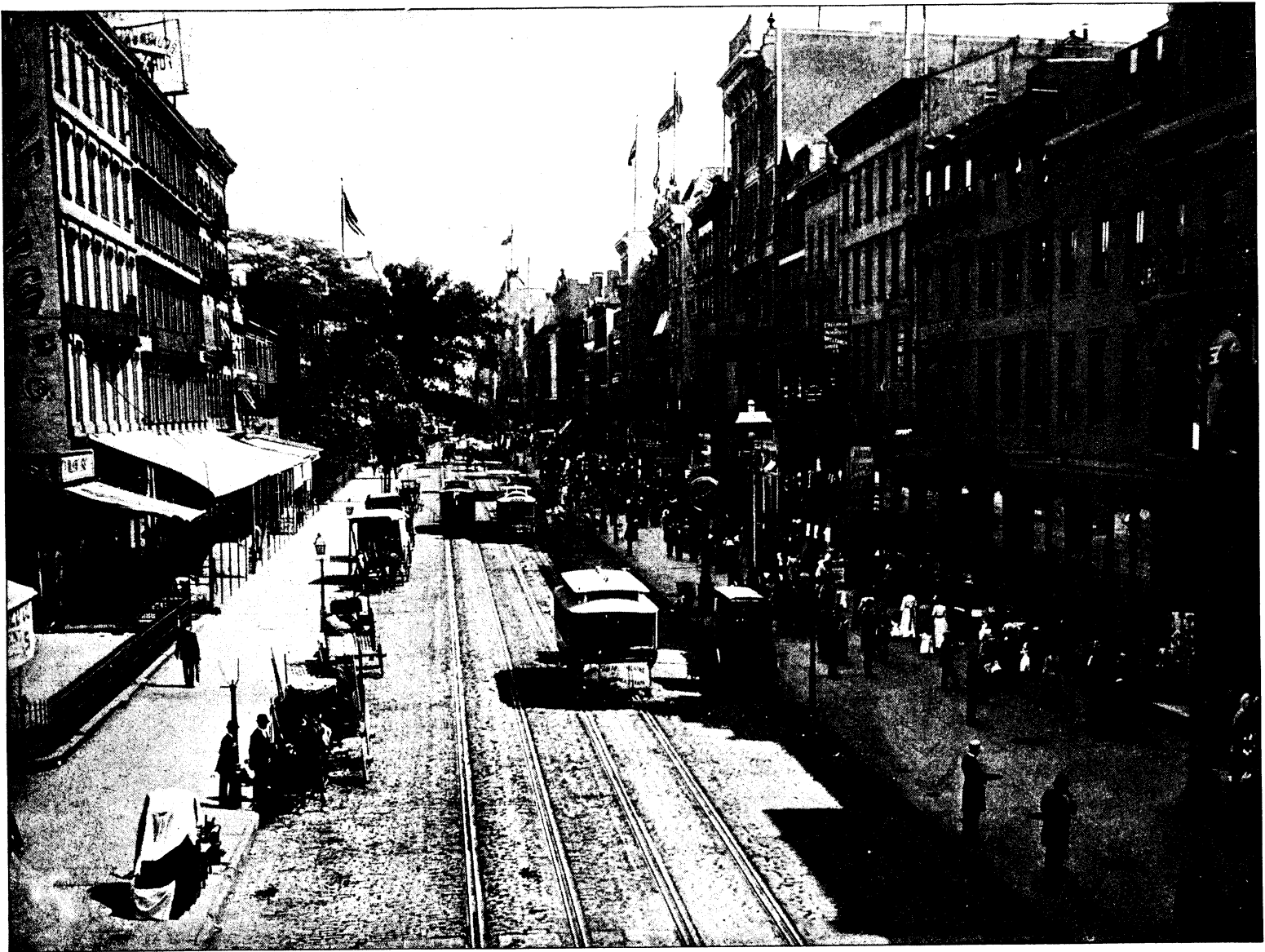
Elsewhere in the central portion of the city, many middle-class homes are to be found, mostly on the side streets, in houses of the conventional city type, high-stooped and three or four stories high. Often such a house is occupied by two families; or the one family takes a few boarders, or lets furnished rooms, to help pay the rather exorbitant rental. At the upper end of the island, in so-called Harlem, rents are lower, and the number of families of the middle class occupying single houses is considerably increased. Many of these uptown streets are very attractive, being well shaded by elms or maples, and lined with neat and tasteful houses, of wood, or brick, or stone, generally with a bit of lawn and flower-bed in front of each. Although far more modern than Greenwich or Chelsea, Harlem, in these residence streets, has much of their air of quiet and repose, as though it were an overgrown village, instead of a part of the second city of the world.

#### **The Uptown Community.**

When we cross the Harlem river, and enter the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, on the mainland, however, we find the chief abiding-place of the middle class of New York. When those two wards were



**Fourth Avenue Tunnel.**



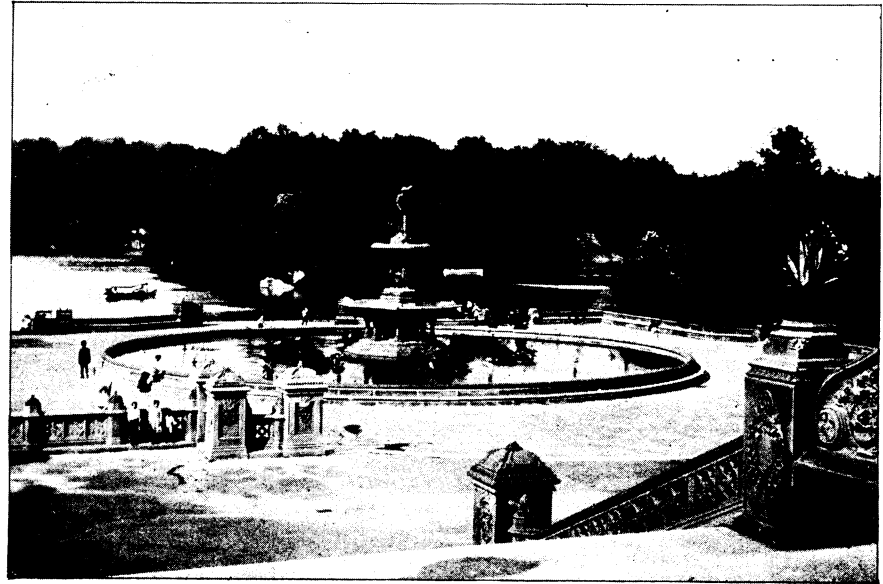
Fourteenth Street, East from Sixth Avenue.



Whitehall Street Terminus.

were unknown; the moon was the sole dependence for street lighting at night; schools were small, scarce and poor; the church-going habit was maintained with difficulty; the larger villages each had a gaudy but rather inefficient hand-engine, but in numbers of the smaller places the only hope for extinguishing fires was that it rained sometimes; there were no police, and the only public conveyances were the cars of the "Huckleberry" road, which were more or less intermittent in service but unqualifiedly exasperating always. But those

taken into the city in 1874, they contained no less than forty villages. From time to time enterprising speculators had bought the great estates (like the Morris, which contained 1,900 acres), cut them up into building lots, giving to them a collective name—more or less pretty—and sold them off at low prices. There was not much, beyond the beauty and healthfulness of the district and its inevitable great prospective value, to tempt purchasers. The roads were execrable; the only water was that from springs, wells or cisterns; sewers



Terrace and Fountain, Central Park.

who braved these discomforts had houses all to themselves, surrounded by ample gardens in which vegetables flourished, and dear old-fashioned flowers bloomed luxuriantly; forests were near; the air was always pure, and children grew lusty and rosy-cheeked. And all these conditions prevailed within a few miles of the City Hall; within modern cannon range of the crowded tenement-house districts of the big city, where human beings, swarming like hived bees, were "toiling for leave to live," in cramped mephitic rooms, kenneled in layers, the street-gutter their children's playground, the undertaker their most prosperous neighbor.

In these uptown wards are tens of thousands of genuine middle-class people, each family in a single house, in many cases its own property. There is little of city life. They are as far from the great shops, the theatres and opera, as though they lived over in New Jersey, or on Long Island. For the whole family to go downtown for an evening is an unusual and memorable occurrence. Yet they are in New York, within the corporate limits, enjoying most of the administrative advantages of the city, and maintaining their happy lot in the great middle class which is, after all, the brain and sinew of the nation.

#### **Brainy and Efficient Workers.**

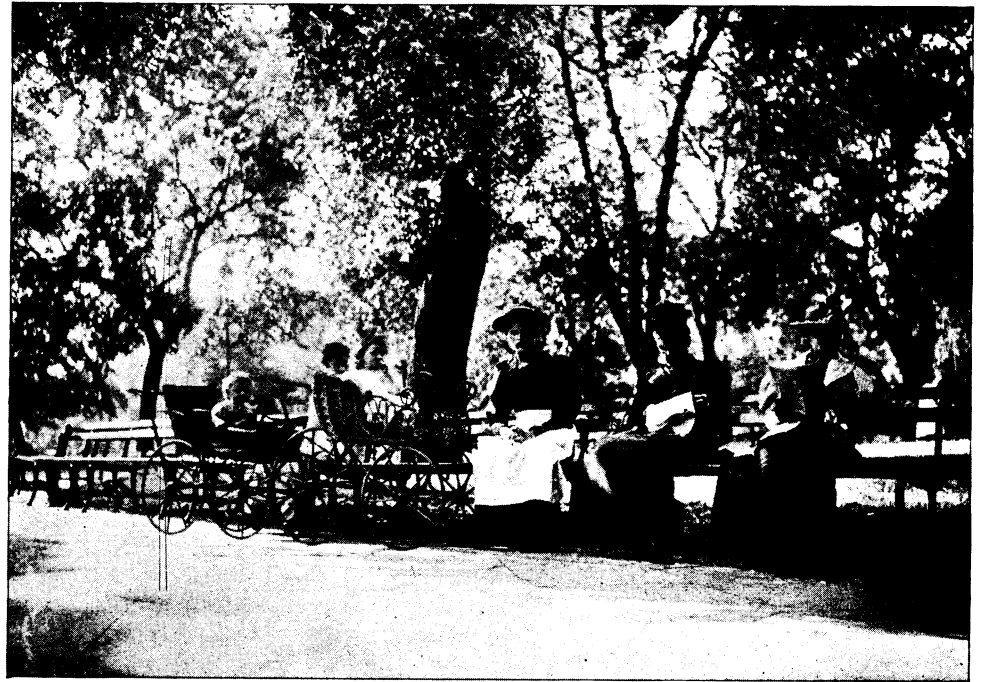
It is true that many rich, very rich, men are shrewd directors of great business enterprises. But they themselves have come chiefly from the middle



**Third Avenue Elevated Railroad.**

classes, and their lieutenants and aids, who really do the bulk of the brain-work in the business, are still members thereof. The bank president is a millionaire, as is also the railroad president; but the army of subordinates, assistants, cashiers, tellers, auditors, trusted, responsible and efficient, are all middle-class men; so are the majority of professional men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors, teachers; so are the majority of shopkeepers and general business men. Equally true is it that much physical labor is performed by what we term the working classes. Yet the skilled workingman, the master of a trade which requires more than brute force, is really a member of the middle classes, and thus these latter are doing the bulk of the physical as well as the mental work of the community.

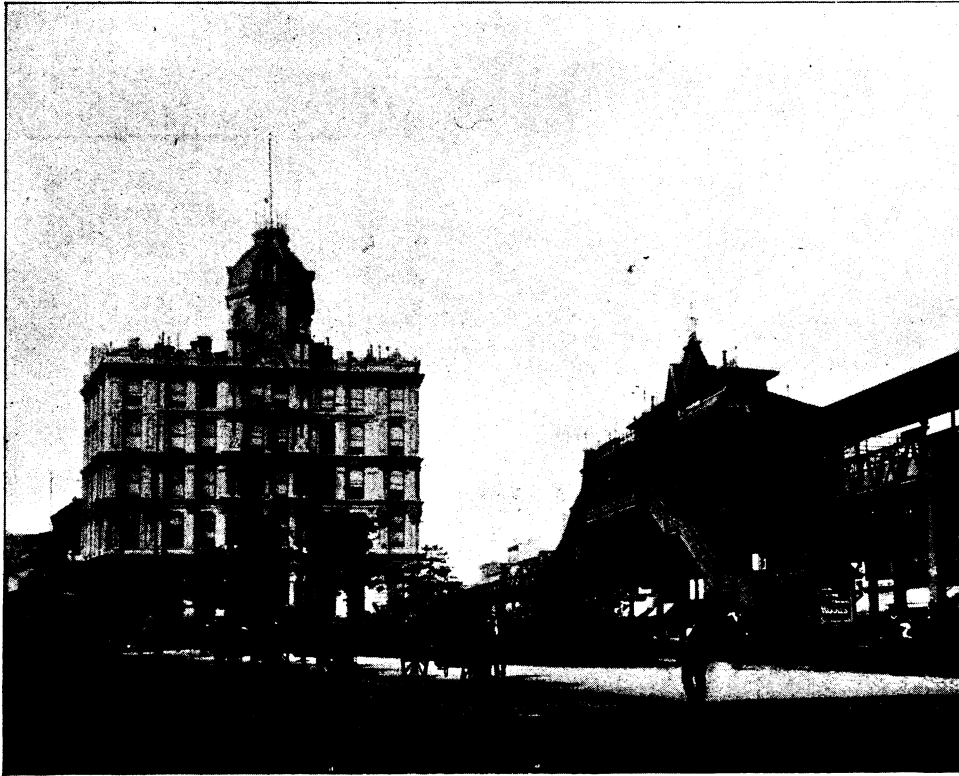
Occupying, as it does, the middle ground between the unskilled laborer and the capitalist, the great middle-class has intimate relations with them both. It is constantly being increased by promotions from the grade below it, and is as constantly graduating its own members into the rank above. But these are after all the exceptional cases. The bulk of this body remains fixed in its place, year after year, generation after generation.



Nurse Girls, Madison Square.

#### The Origin of the Middle Class.

The origin of this class of the community in New York is varied, as indeed is that of the whole city. There are some of ancient Dutch descent, the posterity of the thrifty burghers who founded New Amsterdam.



Thirty-third Street and Broadway.

They had been middle-class folk, "bourgeoisie," in the old country for centuries. They came hither as such, and their children's children are content to remain as such. There are many others of New England origin, or of English blood, who settled here in early days; or rather whose fathers did so. Such people are not so numerous as they are across the river, in Brooklyn, where they form the dominant element in society. But there are yet enough of them to cut a considerable figure in New York. A third element of long existence is found in the posterity of Frenchmen who came hither to find political or religious freedom.

There are many of these in New York, and

the neighboring town of New Rochelle was founded and built up almost exclusively by them.

A considerable proportion of the middle class, moreover, entered New York by way of Castle Garden. Among the myriads of foreign immigrants arriving here yearly, are some of industrious and thrifty habits, who are a credit to the community in which they settle. They become shopkeepers or master mechanics, or even enter the professions. Or if the immigrant himself remains on a lower plane, he sends his children to school, and they, when they grow up, become worthy members of the middle class and useful citizens.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ARMY OF LABOR.



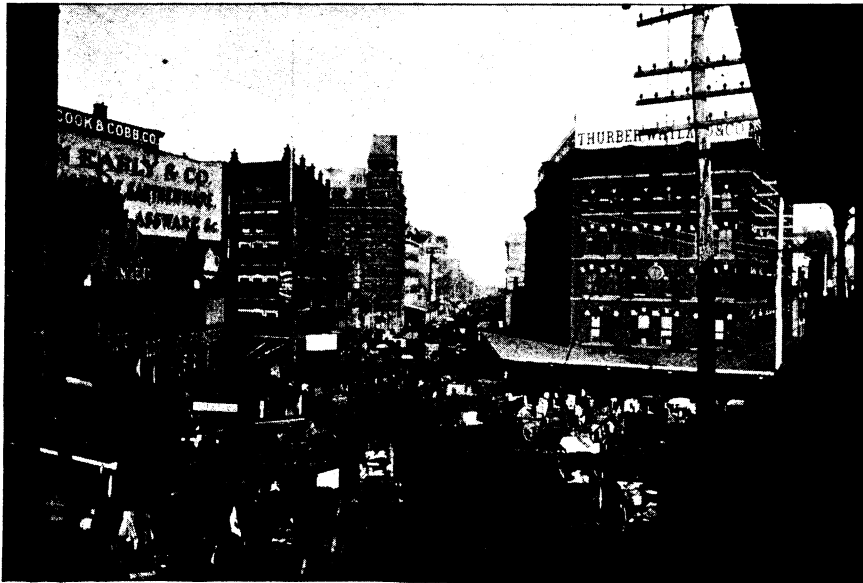
NEW YORK'S WORKING-PEOPLE live chiefly in "flats" and in tenement houses. By working-people we mean the scores of thousands who are employed not on salaries, by the month or year, but on daily wages. They form perhaps the largest class of the city's population, including both men and women. There are all those who work at trades, carpenters, masons, painters, blacksmiths, and what not; those who work in factories of all kinds—and New York is the greatest manufacturing city in America; and a hundred different kinds of laboring men and women, who earn enough to meet their own wants and the wants of their families, and to maintain an independence of charity, and who sometimes rise to the better estate of the middle class; for the working class, as we have defined it, touches at one side the middle class, and now and then sends its graduates up to recruit that prosperous host, and at the other side touches elbows with the poor, and sometimes lets some of its members fall to that lower level.



A Large Retail Store.

**Toilers from the Suburbs.**

Many of these workers, as we have seen, live in the adjacent cities where rents are lower than in New York. But numerous as these seem to be, as we watch them coming in from the early morning trains and ferry-boats, they are but a slight fraction of the whole. The mass of the industrial army lives in New York, and well downtown in New York at that. The reason of this is evident. The workingman's hours of toil begin earlier and last longer than those of his professional or business brother. Consequently, he must live



**West Broadway.**

close by the place where he works, in order to spend as little time as possible on the road. It might be cheaper for him, in house rent, to live in Brooklyn, or somewhere in New Jersey, or away up in the northern wards of the city. But it would take him an hour to get to his work in the morning, and another hour to get back to his home at night, and he cannot afford so much time. So he lives as near to his work as possible.

**East and West Sides.**

The great "East Side," and the downtown "West Side" of New York are, therefore, the chief

homes of the working classes. First, Second, and Third avenues, throughout almost their entire length, are given up to small shops and stores on the ground floor. But above, three, four, five or more stories, the buildings are fitted up for residential purposes. The same is true of the cross streets between those avenues. On the other side of the city, much of Seventh, Eighth and Ninth avenues and the intersecting streets, is occupied in the same way.



Evening School for Working Classes—Calisthenics.

**So-called Flats.**

The better class of these buildings are known as "flats." Strictly speaking, this term should be applied only to suites of apartments, each of which occupies an entire floor by itself, with a private hallway connecting all the rooms, a dumb-waiter for conveying coal and groceries from the street level, etc. Many such flats, as already observed, provide homes for middle-class people and are really pleasant and desirable places of abode. And many such are occupied by the more prosperous workingmen and their families. The rooms are of fair size; half of them have windows opening directly out of doors, and the others look upon large shaftways which afford light and ventilation. There is a private bath-room, of course, and all the usual conveniences of plumbing and gas-fitting. It may be up five or six flights of stairs; but when once one gets up there, all the rooms are on one level, and there is no going down to the kitchen or up to the bed-rooms.

**Home of the Wage-Earner.**

In such a home, inhabited by an industrious carpenter, mason or machinist, one will find comforts and even luxuries that no workingman in other countries even dreams of. All the floors are carpeted, that in the parlor with brussels or moquette. The walls are adorned with pictures. Lace curtains hang at the windows. The furniture is of oak or walnut, plush covered. There is a cottage piano in the parlor, and a case full of books, and a canary bird sings in a cage at the window. The children go to school; perhaps some of them will enter the Normal College. The father

**Elevated Railroad, Forty-second Street.**

comes home from work, and, if the weather be hot, may sit down to dinner in his shirt sleeves. But there is a good dinner on the table, and the conversation of the family while eating it is intelligent and even refined. After dinner, if they stay at home, there is music, or reading and conversation, or games; or if they go out, they form a happy group in the Park, at the theatre or concert hall, or at some nearby resort.

These are the better homes and lives of the working-folk. Unhappily they are the minority. A much larger number of so-called "flats," consist each of only half or even a quarter of a floor. There is no private hallway, but the rooms open either one into the other or upon the public hall. The partitions between the "flats" are so thin that members of one family can hear all the conversation of their neighbors. The rooms are small, many of them quite dark and poorly ventilated. Dining-room and kitchen are one, the bed-rooms are mere closets, and a folding-bedstead in the little parlor is called into use at night. The floors are covered with matting or cheap carpet. Perhaps some of them are bare. Furniture is scanty and of the plainest



General View of Park Row.

description. Music, pictures, flowers, birds, are lacking. The children go to school part of the time, but are obliged to work when out of school. There is a general air of extreme economy in every part of the household. The building may be externally pretentious, one of a whole block bearing a high-sounding name, but in reality it is only a tenement-house, and its occupants live in a ceaseless struggle to keep the wolf of actual poverty from the door.

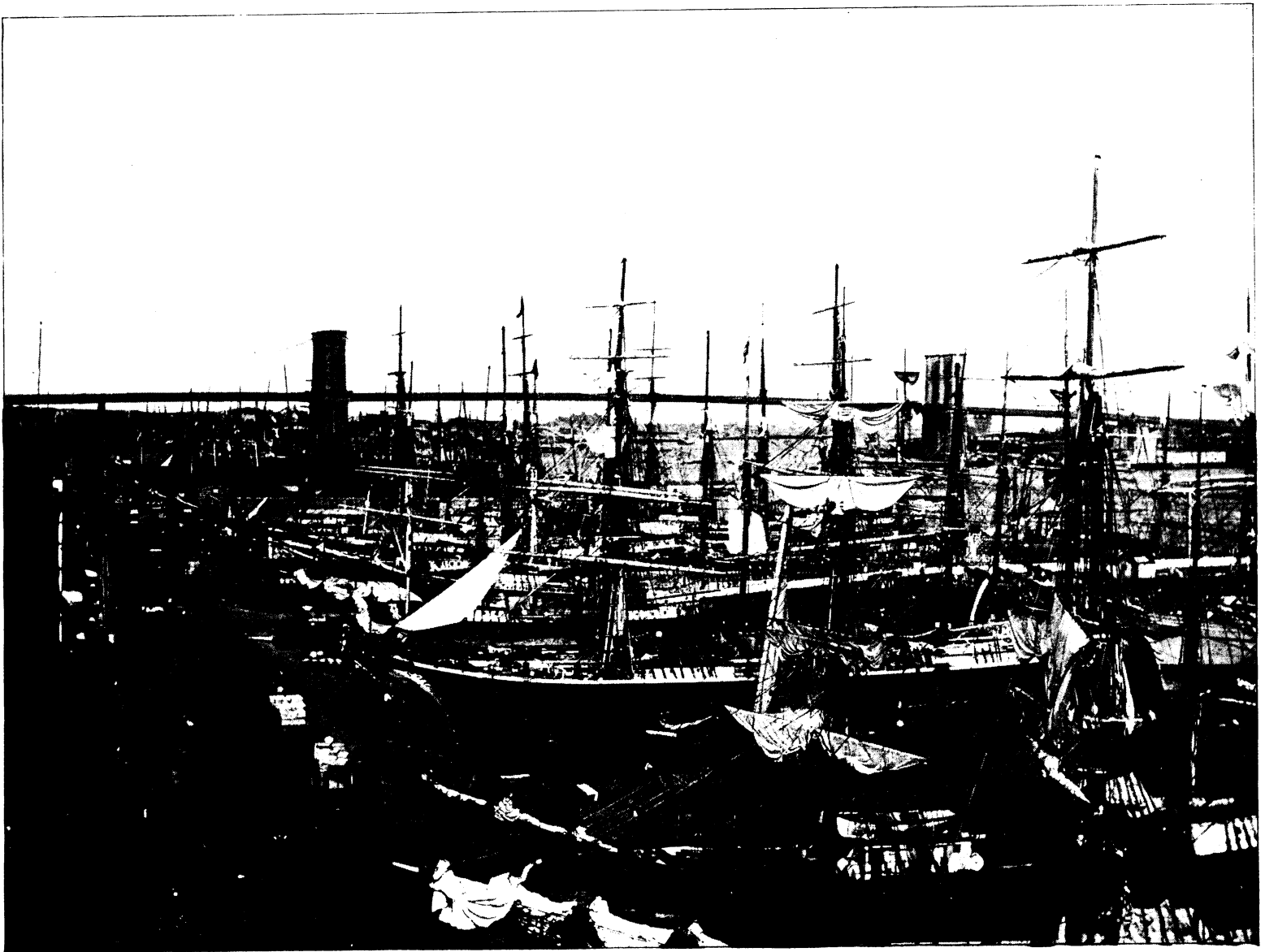


Interior of a Sweater Shop.

**Sweat-Shops.**

After these "flats," more numerous still, come the tenement-houses, pure and simple, in which dwell the bulk of the city's population. As homes, these are generally poor enough. They are crowded, ill-lighted, and poorly ventilated, usually not sanitary. But when, as is too often the case, they are workshops as well, the situation is almost infinitely worse. This is perhaps the most deplorable feature of the labor question in New York, the tenement-house workshops. Certain trades and manufacturing industries are almost entirely carried on in this way. Conspicuous among them are the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, of ready-made clothing, cloaks, and shirts. In some cases the industry is individual. The one family, father, mother and children, work in their own rooms. In many other cases the head of the house employs a number of other workmen, who are inconveniently crowded into his small rooms until there is scarcely sufficient room left for them to move their hands, and the place well deserves its popular name, "sweat-shops." Thus tens of thousands of people of both sexes work, ten to twelve hours a day, for a wretched pittance, making articles to be sold in the great shops on the avenues.

**Operating-Room—Telephone.**



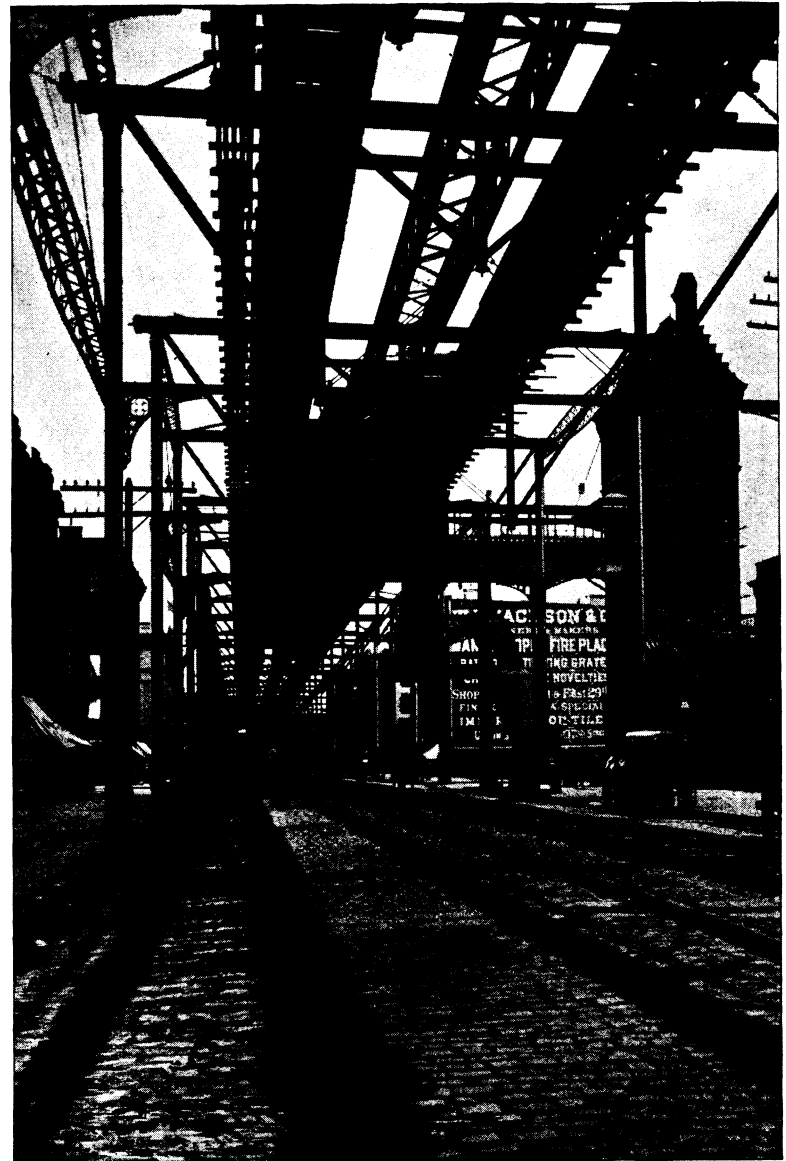
South Street and Shipping.



**Trade Unions.**

Both in these places and the larger manufactories and in the out-of-doors and other trades, New York is emphatically the home of "organized labor." There is not an industry of any kind that has not its own trade union; and these are all, or nearly all, affiliated together in a general organization, known as the Central Labor Union.

The history of organized labor in New York has not, of course, been free from serious disturbances, such as strikes and boycotts, and some of these have been of great magnitude. The drivers and conductors of street railroad cars have gone on strikes and almost paralyzed the system of local passenger transportation. Longshoremen and freight-handlers have had strikes, when for a time the handling of merchandise by rail or by ship was effected with great difficulty. The various building trades, carpenters, masons, iron-workers, etc., have had extensive strikes, and so have those in many other branches of industry. But such disturbances have been much fewer in New York than any other large cities, and have almost invariably resulted in a tangible benefit to the workingmen. As a result of the efforts of organized labor in New York, numerous salutary



**Under the Elevated Railroad.**



Evening School for Working Classes—Working in Clay.

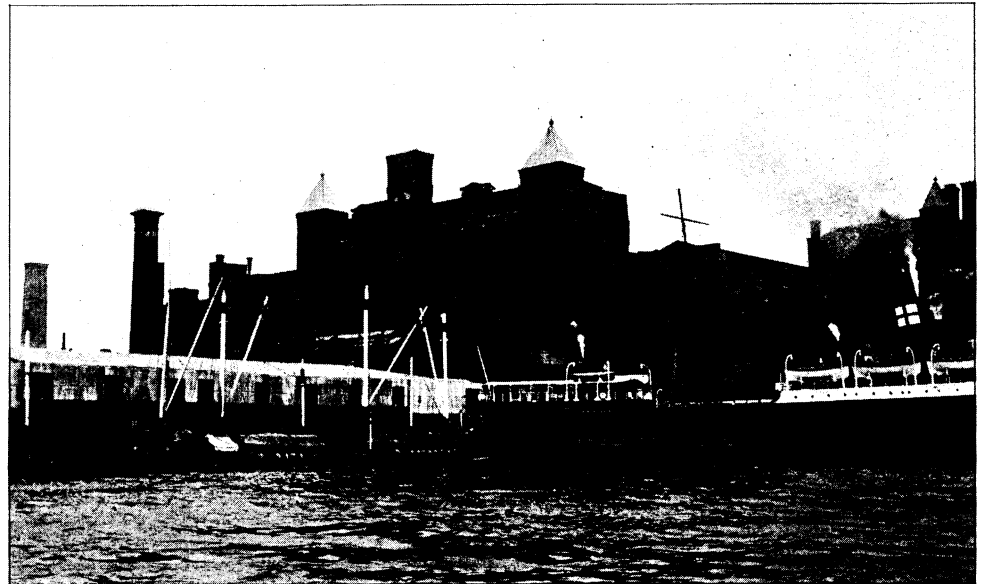
laws have been enacted, both in New York and other states, regulating the conditions of toil, and greatly benefiting all classes of working-people throughout the country.

**Woman as a Worker.**

One of the most striking features of the industrial life of New York to-day is the conspicuous and increasing part played in it by the female sex. Not many years ago it was rather an uncommon thing to see girls or women employed in business offices. They were at work in some factories, and in certain classes of stores were engaged as saleswomen. But the vast bulk of the industrial army was composed of men and boys. There was indeed strong opposition to women becoming wage-earners, partly on sentimental but chiefly on selfish grounds. The men did not want to be crowded out of their places by women who could do the work as well and would probably do it for lower wages.

Resistance was however in vain. Step by step the women made their way forward, now into this business, now into that. Employers of labor soon found that it was to their advantage to hire women where only men had formerly been engaged. The women did the work just as well, often better. In certain classes of work they decidedly excelled. They were less given to forming troublesome labor unions and getting up "strikes," and they were generally willing to accept lower wages.

To-day women-workers are everywhere. The great industrial army that morning and evening throngs the streets on its way to



**Sugar Refineries.**

and from the workshops and offices, is largely composed of women. They form the overwhelming majority of the clerks in dry-goods stores and similar establishments. In manufacturing houses their name is legion. In publishing houses they set type, read proofs, and bind the books. Almost every newspaper employs a number of women reporters and editorial writers. A large proportion of the telegraph operators of the city are women. The telephone system, now grown to such enormous dimensions, is managed chiefly by them, the central offices or exchanges being exclusively in their hands.

#### **Stenographers and Typewriters.**

With the invention of the typewriting machine a vast new field was opened to wage-earners of the gentler sex, which they were quick to occupy. On few subjects have more jokes been made, and ill-natured slurs cast, than on the "pretty typewriter." It is doubtless true that some unprincipled adventuresses, and some weak and silly girls, have entered this occupation. But the overwhelming majority of the women who operate typewriting machines are modest, industrious, and worthy of all encouragement. In almost every business office of any size at least one typewriter is employed. Often she is a stenographer as well. In larger offices, such as those of law-firms, railroad and insurance companies, etc., a whole staff of them may be found. They are decidedly more rapid and accurate in the use of the machines than the average man or boy, and many of them command handsome salaries. In most hotels and other public establishments a typewriter is to be found, ready to work from the dictation of any random customer.

There are also numerous offices devoted exclusively to typewriting. One may call there and dictate his correspondence, or may send thither any matter he may want copied. New York boasts the largest establishment of this kind in the world; and it is conducted by two women; they are sisters; the eldest took a course in stenography for her own pleasure. She became so proficient in this art that she became anxious to utilize her knowledge, and accepted a position in a well-known law office. Presently her mother died and the father became incurably ill. She then taught the two younger sisters this art, and opened a school with twelve pupils,



Evening School for Working Classes—Designing.

whom she taught every evening after getting through with her duties downtown. To-day this young woman is in partnership with one sister, has five offices, one school, and employs from sixty to sixty-five stenographers and typewriters, and owns all of her machines. One rule which they invariably follow, and which has insured their marvelous success, is that any work promised is delivered at the time stated if it takes half of their working force all night to finish it. For emergency work they have a reserve force, besides employing many women to translate legal documents and dramas in every language spoken.

Piano-tuning is a business which women are now pursuing successfully, their delicate sense of hearing enabling them to make the tones exceptionally true.

#### **Female Blacksmiths.**

In striking contrast is the blacksmith's trade, which is actually followed by women in at least one shop. The place is managed entirely by the three daughters of the blacksmith, who are intelligent young women. The father died some years ago, and the mother took charge of the establishment; and looking to the future, she had her girls instructed not only in the art of horseshoeing, but in everything pertaining to the trade. Since the mother's death one of the sisters married, and now the married sister and the two young girls employ five men, but personally superintend every horse that is shod. Among their patrons are numbered the wealthiest owners of horses in the city. One of the busiest importers of artificial flowers in the city died three years ago, and left his business in a most distressingly tangled state. His wife, a woman of exquisite taste, goes downtown to the office daily, goes abroad to do her purchasing in the Parisian market, and her business is now in a most flourishing condition.

#### **Women Barbers.**

From time to time women have opened barber-shops, but have not permanently succeeded therein. They make excellent barbers, but there seems to be a prejudice against patronizing them. In the trimming, shampooing and dressing of women's and children's hair, however, they are eminently successful; as they are



Evening School for Working Classes—Sewing.

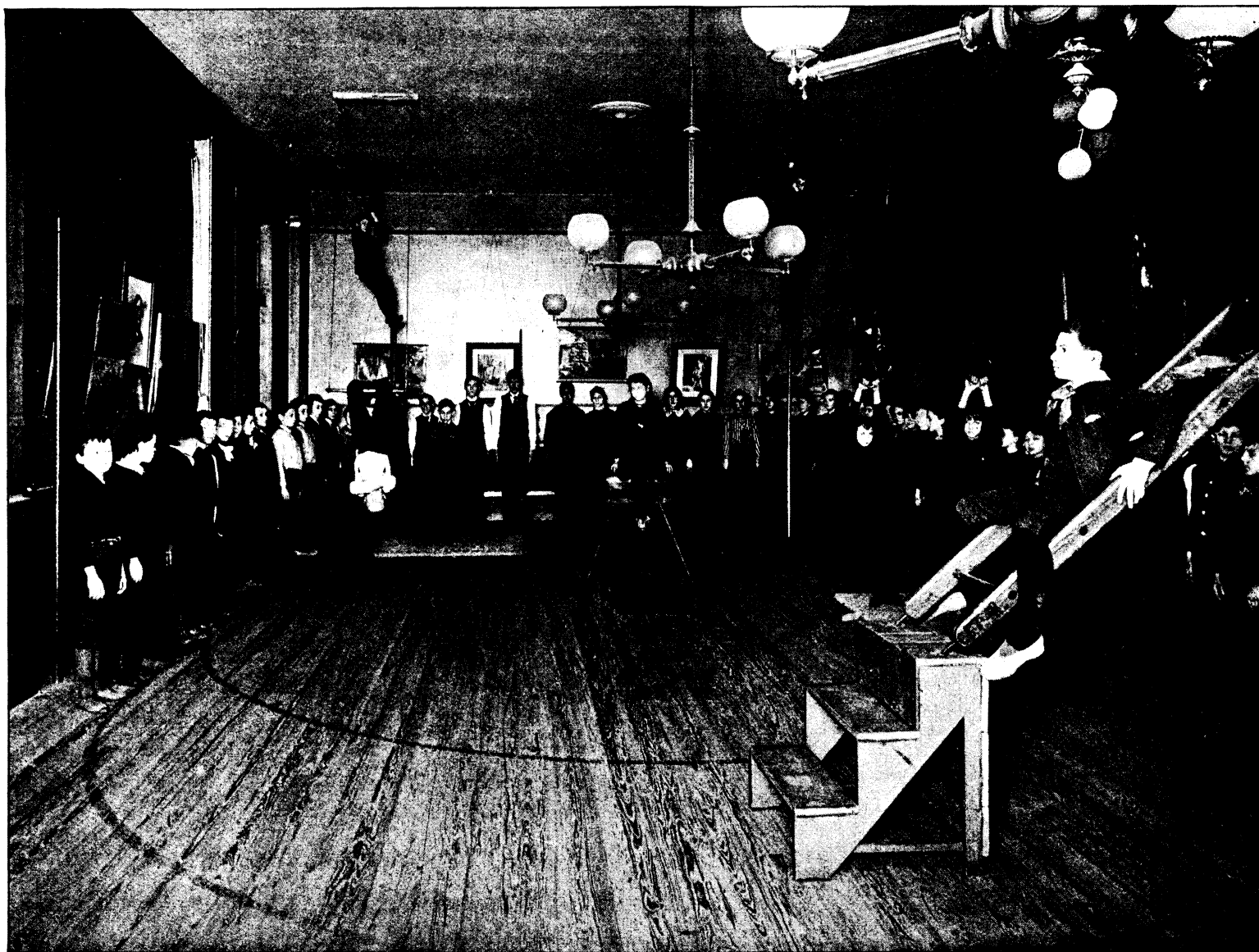
also in "manicuring," or caring for and beautifying finger-nails. There are many women riding-teachers in this city, and one of the most successful dentists here does all the mechanical work, while her assistants attend to the tooth-pulling in the office. An entire block of houses was papered by a young woman who takes the contract for such work from our largest builders. The only woman thus far heard of who earns her living by breaking in and training horses for the saddle, is a beautiful Virginian of aristocratic lineage. Chemistry is another field in which women can now enter. A druggist in upper New York engaged a female prescription clerk, at which his other clerks demurred, eventually refusing to work with her. The woman was capable, young and courageous, and told the proprietor she had come to stay, and hoped he had no fault to find with her filling of the prescriptions. He was so well pleased that he married her, and he has now a doubly interested partner as well as a first-class assistant in his business.

#### **Exchange for Woman's Work.**

The home industries of women are also important factors in the trade of the city. These are manifold in nature, and are conducted in addition, generally, to household duties. For the benefit of such workers there was opened some years ago a so-called Exchange for Woman's Work, an institution which has done a greater amount of good than could possibly be estimated in dollars and cents. Scores of women, suddenly thrown upon their own resources and with apparently no means of gaining a livelihood, have gone to the Exchange to have their homely domestic talents developed and made useful to some other woman with more money, but lacking that particular gift. It is a mutual helpfulness which, if extended, would solve many social problems and do away with much of the so-called charity which is not always beneficial to either giver or receiver.

The exhibit in the rooms speaks for itself. There is everything in the way of the most daintily exquisite table linen with delicate embroidery and hem-stitching, babies' wardrobes so beautifully made that orders have been received for them from England, Ireland and France; babies' beaucinettes with little white silk covers that are works of art, embroidered in the delicate colors and graceful outlines of the old Dresden pattern; cloth dolls





Evening School for Working Classes—Gymnastics.

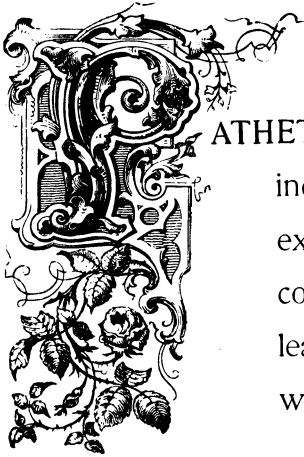
of all descriptions, and all the toilet appliances that a modern doll-baby could possibly need. These dolls show the progress of invention, and while there is a large collection of the flat-headed variety of more or less beauty, dear to the hearts of the children of a generation or two ago, one lady doll has a full round head, real fluffy hair, and is so nearly a counterpart of her wax sisters in the shops that only by a close examination of the stockinette skin that underlies her rosy cheeks, can the difference be detected. And she is made, head and body, and the glass eyes inserted, by one of the women consignors of the Exchange.

The cosmopolitan character of New York is well represented in the Exchange. Three consignors, a French, a Canadian and a Syrian woman, were at the rooms at the same time one morning. The Syrian worked from childhood on all the beautiful embroideries of her country. She is the support of her family here in America. Her husband is unemployed, her children are ill, and also a sister, who has aided her in her work. Her gold thread embroideries are wonderful. There are table-covers in solid work; sets of ladies' gowns with back and front of the body, buttons and buttonholes cunningly made by hand; bands for cuffs and collars, and bands or panels for the skirt. There is a beautiful rose-colored silk bedspread embroidered in gold. It is a work of six months, and sacred proverbs and the monogram of the Sultan are in the designs. She also has embroideries in soft silks and upon the thinnest of bolting cloth. A Danish woman contributes rugs and table-covers that are almost Eastern in coloring and designs.

Volumes of interesting biography and romantic and pathetic tales might be written of the various contributions. Around the rooms are tall, old-fashioned clocks, a beautiful old Spanish cedar writing-desk, fiddle-backed chairs, an old secretary, an old-fashioned china tea-set in white and gold, candelabras and candlesticks in silver and brass, all of which the Exchange wishes to sell for some one who is in much greater need of the money than of the old family treasures. But the interest centres in an open-faced cabinet in one corner. Here are the greatest treasures to be found in the establishment. Point lace, thread lace, jeweled and carved fans, ermine, diamonds, silver and gold.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOMES OF THE POOR.



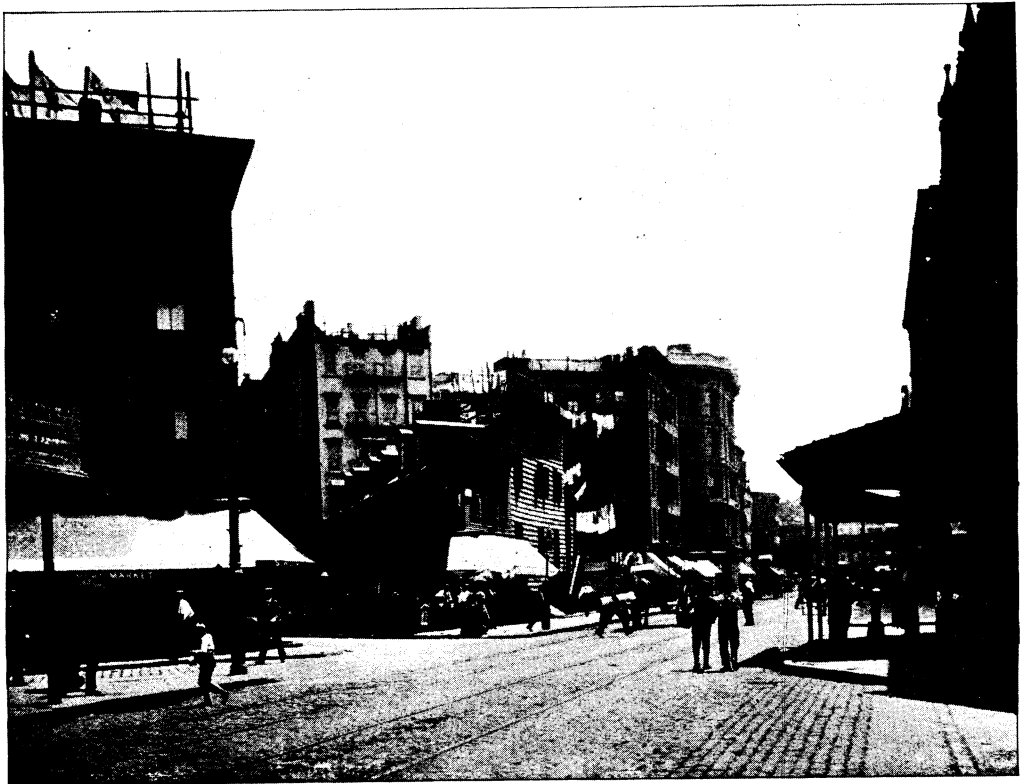
ATHLETIC as is the spectacle presented in the tenements of the less prosperous working-people, incomparably worse is the condition of the actual poor, of those, that is, who are to some extent dependent upon charity, or whose earnings are not sufficient to provide for them the common comforts and decencies of life. The working-people in their tenements have at least two or three rooms which they can call their own. Poor as it is, it is a home, in which they can preserve something resembling domestic individuality.

#### **The Semi-Pauper Tenement.**

But when we enter the realm of that vast multitude generically termed "the poor," and look into what are with unintended irony called their "homes," the contrast is marked and unmistakable. And this realm is pervasive. You come upon it in every quarter of the city. Within a stone's throw of some of the stateliest mansions, in the shadow of the mighty piles where business coins wealth, the semi-pauper tenement is to be found.

Some of the worst of these hovels are away downtown, in old buildings that once were fashionable residences. The front is of marble, perhaps, or of brown-stone, artistically decorated. The front door is of mahogany, with big brass knob and knocker and hinges. The hall floor is mosaic, and the massive cornice overhead is richly carved in elegant traceries. The ceilings are high and the rooms large—no, the rooms were large, but are no longer. Rude partitions have divided each into two, three or four smaller rooms, each of which is the only domicile of a family.

There are no carpets on these floors. The old walls, once richly frescoed, have no decorations save dirt. The windows have not so much as a shade. For furniture, there is a cast-iron stove, a rickety table, a bed, a chair or two, a few empty boxes gathered from the streets, a few pans and dishes, a smoky oil lamp; little else. The room is perhaps ten or twelve feet square. And a family of four or five call it "home!" There are twenty rooms like it in the old mansion, similarly furnished, similarly tenanted. Never in the joyous old days, at rout and revel, did the house contain for a single evening so many souls as now.



**Five Points.**

#### **The Rear Tenements.**

Nay, but there are worse than this. This house at least fronts on the street. But here is a narrow alley-way, three feet wide, running between two lofty tenement houses, or rather under them, for they join each other above it. It is a tunnel, three feet wide, six feet high, gloomy and forbidding. Enter it, groping your way amid filth and stench unspeakable. It is like the entrance to a sewer. Make your way through it to the rear of the crowded tenements, and what do you find? Open back yards? Not so; but another building, erected on the rear of the lot, its walls only five or six or perhaps ten feet from the rear walls of the others.

This is that most infernal device, the “rear tenement,” a house built in a well formed by other houses, whose inhabitants have nothing to look out upon but grimy brick walls a few feet distant.

#### **A Living Tomb.**

A house into whose dank and gloomy rooms no ray of sunlight ever comes, nor any refreshing wind of heaven. It is a living tomb. And it is six stories high, with six rooms on each floor, and a family in each room. These are the “homes” of the poor.

Such tenements were built by hundreds in New York prior to 1867, and thousands of people slept in dark inner rooms—rooms not even opening upon a shaft, but absolutely void of any opening whatever, save the door giving entrance from another room, and that other room itself was often of like construction. But in the year named there was an awakening. It was not because of philanthropic sentiments, but through purely selfish fear of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, that the city then decreed that no more “rear tenements” should be built, and that windows must be cut in all those dark rooms. In three months’ time more than forty-five thousand windows were cut! But the rear tenements that had already been built, remained, and there they stand to this day.

#### **Over-crowded Rooms.**

Sanitary inspectors once found “one room, twelve feet square, with five families living in it, comprising twenty persons of both sexes and all ages, with only two beds, without partition, screen, chair or table!” A city missionary found another room in which four families lived and “got on very well until one of them started taking boarders, and made trouble!” In this way certain districts of New York came to be the most densely populated in the world. Not in the East End of Old London, not in any of the cities of China, are people packed so closely together. London at its worst had only one hundred and seventy-six thousand to the square mile. But New York had two hundred and ninety thousand to the square mile, in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

These unfortunate people are not tramps nor paupers. They are mostly industrious working people. They do the best they can. They earn all they can. But wages are wretchedly low in many shops. And there seems to be something in this social degradation that fastens itself upon a man's very soul, so that he can never rise above it.

#### Cherry Hill.

We have said that such tenements are found in all parts of the city. It is so; but there are certain regions whose names have become proverbial, as typical of this sad phase of metropolitan existence. Cherry Hill is one. This is Cherry street, once a particularly aristocratic thoroughfare. Washington lived there when he was President and New York was the national capital, but soon moved because it was too far in the country! Here stately old mansions of Knickerbocker days, fallen upon evil times, stand side by side with the barrack-like tenements of modern date, both equally over-crowded, equally a blot upon New York civilization.



Tenement Yards.

Cherry street indeed may fittingly be taken as the extreme of wretchedness, vice and crime of all New York; for amid the industrious poor there is a large admixture of really vicious elements. The population is chiefly Irish and Italian.

#### "Swamp Angels."

The "Cherry street tough" is the most notorious character in all New York for sheer, deliberate deviltry. "Swamp Angels" they have also been called; and to this day you may see the openings which they cut

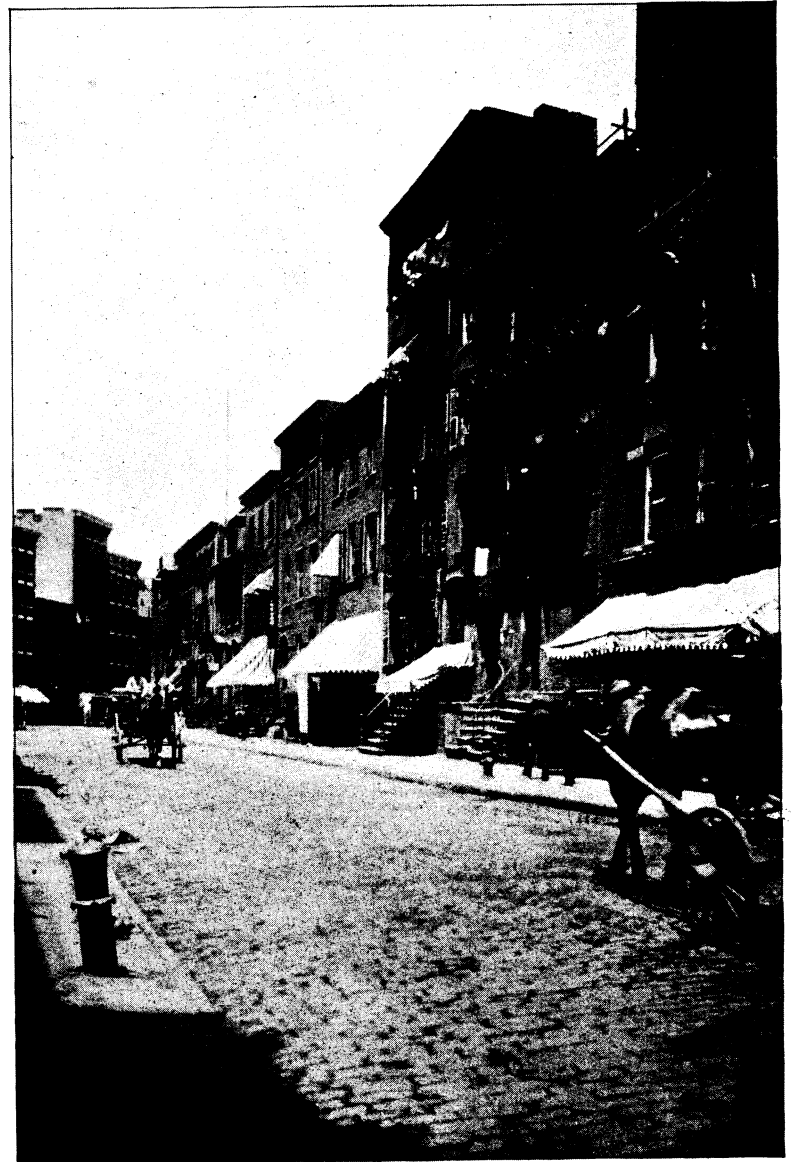
from certain cellars into a big sewer, so that they might flee into its recesses to escape arrest or to conceal stolen plunder.

Off from Cherry street run various alleys and courts, teeming with pitiable humanity. Double Alley and Mullins' Court are well known. Penitentiary Row is the suggestive name of one block of tenements. "Rock of Ages" is the name of one of the vilest liquor shops. Enter any of these wretched rookeries, and you find

**Want and Squalor Indescribable.**

Despite much vice and crime there is much patient industry and virtue, people doing the best they can against awful odds. One visitor found a poverty-stricken family in a cheerless attic, lamenting the death of the baby. The mother was wild with grief. But the father, an honest, hard-working fellow, with rude but infinite pathos said: "Hush, now, Mary! If we couldn't keep the little one, what matter—for such as we?"

A missionary found one family living in a Cherry street garret in mid-winter. Man, wife and three small children were shivering in one room, through the broken roof of which the wind whistled and the snow drifted. There was no furniture. Father and mother slept on



**Mott Street.**

the bare floor, two of the children in empty boxes, and the baby in an old shawl formed into a rude hammock. They were honest, intelligent people. The man was a sailor, but was ill with consumption, and unable to provide either food or fuel for his family.

In another tenement were nine—husband and wife, aged mother of one of them, and six children. They were Germans, honest, industrious, neat. They had two rooms. One, six feet by four, was the kitchen. The other, ten feet square, was parlor, dining-room and bed-room, all in one. The rent was seven and a half dollars a month, and the man could earn only a dollar a day. The wife kept the rooms neat and clean, and battled bravely against all difficulties. But at last she threw herself from the window and killed herself, saying with her last breath that she was discouraged!

#### **Gross Immorality.**

A missionary says: "I knew a family in Church street whose immoral condition was traced directly to being forced to herd with others like cattle. The father was an educated man of fifty-eight years; the mother was fifty, the son thirty-one, and the daughter twenty. For this family there was one three-quarter sized bed. The moral sense of the young man and woman had become so blunted that they seemed utterly devoid of shame. There was one family of five who occupied two rooms. I considered it a charitable act to send the Health officer down, and he cleared the house."

Says yet another, drawing his picture from actual observation: "A typical East Side tenement house, such as the swarming, toiling masses between Broadway and the East river have to be content with for their homes, contains five stories and a basement, and each floor is often the abode of no less than four families. In nearly all of the houses the halls are dark at midday. In the winter months, before the hour of gaslight, they are as dark as catacombs. In the older and much more numerous type of tenement houses there is absolutely no entrance for light or air save through the skylights on the top floor, or, when they exist, through the glass transoms. Ventilation is admitted in the most recent constructions by air shafts at the side of the



hall, but the newer houses are not much better lighted than the older ones, as the air shafts are too narrow to admit much light to the lower stories. The sink is usually found in the centre of the dark hall, four families finding their only supply of water at the same sink, which necessarily is in many cases filthy, and a prolific source of disease.

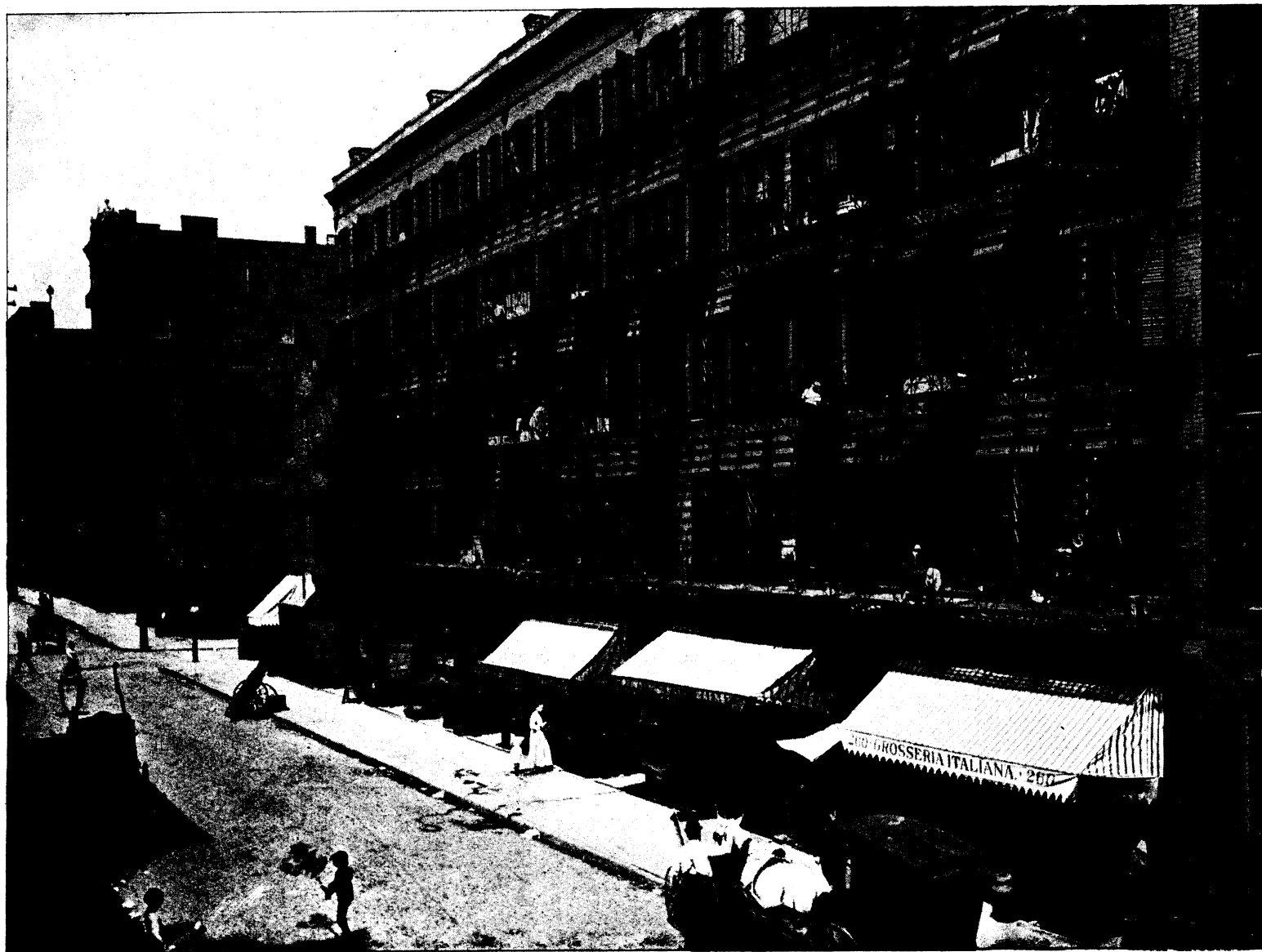
**No Sunshine, No Pure Air.**

“Sleeping in rooms where sunlight never enters and pure air penetrates only by occasional whiffs through rooms where the steam and smoke of cooking and washing loads every particle of oxygen with heat and impurity, this and filth are the most obvious and destructive evils of tenement-house life in Darkest New York. There is nothing the inhabitants of the tenement houses require more than they do room, sunshine and fresh air. Three-quarters of the inhabitants of New York city sleep in bed-rooms in which the sun never shines. Think how they suffer during the heated months! In July and August the heat in these little closed holes becomes unbearable, and thousands seek a night’s slumber on the roofs, courtyards, fire escapes and vacant wagons. There are scores of horrible pestilential rat-holes that should be condemned and torn down as unfit for human habitation.”

Of course there is a law against this state of things, and under its provisions some reforms have been wrought. But it is daily ignored or evaded, in one way or another. Says an observer on this subject: “No one asks who cares for the children in discussing the question of the unemployed, and yet when men are out of work and women are at work to support the family, the most interesting and important problem the tenement house presents is, what becomes of the children? It is well known that the sleeping-room in a New York tenement house, as a rule, never sees the sun or receives pure air, but this is not the worst of it.

**Children Never Counted.**

“In over-crowding the children are never counted. You will find them sleeping five or six in one bed, and that bed is often a closet with a few boards nailed across the front, and filled with rags, these rags swarming very likely with fever germs, but rarely without more immediately troublesome if less fatal occupants.



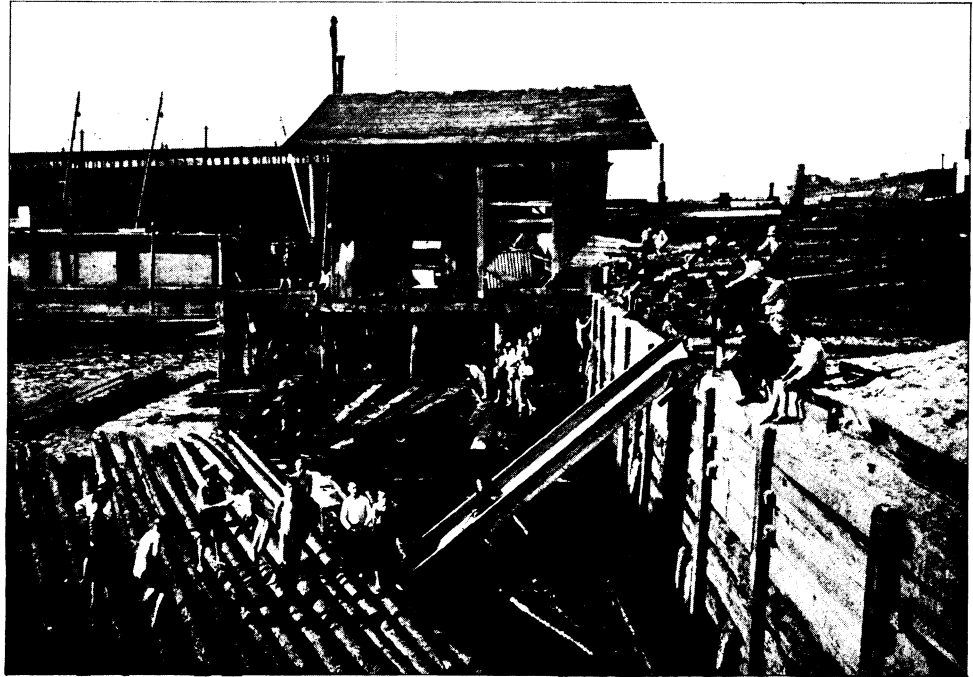
Exterior of Tenements.

Then, again, in houses of a slightly different order you will find the children sleeping on a mattress which, in the day-time, is kept under the bed occupied by their elders. At night the mattress is drawn out and covers the unoccupied part of the floor of the room, and here the children sleep with the day clothing of their parents hanging above their heads. Then, it is a sad and curious fact that wherever there is a particularly filthy and thoroughly diseased house people seem to congregate there.

#### Evading the Law.

"In walking through East Sixteenth street near Third avenue one day last summer I observed a heap of building material in the street, and on investigating found that a tenement house was under erection in the rear. I asked the contractor how he had contrived to be allowed to build a tenement house there in plain defiance of the law, and he explained: 'Well, you see ma'am, we are not exactly building a tenement house here; we're only rebuilding a stable.' Of course it was an entirely new construction from the foundation up, but by this legal fiction the law was evaded, as many other laws have been in New York, by those who have the right 'pull.'

"Speaking of stables, I can show you a tenement house near Bank street which was formerly a stable, and the upper story of which, originally the hay-loft, is reached by the tenants from the outside by a ladder. The tenement-house problem is complicated



River-front Scene.

by the way manufactories are crowding into New York, overshadowing tenement houses and shutting out the light from their occupants, besides covering ground that the tenement house has occupied, and thus driving the tenants into still closer quarters."

There can be but one result from this herding of the poor in non-sanitary tenements; and that is death, both physical and moral. Disease and vice prevail everywhere. The honest children of the honest poor become debauched and go to recruit the army of crime and the denizens of the slums. How can it be otherwise, when conditions of life are such as to violate daily every principle of modesty and decency?

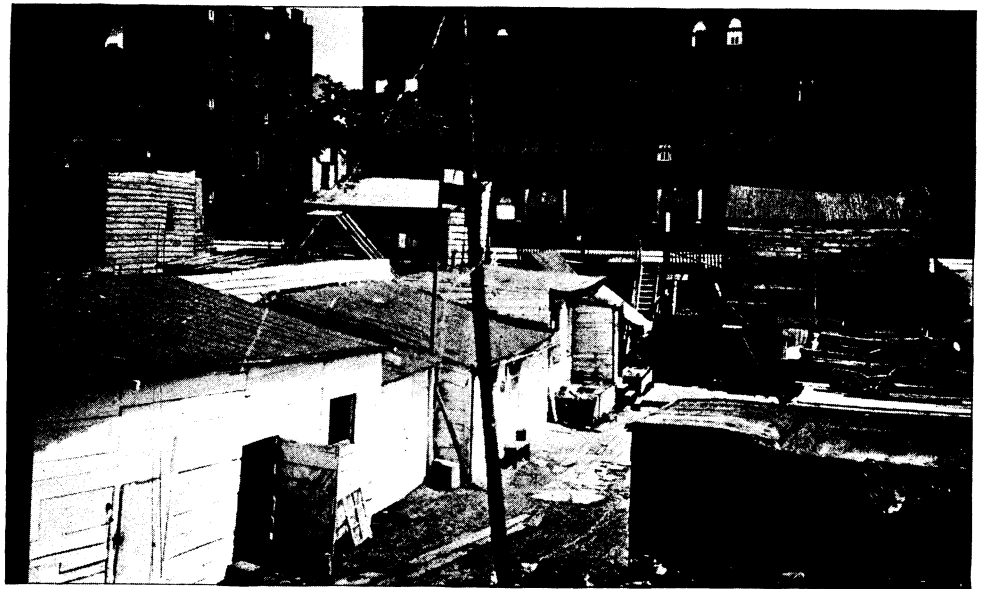
How large a proportion of the inhabitants of New York dwell in such wretched quarters? More than half of them. About two-thirds of the entire population of the city live in what are classed as tenement houses. These are not all so bad as those we have described, but they are bad enough. A tenement house is not an apartment house or flat; it is a building in which two or more families are huddled together on each floor, without private hallways, bath-rooms, etc., and in which rent is paid not by the year, but at best by the month and generally by the week. Well, the census recently taken by the Health Board shows that there are thirty-nine thousand one hundred and thirty-eight tenement houses in the twenty-four wards of this city, of which number two thousand three hundred and forty-six are rear houses. The population of the tenement-house districts is one million three hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and



Swimming in the Harlem River.

seventy-three, of which one hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and fifty-nine are children less than five years old. The rear houses contain no less than fifty-six thousand one hundred and thirty persons, including eight thousand seven hundred and eighty-four children under five years, who must exist with little or no chance for sunlight or fresh air.

The Twelfth ward is the most densely populated, there being two hundred and fifty-two thousand three hundred and thirty-one persons packed in seven thousand seven hundred and two houses, of which seventeen are rear tenements. The greatest number of rear tenement houses was found in the Twentieth ward, three hundred and forty-one out of a total of two thousand eight hundred and thirty in the ward. The ward has a tenement-house population of eighty thousand four hundred and ninety-nine, including eight thousand one hundred and twenty-one children under five years, while the rear-house population is five thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven, including six hundred and fifty-one children under five years.



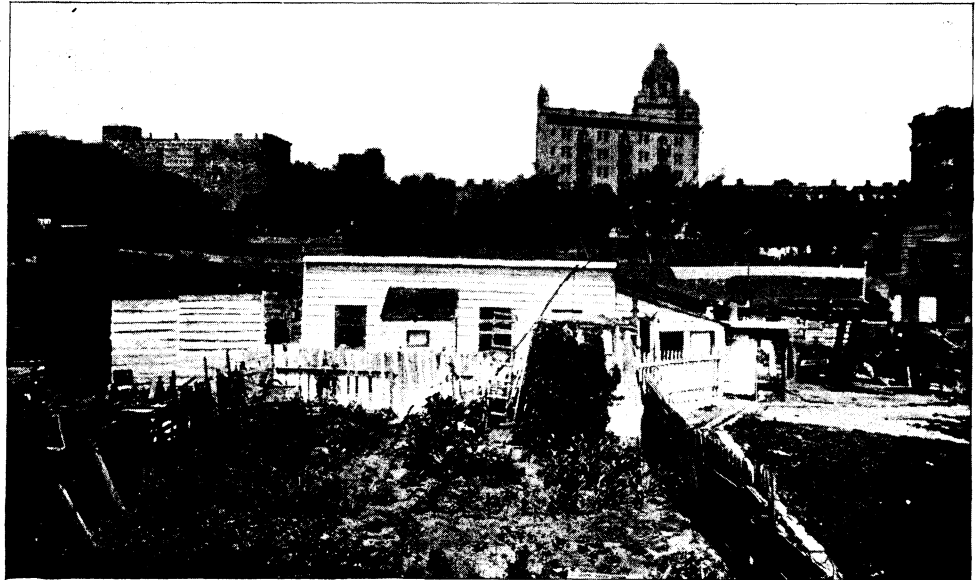
**Shantytown.**

The smallest tenement-house population was found in the Second ward, where one hundred and seventy-five persons, including eleven children under five years, are domiciled in eight houses, all front. Only two wards, the Second and the Twenty-fourth, have no rear tenement houses. The largest number of children under five years is to found in the Twelfth ward—twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and forty-two—the Nineteenth ward coming next with twenty-five thousand six hundred out of a total population of one hundred and ninety-

six thousand six hundred and fifty-six in five thousand four hundred and fifty houses. Of these sixty-five are rear tenements, having one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven occupants, including one hundred and ninety-five children under five years.

#### **Shantytown.**

One other feature of life among the lowly must not be passed by, albeit it is rapidly passing away. This is what is known as Squattertown, or Shantytown. In the upper part of the city, where there are



**A Large Shanty.**

many blocks not yet built upon by their owners, hundreds of families, mostly Irish, have settled. They pay no rent, of course, for the use of the land, and are liable to eviction at any time. But many of them have dwelt there undisturbed for many years, occupying land worth thousands of dollars an acre. The houses in which they live are one-story huts of the most primitive description, built of odds and ends of material picked up here, there, and everywhere. Old doors, wagon bodies, sections of flooring, etc., form the walls; scraps of old tin roofs, torn from dismantled houses, form a covering, and a joint or two of stovepipe sticking through a hole in wall or roof serves as a chimney. A bit of garden is cultivated about the door, perhaps; a goat is almost always kept, and sometimes a pig and chickens. The master of the house is a hod-carrier or other laborer, and the mistress does washing, while the children roam the streets and play or steal at their own free will.

This curious feature of the metropolitan community is doomed soon to become a thing of the past. What is still left of it was once the centre of a large community of squatters. It is situated above One

Hundred and Sixteenth street and extends for three or four blocks between Madison and Fifth avenues. This settlement, as well as being the largest on the island, is the most picturesque. The formation of the gray Laurentian rock, on which the huts are located, is such that it gave the spot a certain artistic beauty of view, while the weather-beaten huts themselves added to the rugged character of the scene. Through the centre of the group was a hollow filled with shanties, while now on one side the rock ascends thirty or forty feet, enabling the modern race of cliff-dwellers to look down on their neighbors below.

Some years ago, when One Hundred and Seventeenth, One Hundred and Eighteenth and One Hundred and Nineteenth streets were cut through the community, it received a premonition of its approaching end. One of the squatters summed up the situation, which he said with his peculiar dialect: "We don't know, but when we see one of dose flats creepin' up the rocks after us, we always tinks it's time to git. See?"

The inhabitants have not, as is often the case among squatters, got their livelihood farming. Except in a few rare instances they are engaged in desultory occupations far removed from that of tilling the soil. But they have not neglected the keeping of goats, chickens and ducks. Therefore, the occupants of nearby flats have regarded the squatter settlement as a nuisance in more ways than one. The rookeries get their water supply from a fire-plug on the neighboring street. The sewage is disposed of by wells dug by the inhabitants. These wells soon find bed rock, and then another is dug. The consequence is that the place is extremely unhealthy at times, and a veritable creek of liquid filth may be seen at some seasons traversing the centre of the settlement.

Some of the houses on the rocks are already being deserted, and in some instances has the work of tearing down been begun. True to the squatter instinct, the clapboards are rapidly carried to a new locality to be battoned together again into a new abode. Some of the squatters will move to points above the Harlem river, where the city is not so much built up. Others, at last succumbing to the onward march of progress, will go into flats and live respectably.

**Pleasures and Pains of Poverty.**

The dwellers in the homes of the poor have their pleasures and their pains, like everyone else; only the pleasures are few and the pains are many. It is both picturesque and pathetic to see how they try to make merry amid their hardships. On a summer night, for instance, you will find almost every house-top transformed into a "roof-garden," where young and old seek a breath of fresh air and some simple social joy. On one house-top, says a visitor, a serious-looking young German pulled a stream of waltzes out of a concertina, while the troop of barefoot little girls "spieled" in tireless fashion. Children on neighboring roofs were dancing to the same music. Between tunes the musician refreshed himself from a can of beer, provided by a band of young men lolling about the same roof.

Now and then a fight enlivened the otherwise commonplace doings of the roof gardeners. Usually these shindies attracted no attention save from those on the roof where the shaloos were progressing. But a cry of "Murder!" startled every one who heard it. They scampered over house-tops and tumbled over each other in their eagerness to learn what the trouble was. They found a burly woman sitting on her puny husband, whose neck she held with one hand while with the other she banged his face. "Leggo me trote," he gurgled. "I'll not," said she, fetching him a clout on his bleeding nose. "It's me that'll give yez good cause to yell murther, ye blackguard. An' me wurkin' me fingers av me, an' ye not as much as axin' me to have a sup of the grog with ye." "Soak it to him, Mrs. Maher," exclaimed a woman, and Mrs. Maher complied with great vigor. Finally she let him up, but when her eyes fell on the smithereens of a flask scattered in a puddle of wasted whiskey she set sail for him again. He escaped only by taking a header down the skylight stairs. The night rang with strains of popular songs. Then the fauna of the tenement house was very much in evidence. Pugs and poodles and dogs of no breeding at all scampered about. Some pampered ones had colored ribbons on their necks, and in leash were exercised by their feminine owners. Guinea pigs, rabbits and game chickens were plentiful, too.



## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE SLUMS.



CONTEMPLATION OF THE DEPTH of human degradation existing among the poor of New York impresses the mind with horror. Yet such a depth exists, and is painfully apparent to every student of metropolitan life. The poor, however herded they may be in hovels, and however wretched their condition, are yet industrious and well-meaning, and the places in which they live they call their homes. But there are other thousands who literally have no homes of any description whatever, and whose only occupation is that of beggary and theft, who are utter waifs and wrecks. Call them by what name you will—tramps, paupers, criminals—and you will do them no injustice. Call their



Mulberry Street, showing Bend.

haunts by the foulest name you will, and you will commit no libel. Perhaps the idea can more properly be expressed in the one term, slums.

**Vice—Crime—Drink—Filth.**

Slums exist in many parts of the city. Perhaps the dwellings of the poor on Cherry Hill and Mulberry street might all be called so. But scattered among them are fouler places still, which even the poorest laborer avoids. There are basements and cellars, stables and sheds along the water front; there are retreats under the piers, from which a cat or a dog would flee in disgust, into which even sewer rats hesitate to enter. Yet they are thronged nightly by living beings in human form, or that once had human semblance. Hardships, vice, crime, drink, dirt, all have left their marks upon them, until one blushes to think them members of his race.

**Mulberry Bend.**

Come at night to Mulberry Bend, and enter any one of the dark, tortuous alleys that lead off into realms unknown to the polite world. Here and there you stumble over prostrate forms of men and women, some sleeping, some drunk. They have scraped mud and filth together to form a bed. It is softer than the stones beneath. Presently you hear the sound of revelry, and looking down a cellar-way you see glimmerings of light come through the cracks of a rickety door. From the same source comes a stench that sickens the senses and revolts the soul. If ever you went below-decks of a crowded slave-ship, you smelt the same stench, but nowhere else. Listen a moment and you shudder again, for the songs and jests that come to your ear are fouler than the odor, with blasphemies and obscenities unmentionable. Don't open that door, don't dare to. But if you are a police officer on duty, you may; and this is what you will see:

**Wallowing in the Mire.**

A cellar-room ten or twelve feet square, and six or seven high. In the centre, a flaring oil lamp and a beer keg; nothing more in the way of furniture. Walls and ceiling are black with filth, here and there ominous stains, everywhere vermin swarming; every loathsome insect parasite known to filth, is clustered there in myriads.



**Squalid Negroes, Thompson Street.**

The floor—perhaps there is a floor of stone or planks somewhere, but filth more loathsome than the discharge of any sewer now covers it ankle deep. By the beer keg squats a half-naked, half-drunken hag, blotched with nameless diseases, reeking with filth, dealing out the contents of the keg. And such contents! The stale drainings of beer kegs and bottles, mixed with liquid refuse pressed from the fermenting contents of garbage bins and swill barrels, a hell-broth indeed. Clustered about, quaffing this liquid abomination from old tomato-cans, are a score of men and women, sometimes children among them. They lie wallowing in the mire, like beasts in a pen, close side by side, sometimes literally piled one upon the other. Distinctions of sex, all the decencies of life which even cattle might observe, are here forgotten. Human vermin they are, swarming together like the lesser vermin on the walls and on their bodies. There, if undisturbed by the police, they lie, drinking, singing vile songs, raving, wallowing in physical and moral mire; at last falling into drunken sleep; and in the morning, waking to go upon the streets again and beg—"for the love of God! to keep a poor family from starving!"—and steal whatever their hands can fasten



**The Growler Gang.**

themselves upon. In one such den the police found a mother with a newly-born babe—born in the midst of such a revel!

#### **Two-Cent Restaurants.**

Here is another cellar, in a back alley, bearing the name of “Two-cent restaurant.” Stale beer is the chief commodity. You may get, however, a cup of “coffee” and a roll, stale and mouldy, picked from some ash-barrel or garbage-pile, for two cents. Every man who enters is compelled to purchase at least two cents’ worth of beer or bread. Doing so he has the privilege of remaining there all night, sleeping on the

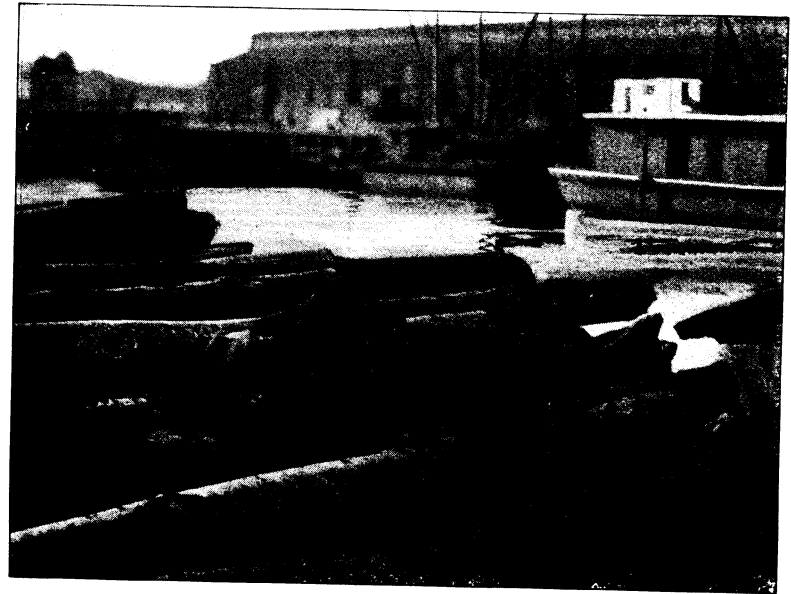
floor or in a chair. To women the place is free. When the weather is warm, the tramps prefer to stay out of doors. Many of the less disreputable of them frequent the parks, but the majority spend the night in the slums. All night long they sit or lie on the sidewalk, in the hallways of tenement houses, in alley-ways, under trucks and wagons. At such seasons there are more women than men among them. The men largely take to the country, and infest the farms and villages for miles around. But the women stay in the city all the year. On cold winter nights, when they cannot afford even the luxury of a two-cent restaurant, many of the tramps find refuge in bar-rooms. The bar-keepers allow them to sit about the room, inviting by their deplorable appearance the sympathy and alms of customers. But they insist on their keeping awake, and proving that they are awake by keeping a hand or foot constantly swinging to and fro. The moment one of

the tramps is still, the bar-keeper throws something at him, or shakes him, with the peremptory admonition, "Wake up! or get out!"

**Battle Row, Hell's Kitchen and Sebastopol.**

But the cellars and hallways and rum-shops about Mulberry Bend are by no means the only, if indeed the chief, habitat of the tramp. Scattered here and there all over the city are genuine slums, inhabited by tramps, paupers and criminals. These are found mostly in the lower part of the city, and along the waterfront, but they also exist in the uptown wards as well. Baxter street and Hester street are fairly to be accounted slums. A part of Seventh avenue is scarcely better. Thompson street and a part of Bleecker street, West Third street, and the lower end of Sixth avenue, are vile as vile can be. Go up Tenth avenue and in various cross streets running down to the river are some of the worst blocks in the city; and there are blocks corresponding with them along the East river. The names of some of these places are significant: "Battle Row," and "Hell's Kitchen," and "Sebastopol." Should you enter any one of the rookeries you would find in every room and hallway a pile of brickbats and cobblestones. These are kept there in readiness for battles with the neighbors or with the police, just as powder and ball are kept in military fortresses.

These places are infested and ruled by organized gangs of ruffians who are scarcely to be distinguished from professional criminals. Some of them are not at all to be thus distinguished. Some of them work more or less regularly at some trade, but at night and on Sundays and holidays are utter vagabonds.



**A Street Bum.**

## IN THE SLUMS.

**The "Whyo" Gang.**

One of the most famous of these coteries was the "Whyo" gang. Full membership in it was granted only on condition that the candidate had "done his man," that is, had killed some one, in a bar-room brawl or otherwise; indeed a more hopelessly vile and degraded set of miscreants probably never existed in a civilized

**Dock Rats.**

community. The character of it was well known to the police and to the public; yet it existed and prospered, year after year, dominating a considerable neighborhood in the very heart of the city. At last its president or leader murdered a woman; he was arrested, tried and put to death. The "Whyo" gang is now a thing of the past; but others like it are to be found in many parts of the city; indeed every slum has its organization, for "social" or criminal purposes.

**"Rushing the Growler."**

"Rushing the Growler" is the characteristic occupation of the denizens of the slums. That means getting a pailful or a tomato-can full of beer from some groggery, passing it from hand to hand—and mouth to mouth—until it is empty, and then sending it back for more. In many parts of the city after nightfall, gangs of unwashed ruffians infest the sidewalks and insolently demand of every passer-by a contribution of cash "for fillin' de

growler." A refusal to pay such tribute invariably subjects one to a torrent of filthy abuse, and in many cases to physical violence.

**Rag-Picking no Longer Profitable.**

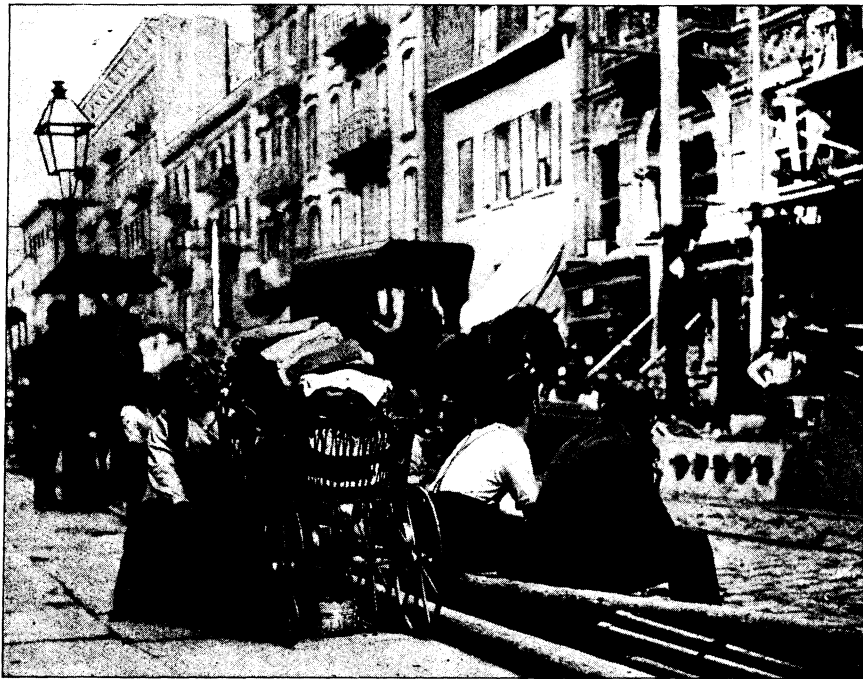
There is scarcely anything resembling real industry in the slums. Beggary and theft are the well-nigh universal means of acquiring a livelihood. Once rag-picking might have been ranked as the characteristic industry of the slums. But the followers of that picturesque and once profitable business are practically extinct in New York, although occasionally one may be encountered. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the most fruitful source of income open to the hundreds of



**Italian Rag-Pickers.**

Italians, and its abandonment was by no means optional with them. In those days the city interfered not at all with the men, women and children who daily inspected the ash-barrels set out for collection, removing from them bits of cloth, old shoes, tin cans, bottles, umbrella-frames, cast-off garments, bones, old bits of iron, brass, etc., so long as none of the contents were scattered. It was a business at which whole families, old and young alike, could work, and the shrewd foreigners made the most of their opportunities. Some of the more enterprising even went so far as to hire others to collect for them, and not a few returned to their sunny clime after a short residence here, \$400 or \$500 richer than when they came. At that time the city even paid men to "trim" the scows at the dumps, allowing them to remove and dispose of whatever "pickings" they thought it worth their while to collect and carry off with them—a privilege for which the city now receives \$1360 a week.

Since the value of the trimming privilege was discovered, the decline of the ash-picker has been rapid, for to protect the profits of the contractor the sanitary code forbids any person, not for that purpose authorized, to interfere with the contents of ash-barrels that are placed on the street for collection. The law is not strictly enforced in the residence part of the town, however, and a number of men and women still earn a precarious living by surreptitiously digging in the barrels of their richer brethren.



**A Woman Peddler.**

**A Picture from Life.**

A reporter found a colony of rag-pickers in a tiny back room on the third floor of a tenement house on Mulberry street, between Bayard and Canal streets—its most densely populated portion—where on pleasant days Italian men, women and children congregate in such numbers as to render the narrow street almost impassable. The front room on the lower floor of the house referred to is occupied by a grocer, whose chief stock-in-trade is macaroni, cornmeal and hard bread. When the reporter entered, the grocer stood behind the rough counter, laboriously sawing in two a huge loaf of the dark-colored bread which is seldom purchased

entire. On his arm, like a bracelet, was a circular loaf, which, despite its position, looked infinitely more tempting than the bread he was dissecting.

A door at the back of the store opened into a dark hallway, and two flights of steep, rickety stairs led to the room occupied by Mrs. Janello, dealer in second-hand clothing, most of which is collected by some half





Soda-Water Venders.

years ago, when ash-picking was in its glory, members of the "profession" formed themselves into the "Ash-Ladies' and Gentlemen's National Protective Society," and had things all their own way. Then the entire city was covered, and members of the society marked with a black X barrels whose con-

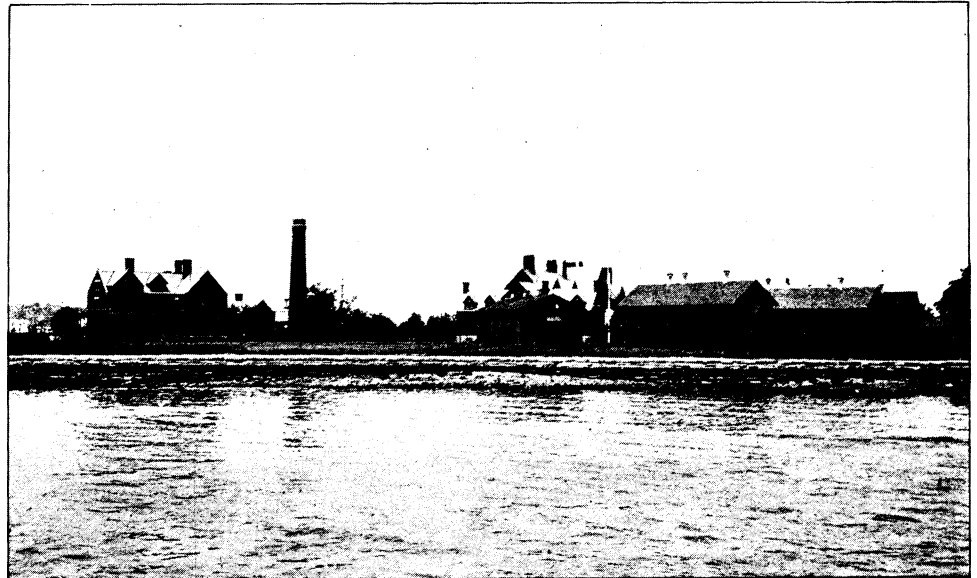
dozen rag-pickers, whose custom it is to assemble there at the close of their daily expeditions, to compare and barter their "finds." In the room were a dilapidated stove, a bed, seven or eight broken chairs and a small table. In one corner were heaped old garments of every description, together with shoes, rubbers, hats, gloves, etc. Along one wall were hooks, and on them hung the renovated garments. Near a dingy window a pretty woman, still young, sat sewing and chatting in Italian with three dirty, ragged children, who were affording her amusement by dressing up in the discarded finery and performing all sorts of antics. From her and some other woman in the house, who with difficulty expressed themselves in English, it was learned that



Old Clothing Store.

tents were always sifted, so that no time need be wasted where nothing was to be gained. At that time old bottles, bones, metal, paper and all substances included in the term "junk" commanded good prices, ash-pickers often realizing as much as \$10 a week from their sales; now that line of business has been practically abandoned, and the things most sought for by those who still cling to it are cast-off garments, which they either exchange for clothing for themselves or sell to the various "second-hand" dealers.

Mrs. Janello has a way of cleaning, mending and remaking such articles, and seldom rejects anything as hopeless. Her sales average \$2 a week, and on that sum she supports herself and five children in comparative comfort. That, she said, was the average expense incurred by Italian families numbering five or six persons. They eat only two meals a day, breakfast invariably consisting of a large cup of coffee and hard bread. For dinner macaroni, soup or cornmeal, prepared in some peculiar manner, constitutes the meal. Meat they do not taste oftener than twice a year, and on those rare occasions it is either liver

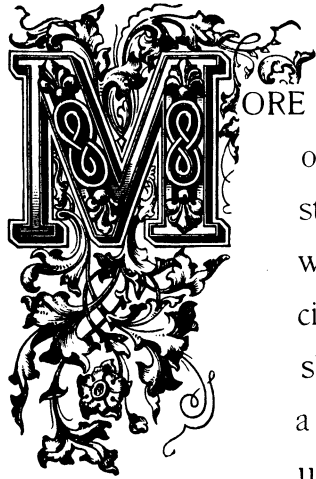


**Pest House, North Brothers' Island,**

or lights. House rent is almost nothing, as families of six, seven and eight live together in one small room. There is another class who lie in wait for the removal of the ashes from the big office buildings downtown in the winter, which they pick over for half-burnt coals. They fill their aprons, and hurry home to utilize their findings as fuel. During the winter the ashes from the furnaces in the City Hall are heaped on the walk before being carried away. In the morning you will see the Italian women extracting whatever may be used over again.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BOWERY.



MORE EXTENDED FAME than that of the Bowery can not be claimed by even Broadway or Fifth avenue, nor has either had a more variegated history. It is one of the oldest streets in the city, dating away back to the Dutch days of New Amsterdam. Then it was a rural lane skirting the farms and gardens, or "Boweries," north of the embryo city. It is difficult now even to imagine its having been such a street, grassy and shaded, for from end to end of it to-day you will find not a single blade of grass nor a tree, unless there be a bit of sod in the angle of one solitary building at the extreme upper end. Grotesquely unfitting, however, as is its name, the "Bowery" it is and the "Bowery" it will ever be.

#### **The Vestibule of Pandemonium.**

This noted and notorious thoroughfare begins at Chatham Square, where it and Park Row and Catharine street, and some others come together in a busy, noisy, dirty tangle. Four branches of the elevated railroad meet overhead in a huge union station, a dozen horse and cable car lines form a veritable maze on the surface of the street, a long row of cabs and carriages stands by the curb, trucks and vehicles of every description block the roadway, street peddlers add their strident voices to the din, and the unused visitor is inclined to wonder if it be not the vestibule of Pandemonium. From thence northward to Fourth street, where the



Bowery, North from Grand Street.

Bowery ends and Third and Fourth avenues begin, is about one mile. But it is such a mile of city street as you will find nowhere else in New York, if in the world.

In the first place, unlike most streets that are the abode of the "under-world," the Bowery is not dark and narrow. On the contrary, it is one of the widest avenues in the city, far surpassing Broadway in this particular. The roadway is wide enough to be traversed by four parallel street railroads, and yet have ample room at the sides for trucks and other vehicles. Over each curb is an elevated railroad, supported on a single row of iron columns, and traversed every three or four minutes by trains of five cars each, generally crowded to the doors, and drawn by little noisy, puffing locomotives.

#### **Essentially a Business Street.**

The Bowery is essentially a business street. Every building along it is devoted to some sort of trade or industry, not only on the street floor, but the basement and the upper stories as well. Conspicuous among them are clothing stores and tailoring establishments. Here are some branches of really fashionable concerns on Broadway, with prices scaled down, and work done more cheaply. Here, too, are the exclusively Bowery tailors some of them with big, showy establishments, in whose plate-glass windows a bewildering array of goods may be seen. Loud and striking patterns abound, big stripes and plaids, often in vivid colors. These are confidently proclaimed to be "the latest English designs, just imported from London." They are conspicuously marked with prices of alluring cheapness. You may get a "nobby" business suit, with plaid resembling a checkerboard, made to order for ten dollars; or a black "Prince Albert" suit for fifteen; or a "swell" evening suit, "equal to Fifth avenue tailors' work," for twenty.

#### **Cheap Clothing.**

Then there are ready-made clothing establishments, with prices even lower than those of the tailors. Who would not be fashionably dressed, at twelve dollars a suit? "All goods warranted." Yes, but warranted to what? Pray do not wear them in the rain, lest they shrink; nor in the sun, lest the colors fade. Do not



Bowery, North from Canal Street.

look into your mirror, lest you perceive that the coat does not exactly fit you "like the paper on the wall." Then there are second-hand clothing shops, a few of the better class. These purchase the cast-off and often only slightly-worn garments of men of fashion in other parts of the city. Hundreds of young men, especially of aristocratic families, addicted to many changes of raiment, send hither the garments they have grown tired of, or which have passed a trifle out of fashion. The Bowery dealer pays them in cash, one-third or one-fourth the original cost of the garments. Then he cleans and presses the clothes so that they look almost like new, and sells them at a higher price than the brand-new clothes of Bowery origin command. And presently Patsy McCloskey, the Bowery "tough," is resplendent, at the Bartenders' Ball, in the identical clothes which Mr. Livingston Schuyler Van Der Knickerbocker wore on Fifth avenue a month before.

**Diamonds Like Filberts, Five Dollars.**

Hat stores, shoe stores and haberdashers' shops abound. Nowhere else will you find silk "stovepipes" of quite so pronounced shape or quite so glossy as here. Patent-leather shoes are seen with toes as sharply pointed as a toothpick, in which the Bowery boy delights. Neckties and scarfs put to shame the rainbow with their gaudy hues. There are jewelers' shops, too, where you may buy a "diamond" as big as a filbert for five dollars, and for five dollars more a "solid gold" watch chain, big enough to hold a ship's anchor. These complete the apparel of the denizen of the place. A pair of pointed patent leather shoes, a pair of trousers of checkerboard pattern, a full-dress waistcoat, a pink calico shirt, with white collar and cuffs, a "diamond" stud half an inch across, a green and red necktie, a sack coat, and a glossy stovepipe hat—arrayed in these, your Bowery boy is the very "glass of fashion and mould of form."

But these are not all. With so much of unique beauty on every hand, the art preservative of beauty is properly well represented. On no other mile of street in the world, probably, are there so many photograph galleries as here. Their business ranges from taking a dozen tin-types the size of postage stamps for twenty-five cents, to making a life-sized "crayon," with elaborate gilt frame, for five dollars. Manifold and wonderful

are the works of these galleries, according to the strange desires of their patrons. Among the clientele of the Bowery there is a perfect mania for having pictures taken in all sorts of outlandish postures and costumes. The Bowery boy will have his taken wearing a woman's bonnet and shawl. The Bowery girl will have hers dressed in a man's clothes. Some insist on being photographed in bathing suits, others in theatrical tights. Card parties, drinking parties, boxers with big gloves on, base-ball players with bat or catcher's mask, all are posed before the camera on the Bowery.

#### **Cafés—Saloons—Gin-Mills.**

Besides the shops which clothe the man and then immortalize the view of him, however, there are countless other establishments, catering to his other wants. Man must eat; wherefore we find on the Bowery not only bake-shops and grocery-stores, but restaurants in great number. These are not to be commended to the fastidious epicure. Even the man who is content with plain and simple fare, so long as it be clean and well-cooked, will do well to avoid them. But they are a study to the sight-seer. Never did



**General View of the Bowery.**

French menu contain such striking items as those shouted out by the waiters. If you order a cup of coffee, the waiter bawls, "Draw one!" A beef-steak is "slaughter in the pan." Fried eggs are "white wings, golden side up!"

Nor must man only eat; he must drink as well. Wherefore the Bowery abounds in establishments variously known as cafés, saloons and gin-mills, in which beverages of all kinds are dealt out, but chiefly beer.



Many of these are ordinary bar-rooms. Others are provided with small tables at which customers sit to drink and smoke, their wants being attended to by "lady waiters." These wretched creatures are usually members of the lowest grade of the demi-monde. They are dressed in cheap but gaudy finery, with painted faces. When a customer enters, one of them accosts him familiarly, perhaps affectionately, makes him sit down at a table, and asks him to order drinks for himself and for her. As she is paid a percentage on all liquors sold, she gets him to order as much as possible. When he offers a bill in payment, she is apt to keep all the change. If he remonstrates, she is noisy in her denials, and a ruffian known as the "bouncer," employed for the purpose, forcibly ejects the unfortunate visitor into the street. These women also ply the trade of picking pockets, and woe unto the man who unwarily displays a watch or a roll of bills in their presence. Either by nimbleness of hand, or by getting him drunk, or by drugging his liquor they will get his possessions from him, and he will presently find himself on the street, with empty pocket and aching head.

#### **Concert Hall.**

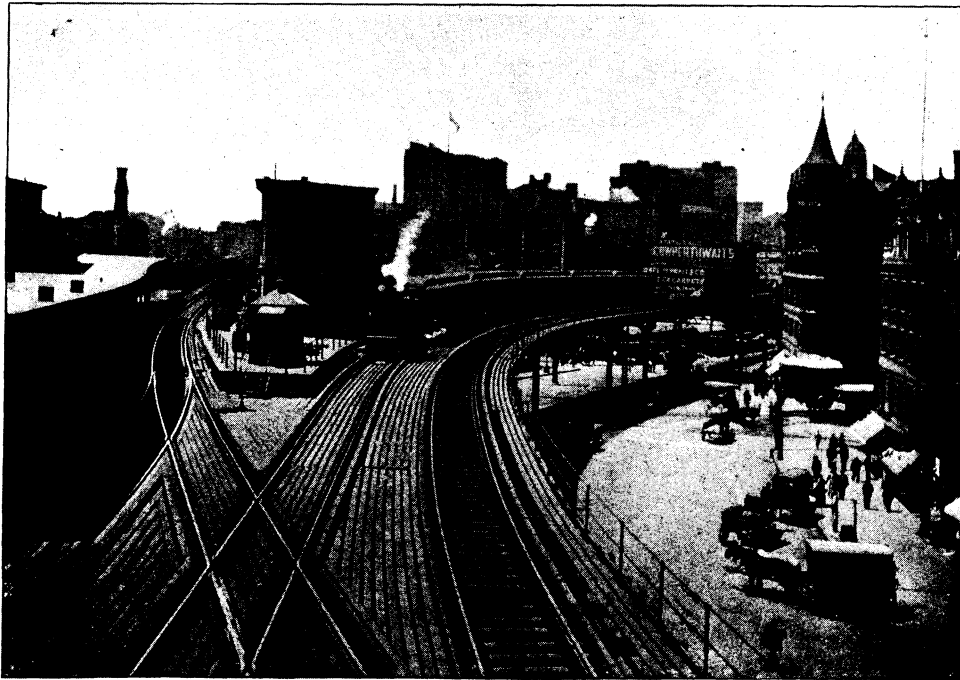
Sometimes there is a stage, or at least an elevated platform, at one end of such a place, on which various performers give musical and dramatic entertainment. This constitutes a "concert hall." A cracked piano, lustily pounded by an unwashed man in his shirt-sleeves, a fiddle and a cornet, make up the "orchestra." Men extravagantly attired sing alleged "comic" songs, with little rhyme or reason, time or tune, with voices that would sound better proceeding from a fish-cart. Often these songs, and the recitations with which they are interspersed, border as closely as possible upon the indecent and obscene; and sometimes cross the border.

The women singers are little if any better than the waiters, dressed so as to display their figures with little regard to modesty or decency; but their songs are often pathetic and sentimental ballads. Thus one may hear a shameless, painted, half-drunken creature, with a voice like a buzz-saw, singing a well known melody that no doubt carries her back to the innocent days of her childhood.

## THE BOWERY.

## A Sample Music Hall.

A sample of these places, only one of many, bears the title of "Music Hall." The concert it gives is merely a blind to conceal the real purpose of its existence—the fleecing of strangers foolish enough to cross its dirty threshold. It advertises itself in good old Bowery fashion by means of a tough-looking "barker" who patrols the sidewalk armed with a bamboo cane and loudly proclaims the merits of the stage performance.



Chatham Square.

Thanks to the Bureau of Encumbrances, the "barker" is allowed reinforcements in the shape of bill-boards placed on the sidewalk, and covered with the cast-off lithographs of reputable theatrical troupes. Just inside the doorway is a screen which shields the performers and spectators from the gaze of passers-by. Thence the hall extends fifty feet or so to the stage and "boxes." There are the usual complements of small, round tables and cane-seated chairs for the accommodation of patrons, the usual dirty floor and the usual row of price lists carry a postscript requesting visitors to report any

overcharge on the part of the waiters. The orchestra consists of a cornet, two violins and a flute, operated by as frowsy a lot of musicians as ever disgraced a noble calling. The stage is a narrow and shallow affair raised about three feet above the floor, and set to represent some bad sign-painter's idea of a garden. It is flanked by two heavily curtained boxes.

As to the performance, the less said the better. Coney Island would not have tolerated it even in the halcyon days of John Y. McKane. Harsh-voiced harridans of venerable age commit murderous assaults upon the notes of familiar tunes that might have become popular but for their associations and the words adjusted to them. Even church music has been thus desecrated. These songstresses array themselves in costumes that are very low of bodice and very short of skirt. When they are not doing their respective "turns" they cover their stage dress with greasy "Mother Hubbards" and mingle with the audience for the purpose of persuading susceptible sailors and rustics to buy them drinks.

In this task of wheedling beer money out of the pockets of visitors the performers are assisted by a corps of former habitués of other famous resorts. All of the women receive a percentage upon the price of drinks bought at their solicitation. Each receives a red check from a waiter as often as she furnishes him an order, and a settlement is made as soon as business is over for the night.

Some of the waiters used to work for Billy McGlory; others learned their business under the eye of Max Gombossy; a few are graduates of "Scotty" Lavelle's school of "mixed ale amateurs." All are competent to deal effectively with troublesome customers. He is a bold man who would dare to enter an appeal under the "overcharge" clause of the price list against one of these fellows.

#### **A Saturday Night Entertainment.**

Here is a "plain, unvarnished tale" of a visit made to this place by a couple of men who were investigating, in the interest of law and order, the dark side of New York life. It was a little before midnight, on a Saturday night. The audience was pretty slim, but business was lively, nevertheless, because half a dozen steamship firemen, just in from a long voyage, were busily engaged in throwing away their hard-earned wages in response to the blandishments of the "ladies." The investigators took seats at one of the little round tables and ordered their respective drinks, for the waiters are athletic and do not hesitate to give hints, easily followed by blows, to those who fail to give incessant patronage to the bar. Then a young woman looking like a

Bowery imitation of the original "Maggie Murphy," who had a brutal frankness about her, coupled with bad teeth and a worse breath, came up and took a seat beside them. "Say, ain't you goin' to give me a drink?" she asked. "Gee, I'm terribul thirsty!" The investigators said "Cert," which is Boweryesque for certainly, whereupon the young woman set up a loud screech for "Dicky! Dicky!" who was one of the toughest-looking waiters present, and he bawled back, "In a minute!" and soon appeared with beer for "Maggie Murphy." The price of refreshments was twenty-five cents for a bottle of beer containing three pony glasses and ten cents for an exceedingly poor cigar. "Dicky" handed "Maggie Murphy" a check, which she put away in her pocketbook. It called for a nickel or a dime, which was her wages for getting a "treat" out of the visitors.

One of the visitors said that things seemed to be pretty dull in the Bowery, and wondered where they could go and find a high old time. "I can get you a high old time" said "Maggie Murphy," and then she

became so brutally frank in her conversation that it is scarcely possible to follow her in print. She was not long, however, in discovering that the investigators were not going to prove very profitable customers for her, so she fled without apology and sat down at another table where another of her kind was talking to two men.



Chatham Street.

Again the request for a drink was made and answered in the affirmative, and again the strident call for a waiter sounded through the hall. After flitting about for a quarter of an hour the young woman disappeared behind a counter. There was a moment's waiting. Then the overworked and abbreviated orchestra struck up and "Maggie Murphy" appeared upon the stage. To say that she sang would be to put an unpardonable insult on the art of song. But she gave a brazen imitation of it, and then returned to the more congenial floor, and the work of garnering drink checks in company with swigs of beer.

#### **Cheap Lodging Houses.**

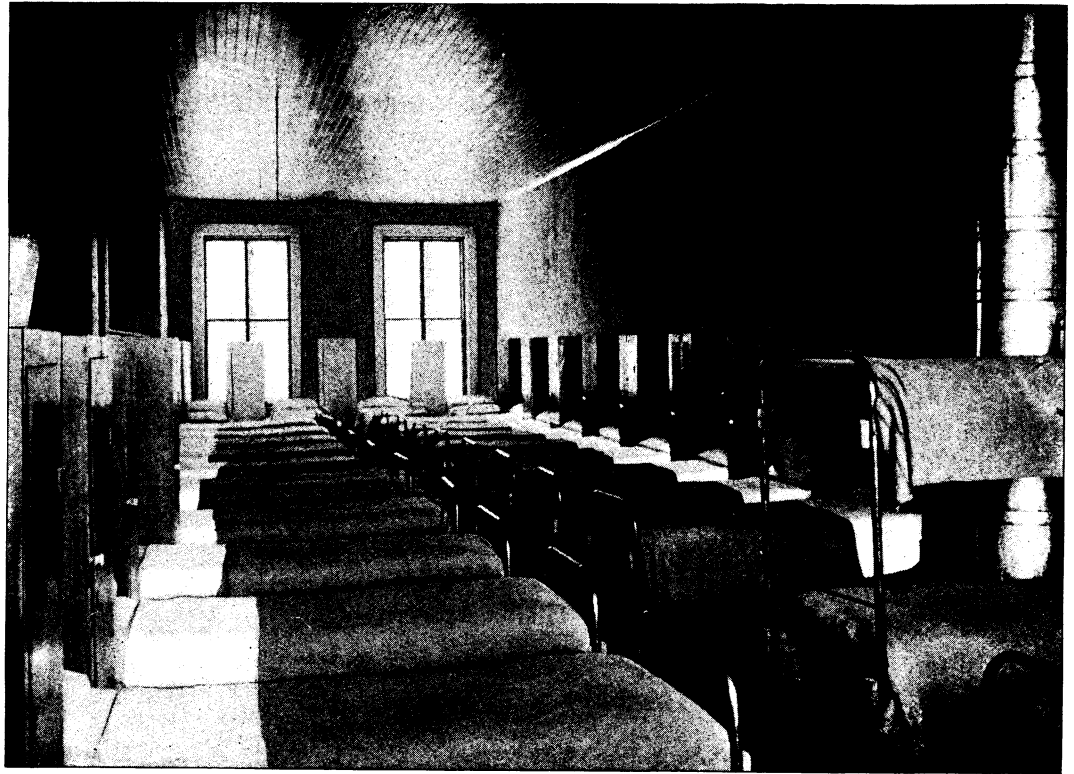
The Bowery is also the centre of the cheap lodging-house trade. Building after building displays the sign "Hotel" or "Lodging House" or "Furnished Rooms for Men Only." Here one may get a room, containing a bed, a chair, and a washstand for twenty-five cents a night; or a bed in a room with a dozen others for ten cents. He must not expect to sleep on a bed of down, nor even a hair mattress. If the bed-clothes are soiled he must not complain. If the whole place is ill-smelling and infested with vermin, there is no occasion for surprise. Homeless men pack into these places like rabbits in a warren.

And for those who have not even the ten or twenty-five cents, there are numerous other places on this same reeking Bowery, where for five cents one may spend the night indoors seated in a chair; or even for nothing, though he is expected at least to purchase a drink. A reporter who visited some of these resorts one cold winter night gives a picturesque account of his experiences. First he went to a neighboring police station and asked the sergeant in charge if he could give him a night's lodging; for to these stations hundreds of penniless wayfarers resort. But there was no room for him there.

"All full long ago," said the sergeant. "I have had to turn away over twenty men in the last hour. It's pretty tough on a night like this, I know, but our accommodations are limited, and they have to go." "But where can they go?" "Oh, that's not easy to answer. All the station-houses are full by about eight o'clock, and I suppose the charitable institutions are in the same condition. I guess they have to carry the banner."

"Carrying the banner" is the current slang phrase used to express the situation of a man who is obliged to pass the night in the streets of New York.

Across City Hall Park a man who had been ordered out of the Post-Office by the watchman was making his way as if he had some destination in view. The reporter followed him as he shuffled along up Park Row, with bent head and hands thrust deep into the side-pockets of his ragged coat. Reaching the Bowery, the man crossed over to the east side of that thoroughfare, and finally paused before a saloon. A bright light flooded through the windows and cast a ruddy glow on the snow-covered sidewalk.



**Interior Cheap Lodging House.**

#### **All-Night Resorts.**

The man went in and the reporter followed him. The room was very long and narrow. On shelves behind the bar were rows of barrels with projecting brass spigots. On the heads of the barrels were painted legends, some of which were as follows: "Claret Punch, 5 cents;" "Sherry with an Egg, 5 cents;" "Rum Punch, 5 cents." On every side were signs. They hung from the ceiling; they covered the wall; they were

painted on the edges of the shelves and on all of the many barrels. "Whiskey for family use" was five cents a glass. "All cocktails and sours" were five cents. So were "Tom and Jerry," "hot Scotch whiskey," "hot lemonade," "fine French brandy" and drinks innumerable. Opposite the bar was a water-cooler, and painted on it was this notice: "Ice-Water Free. Help Yourself." Standing along the wall, so close that their elbows overlapped and their shoulders touched each other, were many men. One glance was sufficient to determine their character. They were ragged and their clothing was of that nondescript hue which is characteristic of the garb of tramps and beggars. There may have been one or two deserving of sympathy in that wretched row of men, but their bloated faces, stamped with the lines of dissipation, their shifting eyes and their general hang-dog appearance gave no indication of any claim to worth. At the bar were others like them, but the latter had money; the first had not.

The reporter ordered whiskey—price five cents. The glass was filled to within a half inch of the brim with a reddish liquid which had a very pronounced "head" on it. One sip of it proved that it was not whiskey. Whatever it was, it had plenty of fire in it. It may have been a mixture of proof spirits, fusil oil and logwood. The reporter set the glass down and turned away. Instantly a figure shot out from the row of men by the opposite wall and a husky voice asked: "Say, young fellow, is dat your booze?" "Yes; do you want it?" "Is it whiskey?" "That's what I bought it for." The man drank off the fiery stuff and seemed to enjoy it. He was treated to another glass, and then, in answer to questions, said that any one was allowed to remain all night, or as long as he pleased, in the place. It was warm, he said, and that was a great deal better than walking the streets. He told of other "all-night joints" as he called them, not far off on the Bowery.

One was very close by, and there was a lunch-counter in it, where hot coffee and a roll might be had for a few cents. Later in the night, when trade was not so brisk, a fellow might manage to snatch a few minutes sleep, provided he stood up to it. Sitting down on the floor was against the rules.

Another all-night resort for the penniless was a pool-room, next door to a theatre. The long and narrow room, with its low ceiling, was filled with young men. There were nine pool tables in the place, and each one was surrounded by players. It costs two and a half cents a cue—or five cents for a game of two players—to play pool in the place. There are a lunch-counter and a coffee-stand also here. The patrons



**Bowery Colored Dude.**

were mostly young men, but, without exception, all had the hard-to-describe but unmistakable manners and appearance typical of the Bowery "tough." At the last of the tables—the one nearest to the back wall—an open gambling game was in progress. It was not pool, although it was played on a pool table with twelve pool balls. It was more in the nature of keno than anything else, and was called "Pigs in Clover." The players, or rather gamblers, sat about the table in high chairs, placed behind a railing about four feet from the table. Each one held one or more cues in his hand. The cues were numbered from one to twelve, to correspond with the numbers on the balls.

Each cue cost the player who held it five cents. There were two sets of cues in use, as it was a big game that night. The twenty-four cues, therefore, cost the players \$1.20, and there were two cues for each ball. As soon as the money had been collected, the tough, stocky man who ran the game, gathered all the





A Hot Night Near the Bowery.

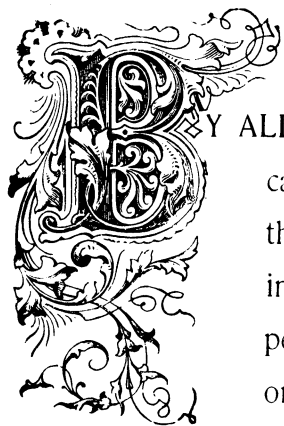
balls in his arms on the table, and quickly placed them in an irregular triangular form. Instantly his assistant, who stood at the other end of the table with a cue in his hand, "broke" the numbered balls with the white one. The balls scattered over the table, but none went into a pocket. The man quickly gathered the balls together again and placed them as before, and they were immediately "broken" again. This time the "7" ball went into a corner pocket. The man who ran the game picked it up and announced its number. The players who held the cues numbered seven had won. They didn't receive sixty cents each, however. The management deducted twenty cents from the one dollar and twenty cents—for commission, or, as poker players would say, for the "kitty"—and paid to the winners fifty cents each. It took about two minutes, all told, to play a game, or about twenty-five games an hour. That meant five dollars an hour for the house, and it also meant that the management eventually must absorb all of the money in the game. Bets were freely made also on the outside, between the players and the management, although a dirty sign reading "Betting Strictly Prohibited" hung on the gas fixture over the table.

This resort is well patronized by those who "carry the banner" nightly in this city. It is open all night, and there are arm-chairs in which a man may sleep. When, in the early morning, play is slack, the frequenters of the place are permitted to sit on the floor or in the chairs and sleep. The "regular lodgers"—those who spend their infrequent nickels at "pigs in clover" or pool, are recognized as having the first claim upon the arm-chairs, and they are permitted to sleep undisturbed until after daylight. The lunch-stand at the front of the room supplies them with coffee in the morning, if they have the price thereof. From an intelligent young man who acknowledged that he had often passed the night here and in similar places, some of the habits of confirmed "banner carriers" were learned, and in his company the "all-night hangouts" were learned. "The only decent place for a man to spend the night for nothing on the East Side," he said, "is 'The Squatter's. That is what we call the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, at the northeast corner of the Bowery and Broome street. They have cots there for those who go to the place before eight o'clock.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FOREIGN COLONIES.

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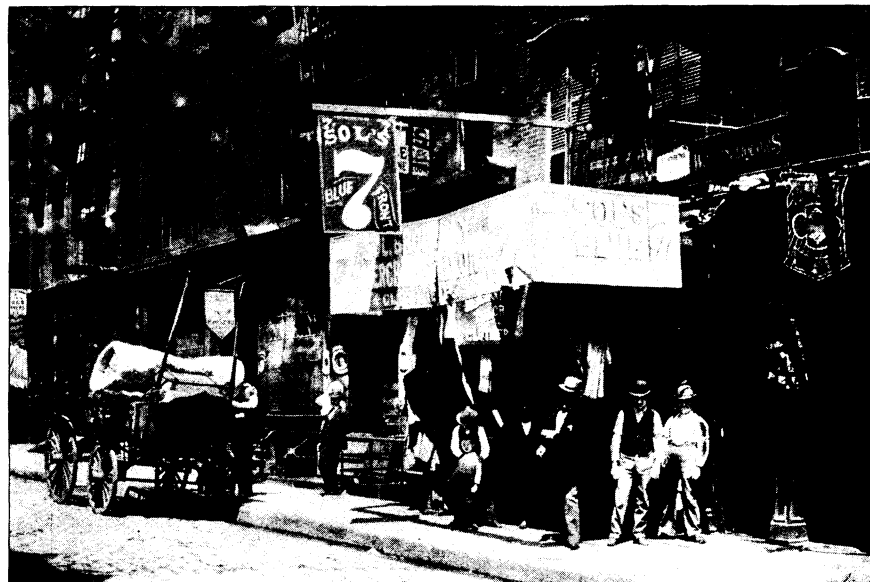


BY ALL ODDS THIS IS the largest Jewish city in the world. More, there is a larger business carried on by Jews here than in any other city on earth. More yet, a larger proportion of the population is Jewish, and a larger proportion of the business is carried on by Jews than in any other important city in the world. Time was—and within the memory of young people of to-day—when New York's citizens of Hebrew descent were mostly congregated in one, or two, or three distinct quarters, and were confined to a few certain lines of business. The Bowery and Chatham street and Chatham square were their homes on the east side, and on the west, Eighth avenue. They still hold these grounds. But from the Bowery they have spread up Third avenue, and from Chatham street they have crossed over to Broadway. To-day the signs on the most imposing stores along Broadway flaunt Jewish names. Nor are they mere pawnbrokers' shops or ready-made clothing stores. The Jew deals in all classes of dry-goods from calico to satin brocade, in jewels, in hardware, in bread and meat, in everything.

Up Fifth avenue, if door-plates do not display Jewish names, it is because door-plates are out of fashion. The physiognomies seen in the windows and in the finest carriages are Hebraic. The finest church-building on Fifth avenue, except the Roman Catholic Cathedral, is the Jewish temple Emanu-El. The total Jewish population of New York alone is more than a quarter of a million, to which adjacent cities will add many thousands more.

**The Wandering Jews.**

From all lands and nations the wandering Jews have come hither. There are German Jews, Polish Jews, Russian Jews, French Jews, Spanish Jews, a dozen other kinds of Jews, and, finally, Jews pure and simple, straight from Jerusalem. Among themselves, however, they know no such distinction. With Jews, a Jew is a Jew, with one saving clause. There are two general classes, and of these one looks down upon the other. The one is composed of the descendants of those Jews who flocked into the Iberian peninsula upon the heels of the conquering Arabs. They came direct from the Orient. When the Inquisition smote them, they fled from Spain into Portugal and England, where they fought their way upward through the greatest difficulties until one of their number, as Premier of England, awed all armed Europe in submission to his will. Some few also settled in France. Others lingered on the north African shore, and many of their kindred clung fondly to old homes in Palestine. The children of these were the first Jews to seek new homes in America, and coming hither from England they

**Baxter Street.**

became planters at the South, and rose to high social rank. These Jews may be known as Orientals, although they come hither from the European countries named. They compose about one-third of the Jewish population of New York. The other and more numerous, though socially inferior, class, comes from Germany, Poland, Hungary, Russia and Roumania. They are the money-making Jews, and in financial and commercial importance they have long far outranked their higher-toned brethren. Of these, if we may subdivide them, the Teutons



Jewish Quarter, Bayard Street.

are the bankers and merchants, whose treasure vaults line Wall Street, and whose palaces of merchandise crowd both sides of Broadway. The Slavs are the small pawnbrokers, and the ready-made clothing dealers on Chatham street and the Bowery, who so industriously and insinuatingly draw in each passer-by, to fit him out with clothes.

**The Hebrew Quarter.**

The Hebrew quarter proper of New York—that is, where the Jews have actually crowded every one else out—is on the east side, and is the home of the Slavonic, or Polish and Russian Jews. It is along Chatham street, East Broadway, Grand street, Division street, and the blocks that lie between, and also Attorney street and Ridge street, where the Hungarian Jews bear sway. In this part of the city you may walk for blocks without seeing aught but Jewish names on the signs, and Jewish faces in the street and in the houses. This Jewish quarter is a cleanly spot, comparatively speaking. It has not the vile stench of the Italian quarter, in Baxter street, nor of the cosmopolitan but principally African slums of Thompson street. It has not the recklessly dirty and broken-up look of the Irish streets, nor the shiftless, lazy, reeking filth of Second avenue, or “Little Germany.” If cholera should invade New York, the death rate in “New Jerusalem” would not be large, thanks to the cleanly habits prescribed by the Mosaic law, and which, to the Jews’ credit be it said, are faithfully kept to the present day.

They are a busy set, too, these Slavonic Jews. Here is a house in whose front room are twenty women operating sewing-machines. They are making underclothing, and the rattle of the machines fills the air with industrial harmony all the day long. Here is another shop, every square yard of space utilized by cobblers, hammering away, stitching away, cutting away, polishing away, and turning out the best of hand-made boots and shoes at a lively rate. Here is another room where a score of busy workers are turning out artificial flowers that will next week be sold on Fourteenth street, as the “latest importations, direct from Paris.” In the next house, feathers are being prepared for the adornment of the ladies of Murray Hill. Here is a huge mill, where buckwheat grits and other curious combinations of grain are prepared. Here are wine stores,

butcher shops, bakeries, groceries, stores and shops of every description, all kept by Jews and patronized by Jews.

This Jewish quarter boasts dozens of synagogues, and the people generally are very attentive in their regard for the religion of their fathers. There is not much that is inviting about the synagogues. They are for the



**Squalid Italians, Mulberry Bend.**

most part up stairs in ordinary buildings, over stores and shops. Generally a small wooden sign between two of the windows bears the name of the congregation, in Hebrew characters. Within there are two rooms, small, and almost without furniture. The sumptuous furnishings of the tabernacle and temple are conspicuously wanting. In the front room is a table or desk for the rabbi, and there is a cupboard where a copy of the Pentateuch is kept. That is all. In this room the men gather. The rear room, separated from the front by a partition reaching only half way to the ceiling, is the court of the women. Gathered thus, each sex by itself, the worshipers strive

for the time to lay aside all thoughts of trade and gain and gold, usually so predominant in their minds, and fix their thoughts upon Jehovah with solemn concentration. But on the morrow, the world will again have full sway in every mind.

**The Turk in America.**

"Salaam-ali Koom, how do you do? Ah, you have come to look at some Turkish embroideries! No? Then did you want to see the sword of Abd-el-Kadir? Here it is. The golden letters on the blade—see how it bends—are from the Koran. Ah, you do not find sabre blades nowadays as fine as this. They knew better how to make them in the time of the third Sultan of Turkey, five hundred years ago. Examine, please. Not a nick or scratch on it. Abd-el-Kadir himself used it against Napoleon in Tunis." The speaker, says a "Press" writer, was swarthy of complexion and enthusiastic of temperament, after the manner of the men of the Orient. His European dress seemed to be out of place. The fez on his head was more in keeping with his features, his manner and immediate surroundings, yet his shop was not in the bazaar of Sidon, nor in the market-place of Bethlehem, but on Rector street, New York. There are about a thousand like him in this city, and they come from Syria in general, and from what used to be Phœnicia, in particular. The old time commercial instinct that led their forefathers to navigate far beyond the "Pillars of Hercules," long before the Christian era, has brought them over here, until now there are at least twenty thousand of the Sultan's subjects from Asia Minor in the United States. The majority of them engage in peddling when they first come here. Cheap pictures of the Saints with a concave glass over them, made in France; pocket knives, olive wood trinkets from the Lebanon; rosaries blessed by the patriarchs of Jerusalem; Jericho roses that are shriveled and unsightly when dry, but unfold in water; embroidered handkerchiefs, and the like, are their wares. Their more well-to-do countrymen supply them with these. "Wholesalers" the latter call themselves, but none of their dingy stores would convey that impression upon the average American mind. Still a visit to one of them is not without its interest.

**A Syrian Shop.**

Usually there are boxes and bundles of cheap American and foreign "notions" piled up on one side of the unswept room; a rickety divan occupies the opposite side, and the customer is politely invited to take a seat upon the treacherous springs while the proprietor takes piles of silks, and satins, and gold brocades out of a



high chest that takes up nearly the entire third wall. These embroidered textures are reserved for Americans only, as their price would make their purchase too hazardous a venture for the itinerant merchant. It is amusing to see the store gradually invaded by a crowd of the owner's friends, each of whom says something in praise of the goods shown. One will explain the meaning of some Arabic sentence worked in silks on a crepe table-cover, another insists upon showing how a divan is covered with the pieces of cloth of gold and silver specially woven for that purpose, and a third will slyly hand you his business card while his rival is turning around to get some

slippers that you wanted to see. When it comes to a quotation of price the entire colony becomes interested, and a deliberative assembly is seemingly improvised in which Arabic is the official tongue. After considerable "sizing up" of the customer, a figure is quoted, which usually represents 25 per cent. in excess of what the merchant will really take for the article selected. But otherwise, they are honest people and one rarely hears of a Syrian in a police court. They are of a saving disposition, and some of them have piled up snug little fortunes. One Selim Elias is said to be the wealthiest man among them. Not an inconsiderable part of their savings is invested in real estate in Long Island and New Jersey. The New York colony includes about

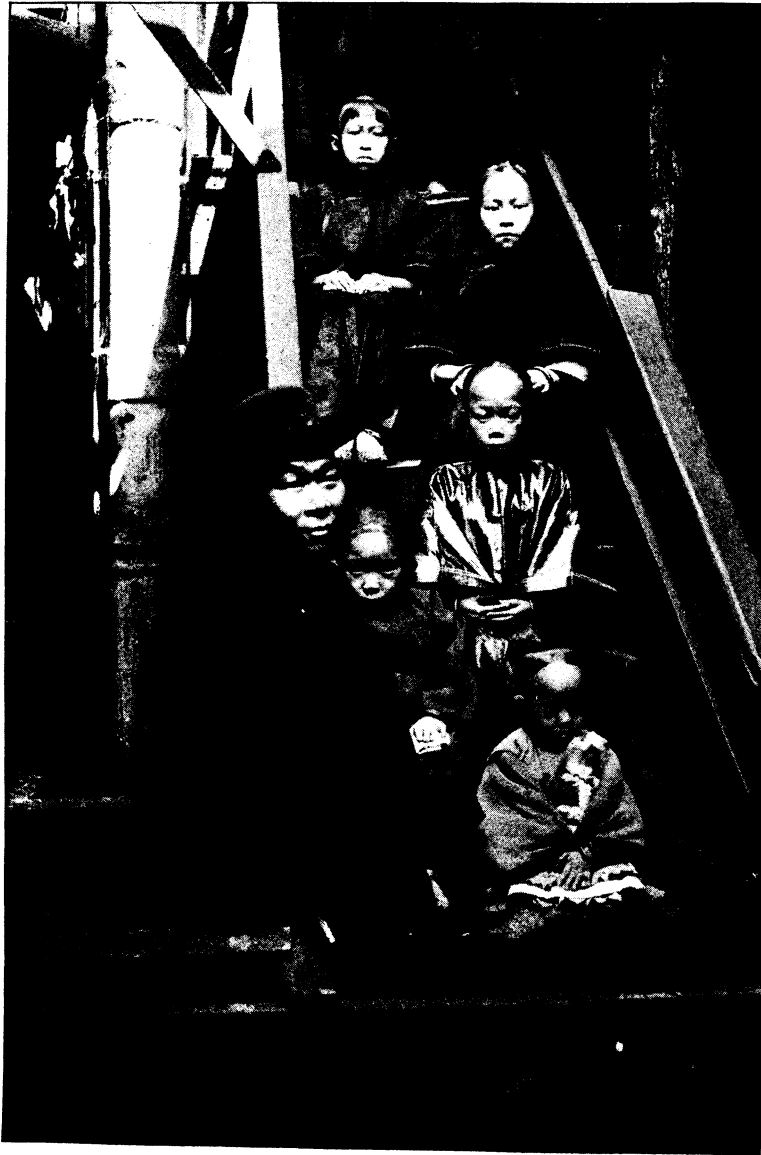


**Chinese Quarter, Mott Street.**

two hundred Syrian women. Some of them are very handsome. They are mostly brunettes, and dress in the American fashion. The penciling of the eyes with kohl and the painting of the cheeks has been more or less abandoned by them in this country, nor is it to their disadvantage. They take a leading part in the musical entertainments that constitute the chief amusement of their countrymen, who are very fond of singing, accompanied by their peculiar stringed instruments. Some queer customs current in their sunny home are still practiced by the men here in New York. For example, the editor of their local newspaper (there is an Arabic paper printed in New York) affectionately kissed one of the subscribers after collecting from him the amount due for an advertisement.

#### **Little Italy.**

The metropolis is in truth a cosmopolis. It contains distinct colonies of every tribe and nation of the world, each in its own particular quarter, while some of the larger colonies are scattered in every street and avenue. Of late years there has been an enormous influx of Italians. They are now the drudges of the city, the laborers in the lowest ranks, taking the place once filled, with less acceptability, by the Irish. The Italians sweep the streets, dig cellars, carry hods of bricks and mortar, drill and blast rocks, and perform similar tasks. They are also the boot-blacks, fruit-sellers and newsboys of the city. Generally small in stature and swarthy in complexion, they are powerful in strength and of great endurance. They are also industrious, and thus they make excellent workmen. As a rule they are sober and honest, and fairly chaste. They are also good Americans. No foreigners more quickly abandon the ties of the old country and adopt those of the new. Even if, as is often the case, they expect in a few years to return to Italy and live on the little fortune they have amassed here, so long as they are here they are genuine Yankees. They celebrate American holidays rather than Italian, and are more fond of the Stars and Stripes than of the Italian colors. The profuse display of American flags is always a conspicuous feature of an Italian procession or festival of any kind; a trait which some other foreign colonists would do well to imitate. The chief faults of the Italian colony are the padrone system, and their quick tempers. Many of them come here under contract to masters,



Group of Chinese.

or padrones, in what is almost slavery. As to their tempers, they are passionate, and quarrels are numerous among them, the deadly stiletto often coming into use.

#### **The Chinese Quarter.**

If Mulberry street is "Little Italy," Mott street is New China; though indeed, like the Italians, the almond-eyed Celestials are to be found in all parts of the city. The Chinese have vices enough. They smoke opium, they are unclean in their ways of life, they are often foully licentious; but they almost never get drunk, quarrel or fight, they are strictly honest, they are amazingly industrious. Their industry is chiefly confined to laundry work, in which they excel. No one can iron collars and cuffs and shirt bosoms quite so well as "John." Chinatown, as their district on Mott street is called, is one of the show-places of the city. It contains a temple, a theatre, several restaurants, to all of which the amiable Orientals welcome visitors.

#### **The African Quarters.**

The African quarters of New York are also numerous. There is one large colony in Thompson and West Third streets, and another just west of Sixth avenue on Twenty-seventh and adjacent streets. Nearly all the negroes are,

of course, natives of this country. They vary much in habits and disposition. Some of them are industrious, honest, virtuous, cleanly; in all respects admirable citizens. Others have acquired all the vices of the race that so long held them in subjection. Here are to be found the extremes of good and evil, with all the gradations that lie between. But the preponderance is toward the good. The Afro-Americans serve as porters, coachmen and stable-men, janitors, hotel-waiters, barbers, and in many other callings.

Bohemians, Russians, Poles and their kin crowd together in the lower East Side, on Forsyth and adjacent streets. Generally speaking, they are exceedingly clannish. It takes a long time for them to become Americanized. Socialism, Anarchism and kindred "isms" abound among them. They are hard workers and hard drinkers; not cleanly in person or home; quarrelsome and unprepossessing. The "sweat-shops" are largely filled with them, and their work and lives generally partake more of brutal elements than almost any other part of the community.

#### **Germany.**

Just north of their crowded dens, "Germany" begins. North of Houston street and east of Third avenue, New



**Thompson Street.**

York is a German city. It numbers more people of that race than most of the great cities of Germany itself. You may travel for miles along the streets without ever hearing a word of English spoken, or seeing any but German names upon the sign-boards. Here, of course, are found the characteristics of the German people. They are music-loving, beer-drinking, industrious and thrifty, slow and phlegmatic, domestic, honest. Some of them, of course, cherish Socialist notions, and there are vices and crimes among them as among all peoples. But on the whole, they are a substantial, worthy class. Their great singing societies, athletic clubs, etc., are an important feature of New York social life. Of course they are not all confined to this quarter of the city. Many of the richest, most influential and most aristocratic families in New York are pure German. In fact, this nationality has furnished more leaders in business, society and art, than any other of foreign blood. Germans are a power in Wall Street, in all great lines of business, in literature, music, art, education, and in politics.

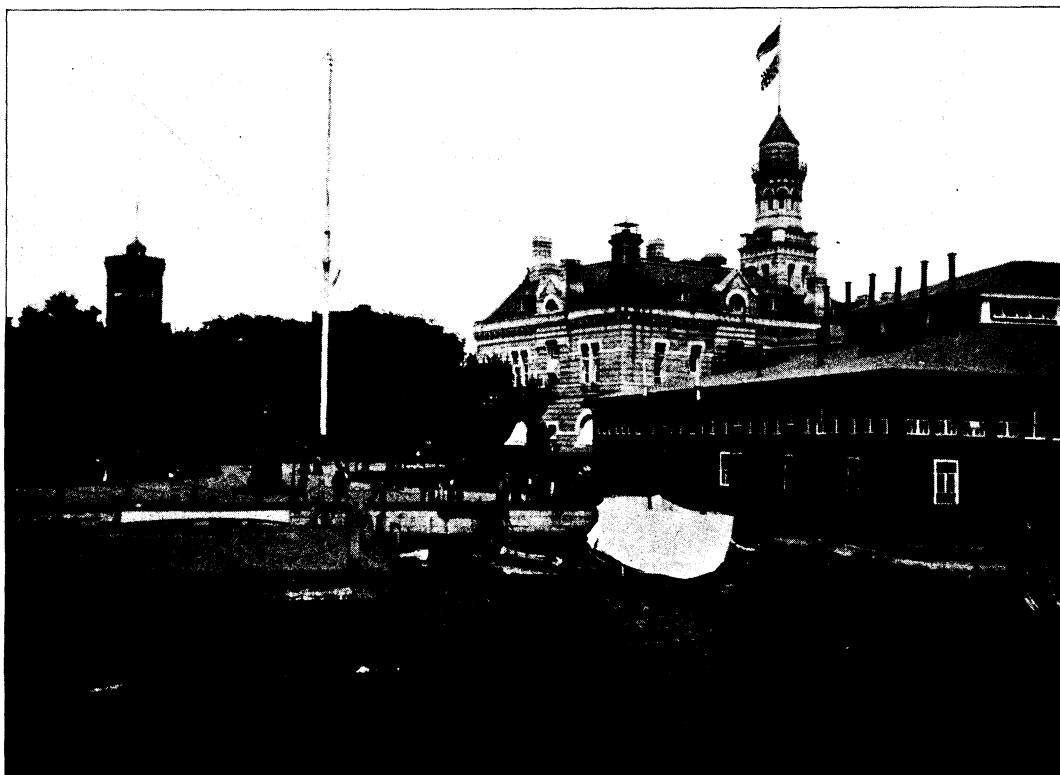
The French colony is comparatively small, but by no means unimportant. The "French Quarter" is on Bleeker street and South Fifth avenue. But there are many French families among the best social circles, and the business world recognizes their importance.

#### **The Irish Element.**

But the greatest foreign element in New York, in numbers, at any rate, is the Irish. New York contains a far larger Irish population than any other city in the world; larger than any two cities in Ireland itself. It has no distinctive Irish quarter, though Cherry Hill and other ill-savored slum regions are chiefly inhabited by Irish. But they are literally scattered in every part of the city, and in almost every walk of life. The "hoodlum" gangs, and the criminal classes are composed chiefly of them; and so are the police who have to keep them in order. Liquor-saloon keepers are mostly Irishmen, and so are the holders of public offices. The Mayor, heads of departments, a majority of the Board of Aldermen, and the great mass of functionaries beneath them are usually Irish. These people have a natural gift for politics, and they have long been the political

rulers of New York. More than any other class of aliens, however, they cling to the flag, the customs and the prejudices of the old country. They celebrate the holidays of Ireland in preference to those of America, and hold the green flag of Erin above all other standards. The record of the immigrant station, of old at Castle Garden, now on Ellis Island, shows impressively the source of a vast proportion of New York's growth in population; proving it to be, while the chief American city, also a great foreign city—the greatest on American soil.

The cosmopolitan character of New York city is doubtless one of its greatest attractions, for here



**Barge Office and Battery.**

many visitors from the remotest parts of the earth find something to remind them of their native country. There is everywhere to be observed an independence of dress, manners, habits, even of character and religion, which is doubtless born of this cosmopolitan nature, and which renders the people free to act in accordance with their individual preferences. In no other American city is this independence of taste so perceptible, yet with all this variety of thought there is a unity of action which endears New York to residents and to strangers alike.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE.

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ACCORDING TO MR. WARD McALLISTER, club life in New York has changed greatly during the last twenty-five years. At one time it was understood that men resorted to clubs simply for the purpose of playing cards and drinking. This idea has now been abandoned. Of course, cards are played and strong liquors are drunk. But the chief aim of a club is to bring its members together in a social manner for amusement, recreation and instruction, and also, it must be confessed, to some extent for business purposes. "Membership in a prominent club," says Mr. McAllister, "is a most important element in the life of a New York society or business man. With the indorsement of a respectable social organization, a man may often occupy a position to which his own individual attainments would not naturally have entitled him. Such membership is a guarantee to the world at large that the person is fit to be recognized as a proper associate for gentlemen." It is no wonder, then, that the number of clubs in New York is very great, and that almost every man who wishes to mingle in good society, or has ambition for political or business success, is identified with one or more of the clubs.

#### **The First Club.**

The first club in this now much-clubbed city was organized in the winter of 1833-4. Its first president was the Mayor, Philip Hone; it was called the Hone Club, and its members were expected to be as sharp as razors. Of its charter-members not one is now living. The Hone Club was a political affair and, curiously

enough, comprised members of both parties. Naturally, its meetings were not always harmonious. It would be hard to say just what led to the dissolution of the club; but tradition whispers that the closing scene was similarly tumultuous to that "which broke up our society upon the Stanislaus." From the fragments of the shattered Hone, however, was formed in 1836, the Union, the premier club of the city. The Union is a purely social club, and has always ranked as one of the most influential in the city. Its membership is composed of lawyers, brokers, bankers, merchants, with a sprinkle of other professions, and "gentlemen of leisure." It contains a large proportion of the latter, and elderly, conservative men, who look with disapproval upon the



Union League Club.

ground and lofty tumblings of the younger fry. The club lives on Fifth avenue, at the northwest corner of Twenty-first street, in an old-fashioned but large and handsome brown-stone mansion, and is richly furnished throughout. It has now its full constitutional quota of one thousand members, and there are four hundred names on the list of applicants for admission whenever a vacancy occurs. The initiation fee is \$300 and the annual dues \$75. Of this large income, more than \$50,000 is paid annually to the seventy or eighty persons who are constantly employed in taking care of the building, and attending to the wants of the members.



A club younger in years, but equal to the Union in social rank, is the Century, founded in 1847. It is a literary-social organization, and has had for presidents, among others, the Hon. George Bancroft and William Cullen Bryant. The Century is appallingly conservative in tone—the irreverent call it old-fogyish—with a strong leaning toward æstheticism—not Oscar Wilde-ism, but the genuine article. Its library is far superior to that of any other club in the city; so is its art collection.

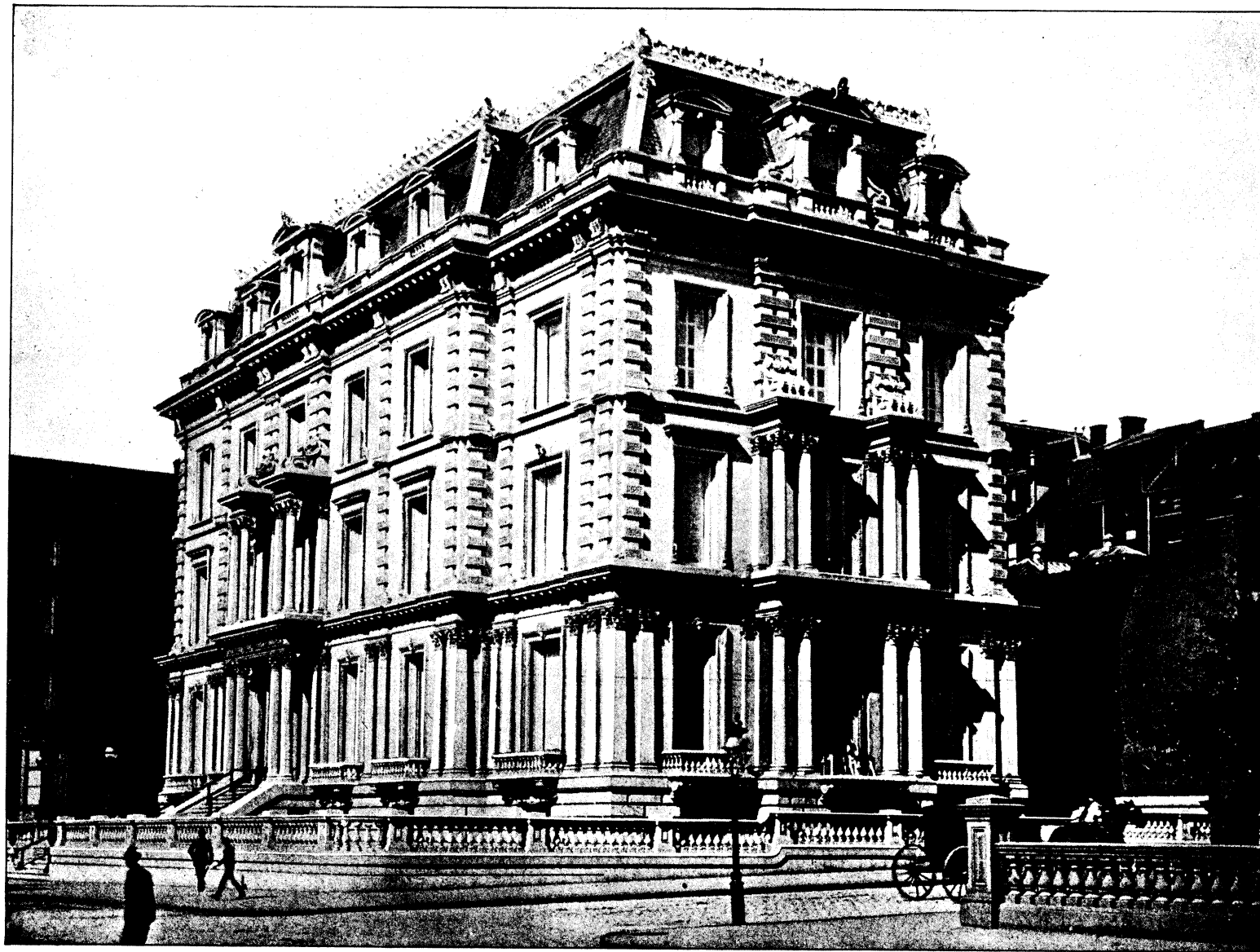
#### **The Union League Club.**

The Union League Club dates from 1863. Its membership equals in number those of the Union and the Century combined. Originally purely patriotic, it now combines with that element the literary, artistic and social. Its monthly receptions and art exhibitions are important social events, while its annual ladies' reception is one of the "events of the season," from which to date all other occurrences. The roll of the Union League bears, doubtless, the names of more prominent men than does that of any other club in America. It began house-keeping on Seventeenth street; then, in 1868, it took a superb brick and white marble palace at Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street, on Madison Square. Then in 1881, it moved into its new brick, brown-stone and terra-cotta castle, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street—"the finest in the world," it claims.

Six months younger than the Union League is its rival, the Manhattan, the great Democratic Club of the city, living in handsome style at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street, in the marble palace built by A. T. Stewart. Its table and wine cellar are reputed to be the best in the city.

The Lotos—social, literary, artistic, journalistic, dramatic, æsthetic, musical—was founded in 1870, and it lives in fine style on Fifth avenue. Its roll of five hundred is always full.

The American Jockey Club was the pioneer, and ever most famous of sporting clubs, and the Turf Club is its vigorous rival. There is the Coaching Club; there is the University, every member of which must be a college graduate. The Bullion Club is, of course, composed of bankers and owners of mines. The Downtown Association was established in 1860 by downtown business men as a place of resort for refreshment

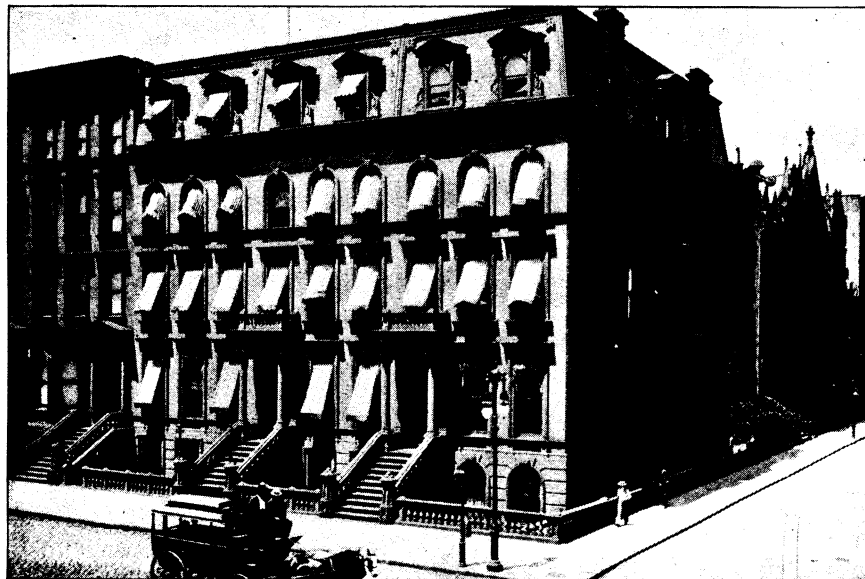


Manhattan Club.

and recreation during business hours. The Caledonian Club is the leading Scottish organization and the Deutscher Verein is the leading German club, with an elegant house to which ladies are admitted freely. The Army and Navy Club is sufficiently described by its name. The Knickerbocker is a very exclusive club, but it is not all that its name implies. It is a sporting, would-be English association of very young men of wealth and leisure. The St. Nicholas Club is the true Knickerbocker headquarters, for no one can join it unless he is descended from some one who lived in New York city or State previous to 1785. The New York Club was formed by a secession from the Union Club. The Merchants' Club is rich in dry-goods and groceries.

#### **The Catholic Club.**

At the Catholic Club, whose palatial home is on Fifty-ninth street, there is much besides the prosy sitting around, the quiet smoking and discussion that mark the calm existence of such clubs as the Union, the Union League, the Manhattan, the Knickerbocker, the University, and a dozen others. Occupying a good portion of the first floor of the Catholic Club is the smoking-room, an unusually commodious and well-furnished apartment. On Saturday night the members here assemble and enjoy what is familiarly known as a "smoker." A movable platform or small stage is placed on one side of the room and the chairs are arranged about it in a semi-circle. The members sit around and smoke, and watch the performance. The night's entertainment consists usually of a varied programme of male specialists in vocal music, character-acts and monologues. At a recent "smoker" the evening was enlivened by the songs and funny sayings of a negro minstrel with banjo, Irish and German comedians, and several professional humorists and comic singers. This club does not bar out the fair sex with that icy frigidity which characterizes most of the masculine social organizations. In fact, the entire second floor is termed the "Ladies' floor." They have a large parlor elegantly furnished in heavy gold and plush furniture, and decorated in gold and soft tints that resemble opal by gas-light, and which admirably set off the beauty of feminine complexion and evening toilets. The ball-room on the same floor, dazzling in its magnificence of gold and white decoration and blazing electric lights, is by courtesy declared to be another of the ladies' possessions.



**Lotus Club.**

not be otherwise than hospitable. Its members are rollicking, fun-loving, gay Bohemians, and when other good folks are snugly tucked away in their little beds, there is gayety and life at the Tenderloin, assisted generally by the members of troupes playing at the different theatres. These musical and vocal "seances" are of periodical occurrence, and with pipe-smoking and free tobacco from china receptacles of odd and fantastic shapes, constitute one of the characteristic features of the club.

The Clover Club of this city does not imitate other clubs of a similar name, in perpetuating the annoying custom of interrupting the invited guests while speaking with jibes, pistol shots, watchmen's rattles, fish-horns, or personal allusions. The Clover Club of New York permits its members to invite their friends to enjoy the privileges of the club house at all times and as often as they choose. This liberal and individual policy stands out in strong contrast to the stringent regulations of other high grade clubs, which, as a rule, permit no resident of the city, not a member, to pass farther than the reception-room.

The Colonial Club at the corner of the Boulevard and Seventy-second street, follows the Catholic Club in breaking down the barriers which have so long kept women out of the enjoyments of club life. It not only has an elegant ball-room, but also a private ladies' restaurant. The ladies may also use the bowling alley during the day.

#### **The Tenderloin Club.**

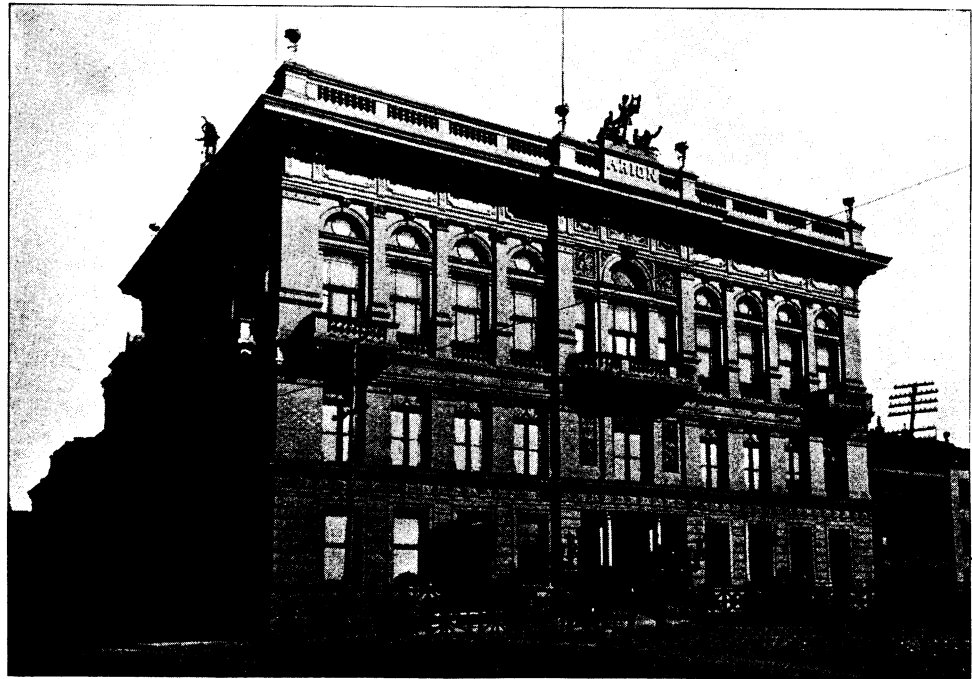
The Tenderloin Club is in the very heart of the Tenderloin district. It is in, but not of it, as it were. Perhaps its strong point is its hospitality, for being composed of journalists and actors, it could

Then there are clubs whose peculiarity lies in the fact that they were formed for objects. Among these is Sorosis, New York's famous organization for women, which means to bring about "the promotion of agreeable and useful relations among women of literary, artistic and scientific tastes, the discussion and dissemination of principles and facts which promise to exert a salutary influence on women and society." The meetings of Sorosis are very extensively noticed and are of general interest.

The Hoot Club is quite unique both in name and object, which is, aside from having a good time, "to sink shop once every moon, and exercise liberality toward one's neighbor."

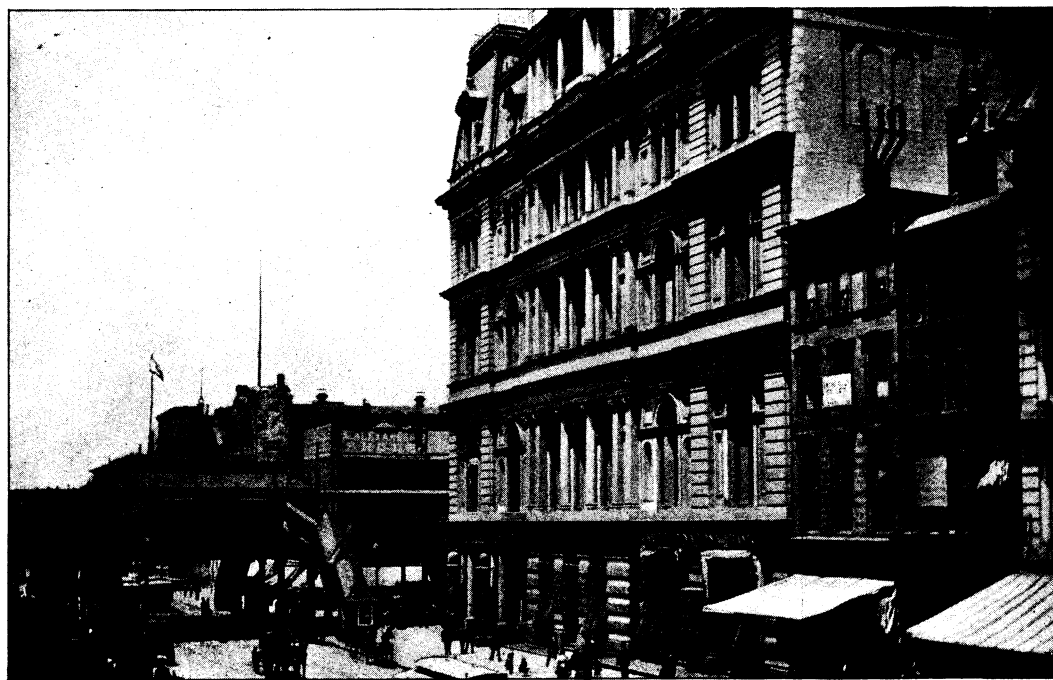
Membership in the Eccentric Club is necessarily limited by the merciless restrictions: "The abolition of myth and the substitution therefor of science and reason; the possession of ideas and original thought, and the faculty of expressing the same orally or in writing in prose or verse."

The general object of the celebrated Thirteen Club is well known, but the specific reason for its existence, as taken from its articles of incorporation, is: "To combat injurious superstition, more particularly the belief that thirteen persons sitting at the festive board entails the death of one or more of the participants before the expiration of the year." The club gives dinners at which much wine and eloquence flow to refute superstition, but seems to have no other excuse for living.



**Arion Society Club House.**

The Metropolitan Club, which was organized as recently as 1891, already ranks among the foremost in the city, and has perhaps the finest house of all. This palatial edifice stands at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street, facing Central Park, and is one of the sights of the city. It has a spacious wing, in which is a dining-room for the use of the wives and daughters of members. To the main part of the building women are not admitted. This club has popularly been dubbed the Millionaires' Club, and it is true that it has few members



**Masonic Temple.**

whose wealth is estimated at less than a million dollars; though of course no such requirement is fixed for membership. The number of members is limited to twelve hundred; the initiation fee is \$300, and the dues are \$100 a year.

The Adirondack League Club is a sportsmen's organization, having a tract of fishing and hunting lands in the Adirondacks of one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres. Both ladies and gentlemen are eligible to membership.

The Aldine Club, on Lafayette Place, is a select organization of publishers, printers, authors and artists. The Calumet, on Fifth avenue, is a purely social club of ultra-fashionable rank. The Church Club is composed exclusively of clergy and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The City Club, on Fifth avenue, is an important body of gentlemen interested in promoting honesty and efficiency in municipal

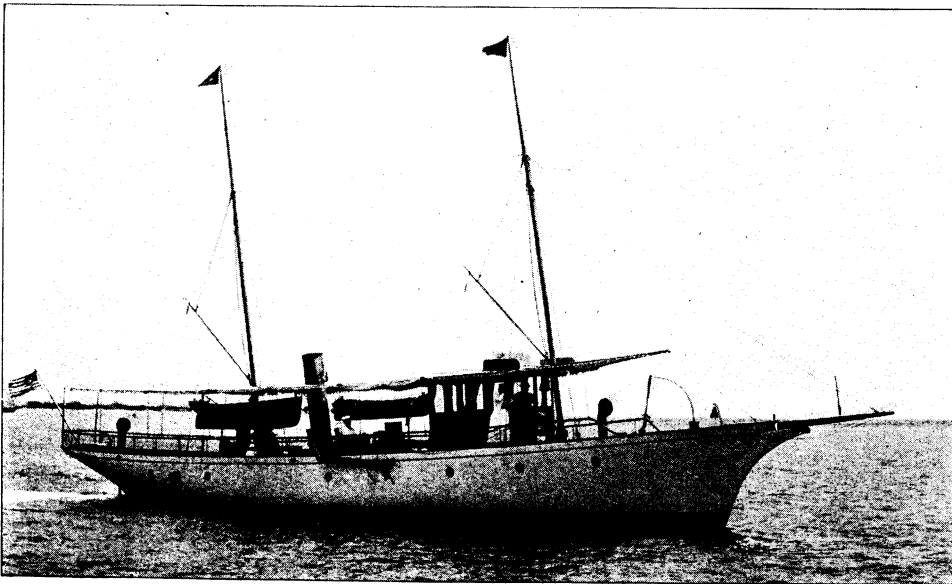
government. It is non-partisan, and its social side is highly developed, but it exerts a considerable political influence.

The Commonwealth Club is devoted to the promotion of Civil Service Reform and is non-partisanship in politics. The Congregational Club is an important social body composed of members of the Congregational Church. The Country Club is a particularly fashionable and up-to-date association, patronized by The Four Hundred. It has a house on the shore of Long Island Sound, near City Island, for the accommodation of members and their families, and it is the scene of innumerable ultra-fashionable festivities. The Democratic Club, on Fifth avenue, and the Republican Club, on Fifth avenue, are social and political organizations, devoted to the interests of the parties whose names they bear, and serve as junior rivals respectively to the Manhattan and the Union League. The Downtown Association is a business men's club on Pine street. Another of the same class is the Fulton Club, at Fulton and Gold streets; and others, devoted chiefly to certain lines of

business, are the Hide and Leather Club, on Gold street; the Hardware Club at Murray street and Broadway; the Lawyers' on Broadway; and the Insurance, at Broadway and Duane street.

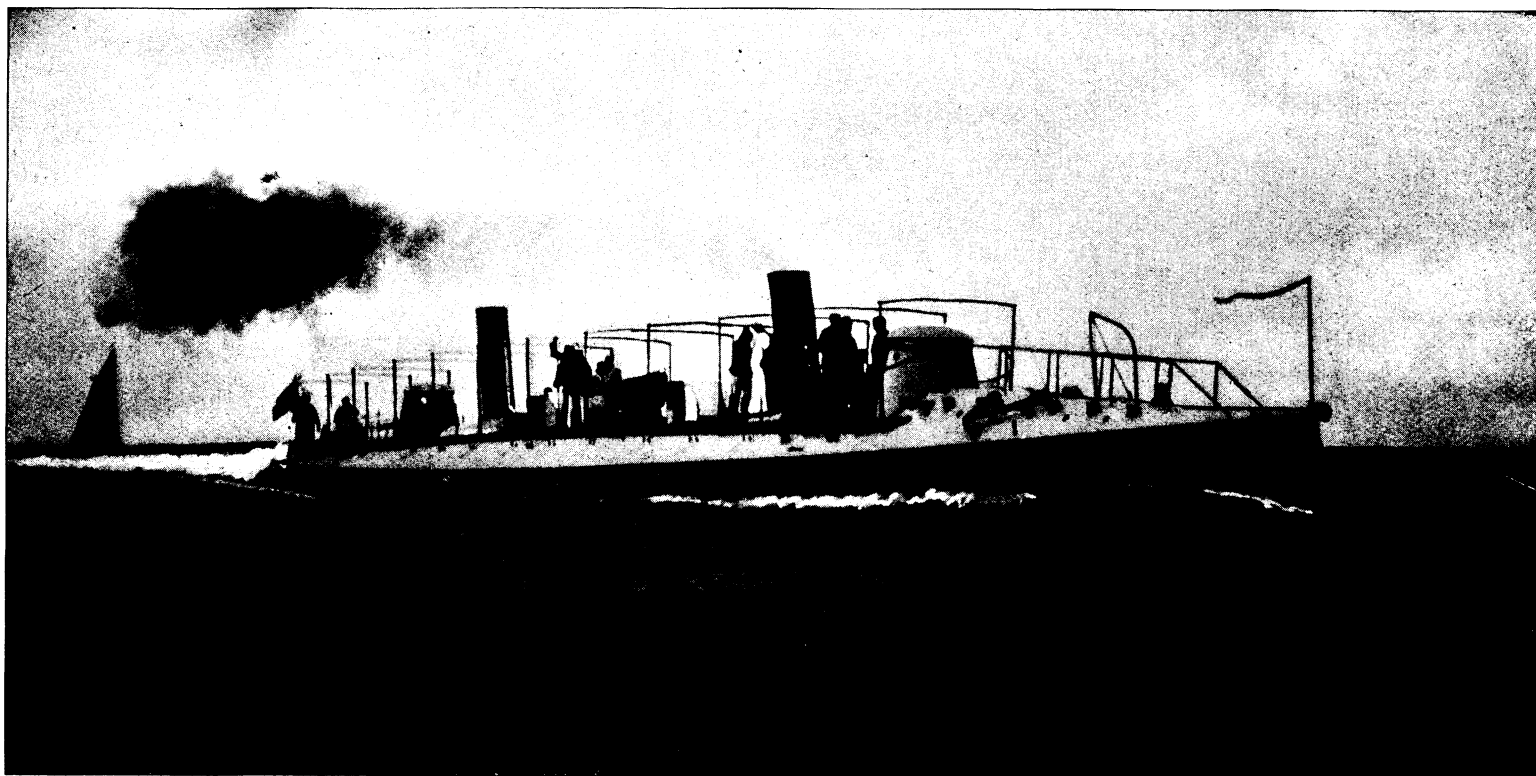
#### **The Lambs' Club.**

One of the most unique clubs is the Lambs', on West Twenty-ninth street. It was founded in 1874 by a company of theatrical men, and has had a brilliant career as a social and artistic organization. Its meetings are known as "gambols," and at them



**Herreshoff Yacht.**

many men of eminence in literature and art have been entertained. The Mendelssohn Glee Club is a social affair with musical proclivities, and with a superb house on West Fortieth street. The New England Society is composed of natives or descendants of natives of New England. It is a large and most important body, doing a vast benevolent work, and its annual dinner, on December 22, is always one of the most conspicuous events of the social season. The Ohio Society and the Southern Society are based on similar plans. The Patria Club is a patriotic organization. The Players', with a fine house on Gramercy Park, is the foremost dramatic club in the country. The Quill Club is composed of members of the learned professions who hold



Cushing, U. S. N.



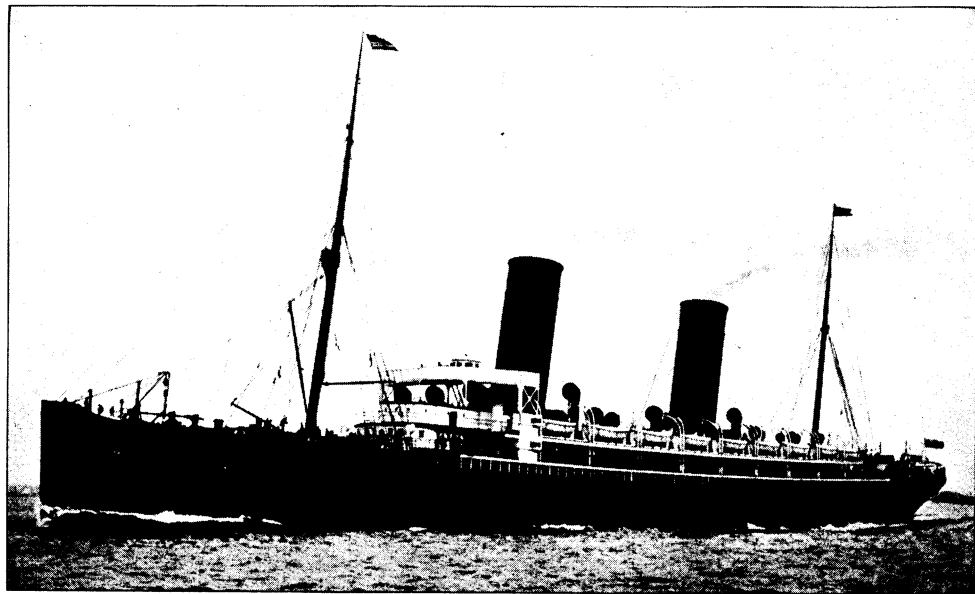
to the tenets of the Christian religion. The Reform Club, Fifth avenue and Twenty-seventh street, is devoted to the cause of Free Trade, corresponding with the Cobden Club of England.

The Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, are scarcely to be reckoned as clubs, but are organizations actively given to the work of preserving records of Colonial and Revolutionary times. The Society of the Cincinnati was organized by Washington's officers in 1783, and is composed exclusively of their descendants.

The Twilight Club exists chiefly for the purpose of having fortnightly dinners, after which topics of current interest are discussed by well-known speakers. The United Service Club is made up of officers of the naval and military services. The Vaudeville Club is a social concern organized to provide its members and guests with theatrical entertainments.

There are numerous clubs composed of members of College Fraternities, the best known of which are the Alpha Delta Phi, the Psi Upsilon, the Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Zeta Psi, the Delta Phi, and the Chi Phi; also, alumni associations representing most of the leading colleges.

Among athletic clubs, some of which have great social importance, are the American Yacht Club, with a house at Milton Point, near Rye, on the Sound; the Atlantic Yacht Club, at Bay Ridge; the Larchmont Yacht



Ocean Steamer.

Club, at Larchmont on the Sound; the New York Yacht Club, the greatest such organization in America, on Madison avenue, with various water stations; the Seawanhaka Yacht Club; the Marine and Field Club, with a house at Bath Beach; the Meadowbrook Club, at Westbury, Long Island, devoted to fox-hunting; the New York Athletic Club, with a fine house at Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue; the Racquet and Tennis Club, on West Forty-third street; the Riding Club, on East Fifty-eighth street; the Rockaway Hunt Club, at Cedarhurst, Long Island; and the University Athletic Club on West Twenty-sixth street.

The Women's University Club is a large and influential organization, and the Women's Press Club has a numerous membership of women engaged in newspaper and other literary work. The Professional Women's League is a large and important club of women identified with dramatic, literary and artistic pursuits. It has a fine club-house on Broadway, and its meetings, held weekly, are made interesting by brilliant discussions of current themes.

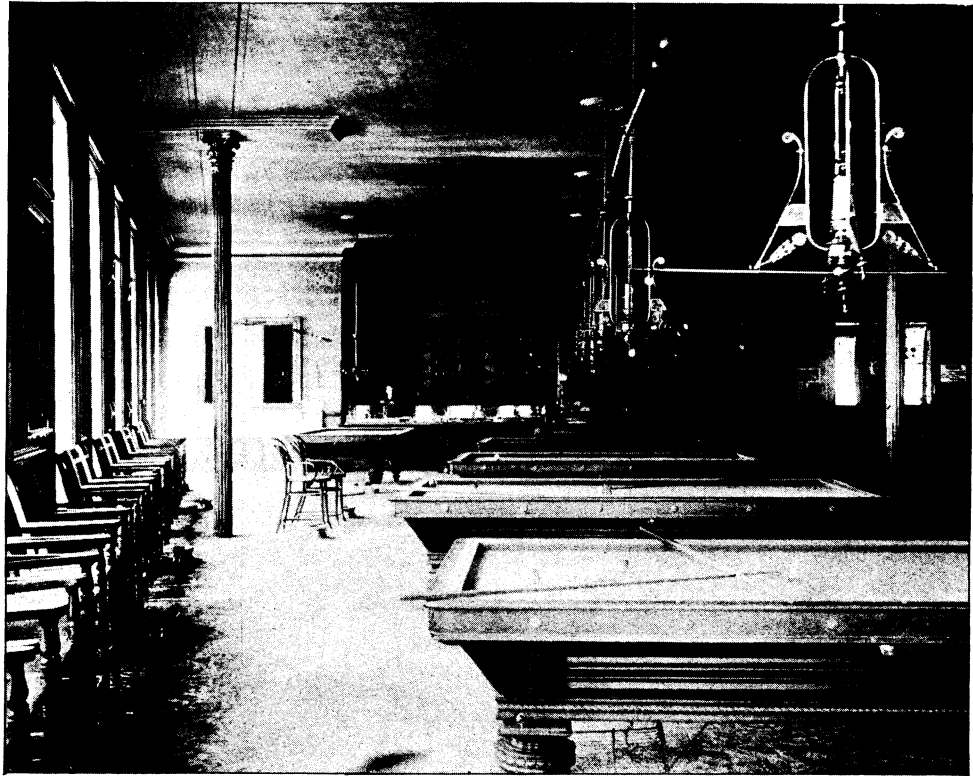


**Smoking-Room, Ocean Steamer.**

**Manhattan Club.**

The magnitude of New York clubs as business institutions may be appreciated from some facts and figures concerning one of their number, the Manhattan, for example. An average of from one hundred and fifty to

two hundred members dine there every night; and the night which is not marked by two or three private dinner-parties is the exception. Including the receipts from the restaurant, the sale of wines, liquors and cigars, the income from billiards and other games, etc., the club has an income of nearly \$1,000 a day exclusive of initiation fees and dues. There are more than one thousand two hundred members of the club, and, as each one pays \$70 a year for dues, the club thus nets the snug sum of about \$85,000 a year in this way, to say nothing of the aggregation of \$250 initiation fees from incoming members. Take it all in all, the total receipts of the Manhattan Club for the year are probably somewhere between \$400,000 and \$500,000. As all, or nearly all, of this money is expended in running the club, it will be seen that it costs something like \$1,500 a day to maintain the Manhattan Club. In 1889 the receipts of the Union League were \$296,428.46. So nearly were the receipts and expenses balanced, that the outlay of the club for the same period was \$295,-



Billiard-Room.

240.11. Of the total income, about \$115,000 came in in the form of dues; \$19,500 from initiation fees; about \$62,000 from the restaurant; \$40,000 from the sale of wines and liquors; \$32,000 from lovers of the weed; \$20,000 for lodging, and \$4,200 from billiards and other games. There are half a dozen or more big clubs, besides those mentioned, which take in anywhere

from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year in dues and initiation fees; and the clubs like the University, for instance, which maintain popular dining-rooms, more than double their receipts from dues in the income from their restaurants. It is evident, therefore, that the annual money transactions of the three hundred or more clubs of New York run far up into the millions.

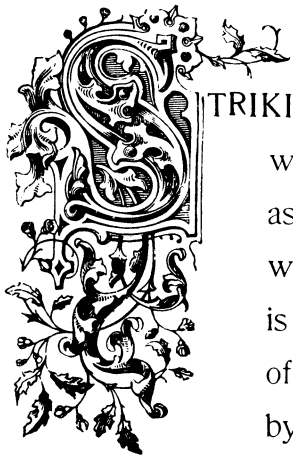
#### **Secret Societies.**

In addition to social clubs of all kinds, New York contains a great number of secret orders and societies. First among these, of course, is the order of Free Masons. Its chief meeting place is the great Masonic Temple at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. This is the headquarters of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. It is an enormous granite building, at the chief doorway of which are two bronze pillars covered with Masonic symbols. A pair of sphynxes guard the inner doors, and at the head of the main flight of stairs stands the statue of a woman with fingers placed warningly upon her lips; this is intended to represent secrecy. The building contains the offices of the Grand Secretary and other dignitaries of the order, and numerous meeting-rooms for various lodges. There is also a valuable library and museum. The last named room, together with other parts of the building, is open to the general public. The German Free Masons have a building of their own on Stuyvesant Square. The Scottish Rite Masons have several organizations and various meeting places, the chief being Scottish Rite Hall, at Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows is represented in New York by more than one hundred lodges. These have numerous meeting places in various parts of the city. Many years ago a large brown-stone building, surmounted by a dome, was erected for their use at the corner of Grand and Centre streets. It is known as Odd Fellows Hall and is still a conspicuous landmark of the city. There should perhaps be added some mention of the minor social, political and other clubs and associations with which the metropolis abounds. Each political party has a great number of these, and every political leader of even local importance, and every prosperous liquor-saloon keeper, has one named after him and intended to promote his interests.

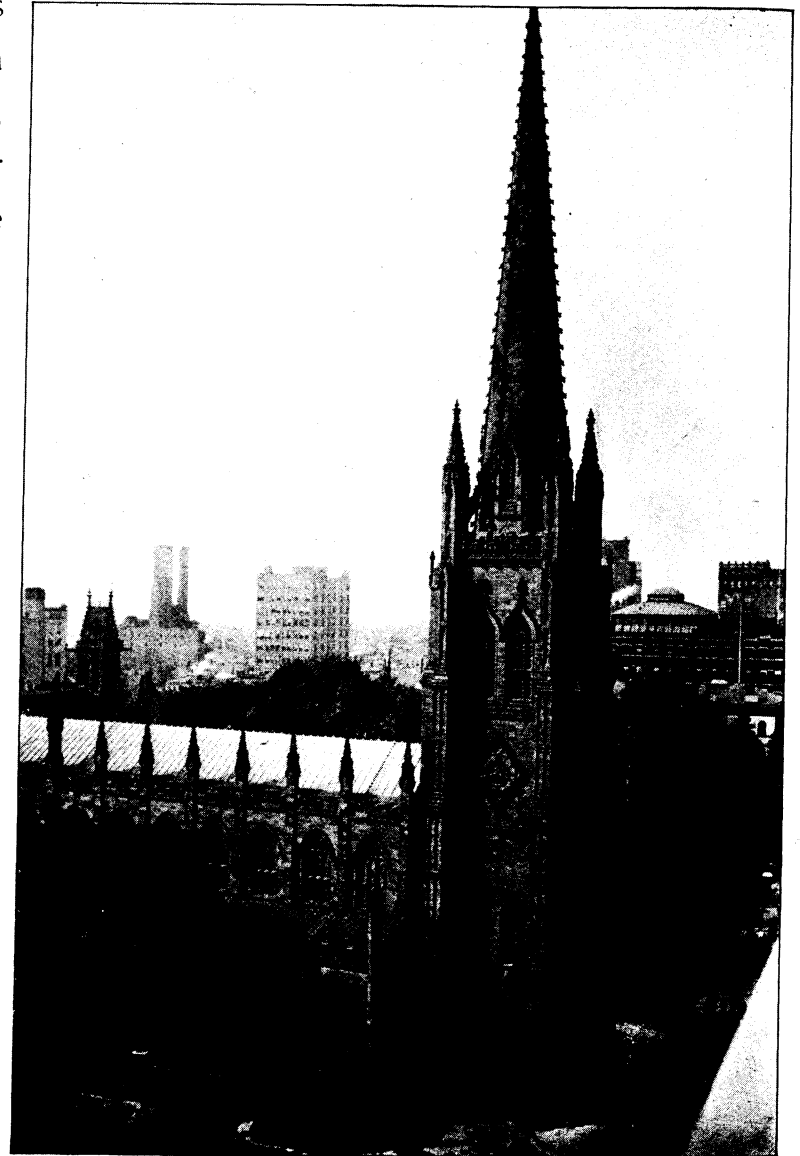
## CHAPTER XV.

### WORSHIP AT MANY SHRINES.



STRIKINGLY APPARENT in its religious services is the cosmopolitan character of this city. Of whatsoever tongue or creed the visitor may be, here he may find fellow-worshippers, just as in old times the visitors in Jerusalem heard the Gospel, "every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born." Indeed, in a large proportion of New York churches the English is a foreign language. Among these is one lineal descendant of the original pioneer church of Manhattan Island, or Nieuw Amsterdam, as it was then called. This island was colonized by the Dutch from Holland, in 1612, and the first church was established in 1628, under the pastorage of Pieter Jonas Michaelius, who also wielded the pedagogic birch, and trained the young ideas of Fort Orange to shoot. After the English conquest, services in the Dutch language were discontinued until a few years ago, when emigration from Holland planted a large colony here. In 1876 a sum of money was raised, the royal family of Holland contributing generously, and a large dwelling house was purchased on West Eleventh street. The parlor floor was transformed into an auditorium, and the upper floors were devoted to the use of the pastor and his family. There every Sunday a congregation of Hollanders meet for worship. A native Dutchman is the pastor, and sermons, hymns and prayers are all in the Dutch vernacular. The hymns and tunes and form of service are identical with those in use in Nieuw Amsterdam two hundred and fifty years ago.

Nearly akin to this are the several German churches of the city, prominent among which is St. Peter's German Lutheran Church, on Lexington avenue. The church, a good-sized one, is always well filled. The preacher stands on a high platform behind a large counter-like desk, surrounded by profuse draperies of purple velvet. At each side burns a massive wax candle. The people all join in prayers and singing, from quaint-looking German books, and the pastor preaches without text or notes, in a monotonous, half-singing tone, meanwhile rocking himself to and fro. A curious feature of the services is the reading, after the sermon, of a list of all the deaths in the congregation for the past week, with a detailed account of the cause, date, time of burial, and names of surviving relatives. The principal Roman Catholic German Church is the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, an immense structure, seating two thousand and containing, on extra occasions, fully six thousand persons. It stands on Third street, near Avenue A, in the heart of the German tenement-house quarter—the most densely populated spot on the surface of the globe. This church is small but has many floors, galleries rising one above the other, to the very roof.



Trinity Church.

**Polish Church of St. Stanislaus.**

At the corner of Stanton and Forsyth streets is a curious old brick structure, with a steep, ridge-pole roof, like a barn, from the top of which rises a large white cross. It is the Polish Catholic Church of St. Stanislaus. Inside, over the altar, hangs a large painting of the Virgin, and on the right and left stand life-sized images of the Virgin and St. Joseph. According to the Polish custom, services are begun by the entire congregation marching through all the aisles, singing psalms, and preceded by the priest bearing a brass crucifix, and four choir boys bearing a large cross of polished metal.

The Polish Jews of New York number more than eighteen thousand, and they have about fifty regularly organized congregations, most of which meet in private houses, or in hired halls. They have only three regular synagogues, the chief one being Shaarai Zedek, in Henry street. Services are held Friday evening and Saturday morning and evening.



**Interior Trinity Church.**

The men are seated on the main floor; the women in the galleries. Nearly one-third of the auditorium is occupied by a raised semi-circular platform, bearing an enclosed pavilion, whose roof rests on four massive columns. On the frieze above the columns is written, in Hebrew, "Know thou before whom thou art standing," and above this, two lions, supporting two tablets and a crown. Within this crimson-curtained pavilion repose the Five Books of Moses, written by hand on snow parchment, and rolled in scrolls. In front of the pavilion door is the rabbi's reading-desk, at which he stands with his back to the congregation. The synagogue services commence at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning. A member of the congregation puts on his talith, a cream-colored shawl with a black border, and standing at the reading-desk intones a chapter or two from a printed copy of the Pentateuch. Half an hour later the rabbi enters, puts on a full black robe, a silver-embroidered talith and a black cap, and intones the regular morning service. Meanwhile the members of the congregation all put on their taliths, wearing them like large scarfs about their shoulders, kissing the folds before putting it on, and then, for a moment, covering their faces with the border. After singing the service, the rabbi enters the holy pavilion and brings out the scrolls, wrapped in crimson silk and adorned with tinkling silver bells. At the desk he unrolls them, and calls up, one by one, seven members to read passages from them. Then the scrolls are replaced behind the curtains, and the rabbi intones the remainder of the service, the congregation making responses, and now and then bowing low toward the repository of the sacred scrolls.

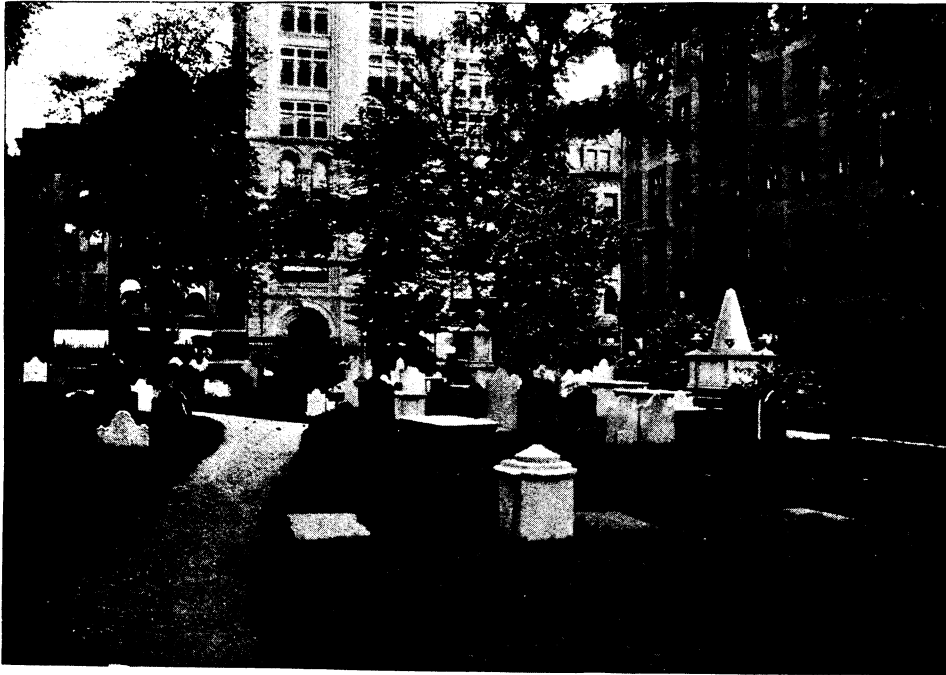
Interesting services, similar to, but less elaborate than those, are held by the Russian Hebrew refugees on Ward's Island. These services are all in the Hebrew language, with which Polish and Russian Jews are perfectly familiar.

The door of the chapel of the Church of the Strangers, in Winthrop Place, bears the strange sign, "Magyar Isteni. Tisztelet Vasarnap delelott 10:30 ornkker;" which means that the Hungarian Presbyterian Church meets there. The services resemble, in form, those of any Presbyterian church, but are conducted entirely in the Magyar tongue, which is one of the richest and most musical of modern languages.



There are in New York some twenty thousand Bohemians, but so few of them attend church that they have only two small places of worship, the Roman Catholic Church of Saints Cyrillus and Methodius, and the Protestant Mission in Hope Chapel.

In only one church in this city are the services conducted wholly in Spanish, namely, the Church of Santiago, organized in 1865, the Rev. Joaquin de Palma, pastor. There are two Italian churches, the Catholic Church of St. Anthony, an old brick building in Sullivan street, once used by a Methodist congregation, and the Protestant Calvary Chapel at the Five Points.



Churchyard, Trinity Church.

Services in French are held in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on Twenty-third street, the congregation comprising the French Consul, M. de Breuil, and many aristocratic families. The French Protestants, or Huguenots, established a church in New York over two hundred and ninety years ago, which still exists, and is a prosperous organization. It is known as "Eglise P. E. Francaise du St. Esprit," or French Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit. It owns a handsome edifice in West Twenty-second street, and the services are always beautiful and impressive.

There are two Welsh churches here also,—one, the Smyrna Congregational, and the other the Calvinistic Methodist. Both are prosperous organizations.



Broadway, Near Grace Church.

**Chinese Joss House.**

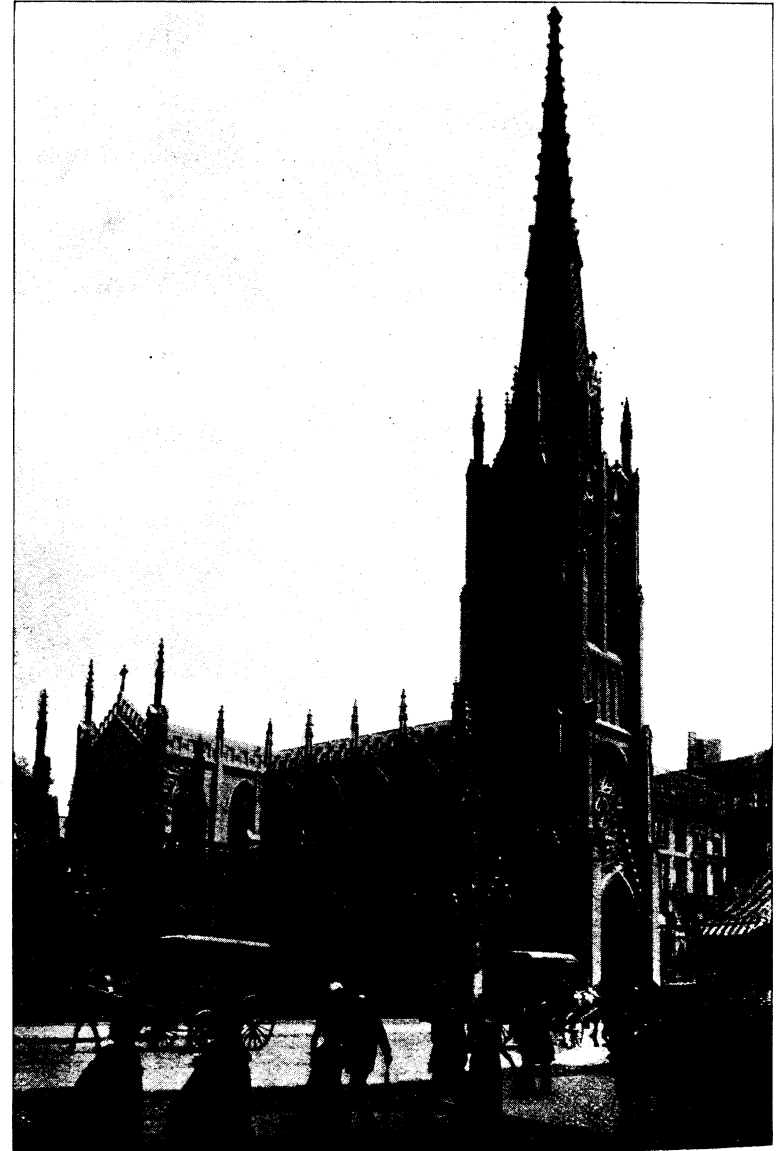
Finally, New York boasts of a genuine Chinese Joss House, consisting of a single room six feet by ten, in the rear of a Chinese laundry. The walls are adorned with Chinese works of alleged art, bunches of paper cut into fancy patterns, and colored paper lanterns. At one end is the altar, a table covered with rich silk, embroidered with gold, and having a fringe of small mirrors. On it stands the image of the Joss, surrounded by pictures of saints and angels. Three tall wax candles and seven sandalwood tapers burn before the Joss, while overhead hangs a kerosene lamp, which is never allowed to go out. Flowers and peacock feathers in profusion adorn the altar.

The Chinese have no priests, nor any appointed time for worship. Each goes before the altar to kneel and pray, whenever he feels so disposed. They are, however, of a devout disposition, and generally begin the day with a few minutes' worship. The devotee kneels before the Joss, asks for whatever he needs, offers thanks for what he has received in the past, reads a few words from a sacred book, strikes a few blows on a big drum, and goes his way rejoicing.

**Church of the Rag-Pickers.**

Not many New Yorkers have ever heard of the "Church of the Rag-Pickers." In the neighborhood of Roosevelt street, where it is located, this is the familiar name of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joachim, of which Father Vincini is the pastor. The members are Italians exclusively, inhabitants of the densely populated district roundabout, and, as some of them are rag-pickers and have rented the lower half of the church for the storage of their goods, the nickname, which designates the church as the peculiar place of worship of this class, came into use. Years ago, when Roosevelt street was not quite as squalid and as overflowing with human beings as it is to-day, this church belonged to a Methodist Episcopal congregation. There were merchants, solid men of downtown New York, living there, and the neighborhood was eminently respectable. Now the church stands with a cheap lodging-house on one side and a typical slum grocery store on the other. A nest of tough

saloons are nearby, up and down the street. Organized in 1888, the Italian population thereabouts grew so rapidly, within a radius of a mile, that the church has now one of the largest congregations in the city. The building is of brick, and is dingy and dirty. It is only by standing across the street that you can see a small cross on the roof, the only thing about the edifice that suggests its religious character. Looking in on the first floor, you will witness a curious spectacle. The whole depth and breadth of the floor is filled with rags. Rags loose, rags in piles, and rags in bales ready for shipping, are all about. Big cranes and chains for hoisting purposes run here and there. Half buried in these piles of rags are men, women and children—the men and women busy assorting rags, and the fat, brown youngsters tumbling about in play or sleeping, as the case may be. It is the biggest rag-shop in this city. It is wholesale and retail in the sense that here the individual rag-pickers of the town dispose of their wares, which are assorted and baled, and sold for manufacturing purposes. The pastor of St. Joachim's rents this lower floor, at a good rental, to the company that conducts this rag business, and indeed were it not for that the mission would suffer. Italians are very practical about

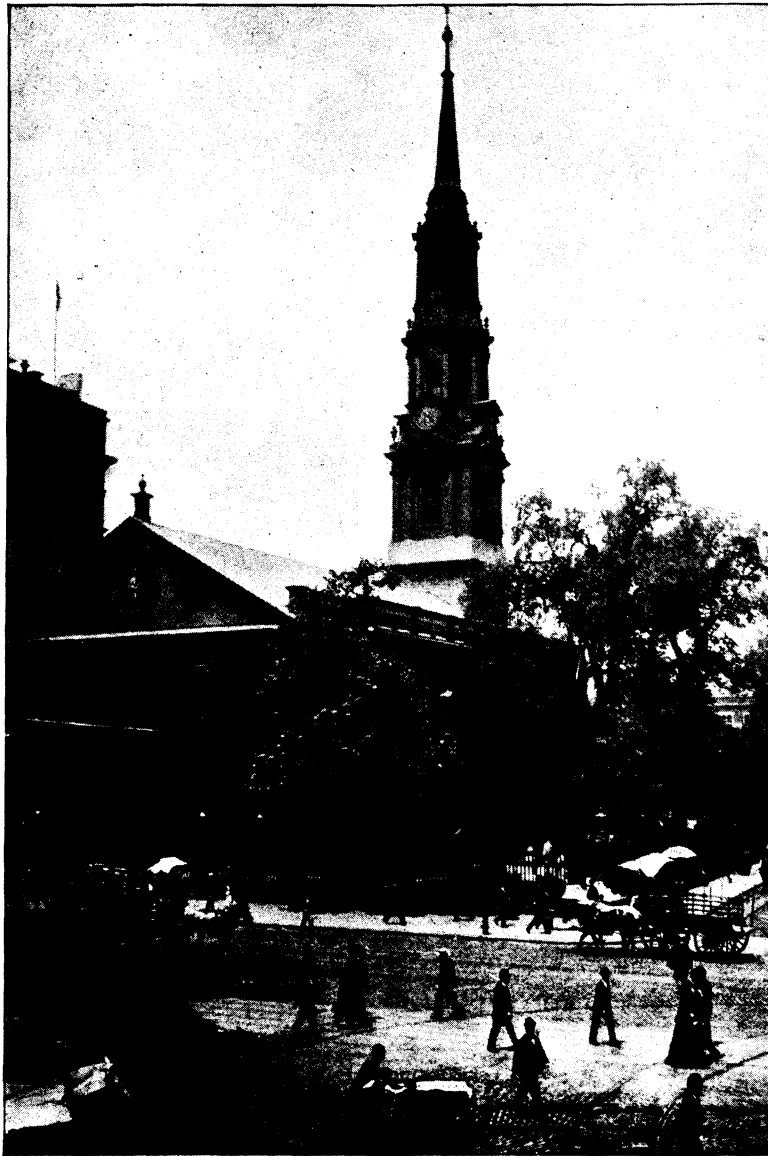


Grace Church.

their religion, when they care for it at all, but they are very slow at contributing to the support of the church, and expect a good deal of religion for a very little money. The church proper is on the floor over the rag-shop, and this in itself gives an odd character at times to the services. On week-days the men are at work in the basement when services are going on upstairs, and one can clearly hear them joining in the responses and chants during the celebration of the mass. While a "World" reporter was there the other day one of the rag-pickers in the basement sang a hymn to the Virgin while services were going on, and his voice was of rare sweetness and purity. At certain hours of the day, laborers will come in, set their picks and shovels in a corner, and then join in the devotions. The peanut venders and fruit-stand keepers in the neighborhood always attend the services for at least a few minutes each day. Bootblacks wander in with boxes on their backs and say a few brief prayers, and the Italian population generally comes and goes. Six masses are said in St. Joachim's church every Sunday, and from twelve to fifteen hundred persons attend every mass, so that some nine thousand or more people worship in the little church every week.

#### **Trinity Church.**

Although New York has never been called a city of churches, religious organizations of all kinds are probably as well represented in it as in any other large city of America. There are now about five hundred and twenty-two churches in the city, with an aggregate seating capacity of more than four hundred thousand, and a value of nearly \$55,000,000. Most numerous of all are the Protestant Episcopal churches, of which there are one hundred and three, valued at more than \$16,000,000. This denomination stands, in New York, second in age only to the Dutch Reformed Church. Its best known parish is that of Trinity Church, which was founded by Royal Grant, in 1705. The parish owns a considerable tract of ground lying along the North river between Rector and Christopher streets, the rentals of which yield the church an annual revenue of more than half a million dollars. The original Trinity Church was destroyed in the great fire of 1776. It was re-built in 1788, and stood for half a century. Then it was torn down and the present edifice erected, in 1846. This

**St. Paul's Church.**

stately structure, which is one of the most familiar landmarks of the city, was designed by Richard Upjohn, largely after the parish church at Louth, England. It stands on Broadway, directly opposite the head of Wall Street, surrounded by its ancient churchyard, in which, however, no bodies are now interred, the parish cemetery being in the upper part of Manhattan Island. The church is of a rich reddish brown sandstone, and has a tower containing a fine chime of bells, and surmounted by a graceful spire two hundred and eighty-four feet high. The interior is very handsome, with a lofty arched roof and stained glass windows. The great organ is one of the finest toned in the city. Back of the altar stands an elaborate and beautiful reredos, erected in memory of William B. Astor. The great bronze doors at the principal entrance were also a gift from the Astor family. This sacred edifice is open every day, and morning and afternoon services are regularly held there. It is but a few steps from the tumult and clamor of Wall Street and Broadway into its dim and quiet recesses, where one seems as far removed from the nervous life of the great city as though he were in some quiet country chapel.



Interior of St. Paul's Church.

Trinity parish also includes half a dozen other chapels. The best known of these is St. Paul's, at Fulton street and Broadway. This ancient edifice was built in 1764, and is a perfect example of the style of architecture elaborated by Sir Christopher Wren. It is now the oldest church building in New York. Its rear end is towards Broadway, and its front is towards the Hudson river, looking out upon an interesting old churchyard. It still contains the identical pew occupied by Washington when he was President of the United States. In the rear wall, facing Broadway, is a tablet erected to the memory of General Richard Montgomery, and in the churchyard are several interesting old monuments. The other chapels of Trinity parish are St. John's, on Varick street; Trinity, on Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway; St. Chrysostom's at Seventh avenue and Thirty-ninth street; St. Augustine's on Houston street, east of the Bowery; St. Agnes', on West Ninety-second street, near Columbus avenue; and St. Cornelius' on Governor's Island. The church also maintains a number of charitable societies, industrial schools, night and day schools, a workingmen's club, a hospital, a mission house, a kindergarten, a dispensary, a seaside home, and numerous other similar institutions.



**St. Paul's Churchyard.**

#### **Grace Church.**

Next to Trinity, in general interest, stands Grace Church. Its beautiful Gothic building of white freestone, designed by James Renwick, stands at Broadway and Tenth street, just two miles north of Trinity Church. It is surrounded by a bit of lawn and garden, while close by stand the rectory and other buildings connected



with the church, altogether forming one of the most picturesque spots on Broadway. The interior of the church is very handsome, and its tall and graceful spire contains a fine chime of bells. It is a very rich church, and maintains a number of benevolent institutions.

**The Little Church Around the Corner.**

The Church of the Transfiguration is one of the best known of this denomination in New York. It stands on Twenty-ninth street, just east of Fifth avenue, and is a pretty Gothic building surrounded by lawns and shrubbery. It is commonly called "The Little Church Around the Corner." This name is derived from the following circumstance: A number of years ago when the aged actor, George Holland, died, his friends desired to have his funeral held at a certain fashionable church on Madison avenue. Accordingly Mr. Joseph Jefferson went to the rector of that church with their request. But the rector, for some reasons of his own, declined to conduct the services or to open his church for the purpose. "But where can we hold the funeral?" asked Mr. Jefferson. "You might try the little church around the corner," was the reply. The name thus given has stuck to the building, and the funerals of many actors and actresses have since been held there.



**The Little Church Around the Corner.**

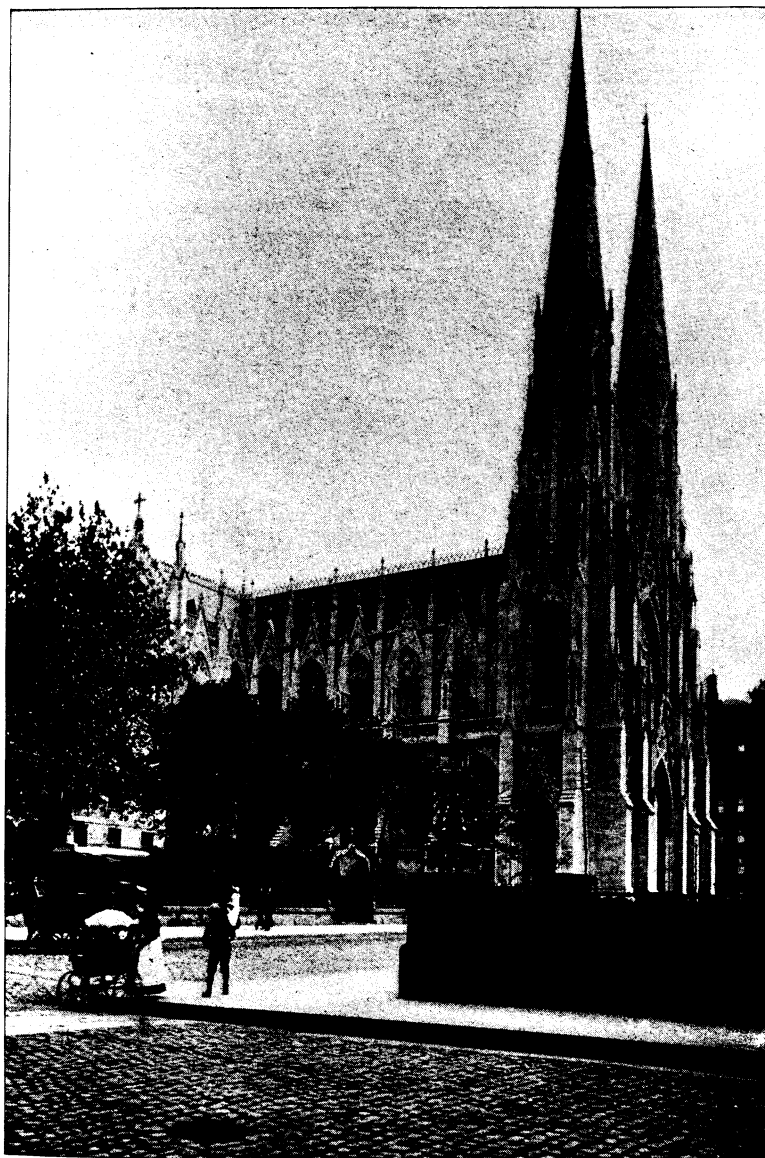
St. Mark's Episcopal Church, known as St. Mark's-in-the-Fields, is a venerable edifice at Second avenue and Tenth street. It stands on the site of a chapel built by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New York, whose bones are buried beneath the church floor. At Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street stands St. Thomas's Episcopal Church. This is one of the most fashionable churches in the city. Its building is a large and costly one, with beautiful illuminated windows, and a fine chime of bells in the tower. St. George's Church stands on Stuyvesant Square. It is a large and stately edifice and has a particularly fine parish club-house connected with it.



**John Street Church.**

**Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.**

Next in order of the Protestant denominations, in point of number and wealth, comes the Presbyterian Church. It boasts the possession of seventy churches, valued at \$9,350,000. The First Church stands on Fifth avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, and is a venerable Gothic structure. The Brick Church is one of the best known of this denomination. It originally stood near the City Hall on the spot now occupied by the "Times" newspaper building, but is now on Fifth avenue near the crown of Murray Hill. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is sometimes called the "Million Dollar" Church, its building having cost about that sum. It is the richest and most fashionable Presbyterian church in the city, and its meeting house is a note-



**St. Patrick's Cathedral.**

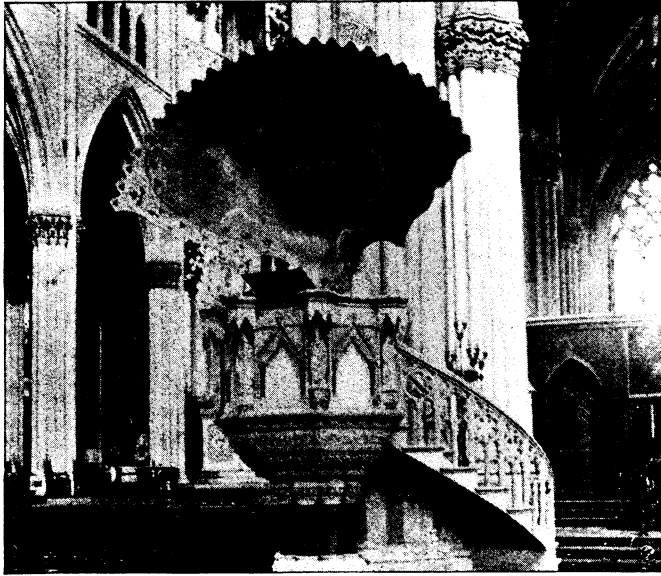
worthy sample of highly decorated Gothic architecture. The Madison Square Church, at the east side of Madison Square, is one of the best known in the city.

**The John Street Church.**

There are sixty-five Methodist churches in New York, valued at about \$3,800,000. Best known of these is the John Street Church at 44 John street, known as "The Cradle of American Methodism." The original church on this spot was the first Methodist church in America. The society was organized in 1766. The present building was erected in 1841. It contains a number of the timbers of the original church, and the old pulpit and altar rail are still to be seen in the Sunday-school room. The church also contains a large clock presented to the original congregation by John Wesley, and it still keeps excellent time. This is the only house of worship owned by the Methodist Church at large. It is open at noon every day for a service of prayer.

**Other Protestant Churches.**

The Baptist denomination has fifty houses of worship in New York, which are valued at something less than four million dollars. Among the most notable of them is Calvary Church, at Sixth avenue and Fifty-seventh



**Interior St. Patrick's Cathedral.**

thousand dollars, is the oldest Protestant organization on the American continent. It was founded here in 1628. The original organization still exists in New York in the form of the Collegiate Church, which retains the title, charter, records, and unbroken succession of the ministry and consistory from the days of the foundation. The best known of the Collegiate Churches is the Third, at Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street. It is one of the finest examples in New York of

street, the Fifth Avenue Church on West Forty-sixth street, the Madison Avenue Church at Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street, the Tabernacle at Second avenue and Tenth street, and the Judson Memorial Church, a particularly stately edifice, at the south side of Washington Square.

The Reformed Dutch Church, which has twenty-seven houses in New York, valued at three million four hundred

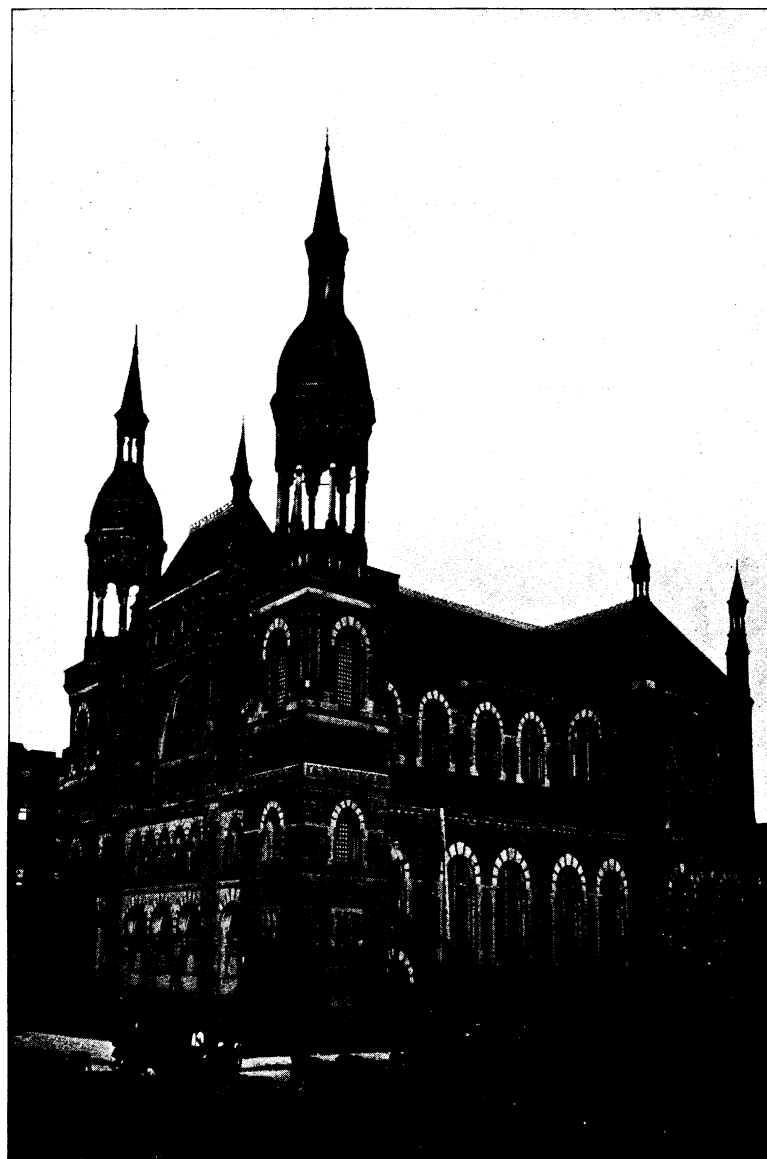


**Italian Church, Mulberry Street.**

the decorated Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century. Another Collegiate Church stands at Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street. It is a stately building of Vermont marble in Romanesque style. The old North Church, which stood in Fulton street near William street, was long ago demolished, but the society maintains a chapel at 113 Fulton street, where the famous Fulton street prayer meeting is held every day at noon. Other notable Reformed Churches are the Bloomingdale Church, at the Boulevard and West Sixty-eighth street, and the Collegiate Church of Harlem, at Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street.

The Lutheran Church is strong in New York, as might be expected in a city with so large a German population. It has twenty-one houses of worship, valued at \$1,600,000, and these are to be found chiefly on the east side and in Harlem.

Congregationalists are not numerous in New York, but they have seven churches valued at over a million dollars. Chief of these is the famous Broadway Tabernacle. It originally stood on Broadway near Duane street, and was the rallying point of the Anti-Slavery movement. The present edifice is at Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

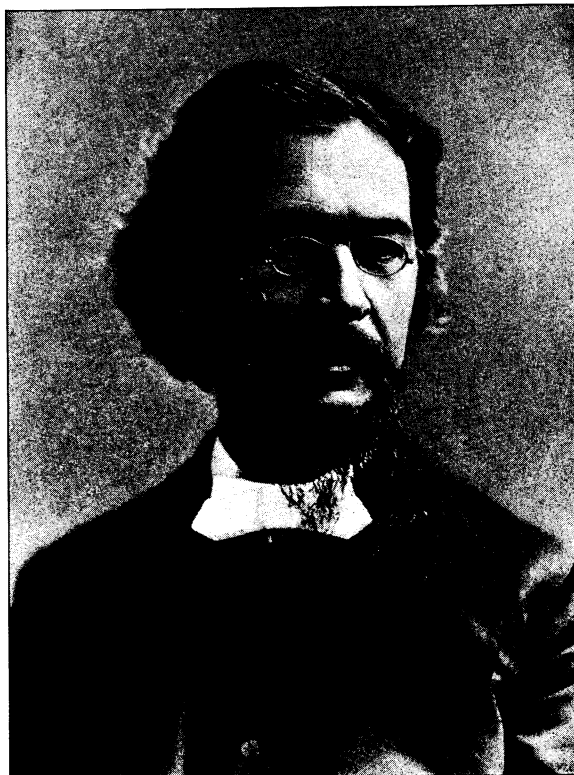


**Jewish Synagogue.**

There are only three Unitarian churches in New York, two of which are famous. The oldest is All Souls, of which Dr. Bellows was pastor. It stands at the corner of Fourth avenue and Twentieth street and is of Byzantine architecture. Its alternate layers of red and white brick have caused it to be called "The Beef-steak Church" and also "The Church of the Holy Zebra." The Church of the Messiah at Park avenue and thirty-fourth street is a handsome building and has become famous under the pastorate of Robert Collyer. The best known of the three Universalist churches is the Church of the Divine Paternity at 538 Fifth avenue, which was rendered famous by its former pastor, Dr. Chapin.

The Quakers, or Society of Friends, have two meeting houses, the chief one being on Stuyvesant Square. Various other minor denominations and independent religious societies have a total of forty-one places of meeting.

The enormous Jewish population of New York maintains forty-six synagogues and temples, many of which are of great architectural splendor. The best known of these is the Temple Emanu-El, at Fifth avenue and Forty-third street. This building cost more than a million dollars, and is the finest specimen



Dr. Parkhurst.

of Moorish architecture on the American continent. Another notable temple is the Beth-El at Fifth avenue and Seventy-sixth street.

The Roman Catholic Church has, in late years, far outstripped its Protestant rivals in the number of its communicants, and now surpasses most of them in the number and value of its churches. There are no less than eighty-four of them, valued at more than \$8,000,000. The oldest is St. Peter's, at the corner of Barclay and Church streets. It was founded in 1786, and the present stately edifice was

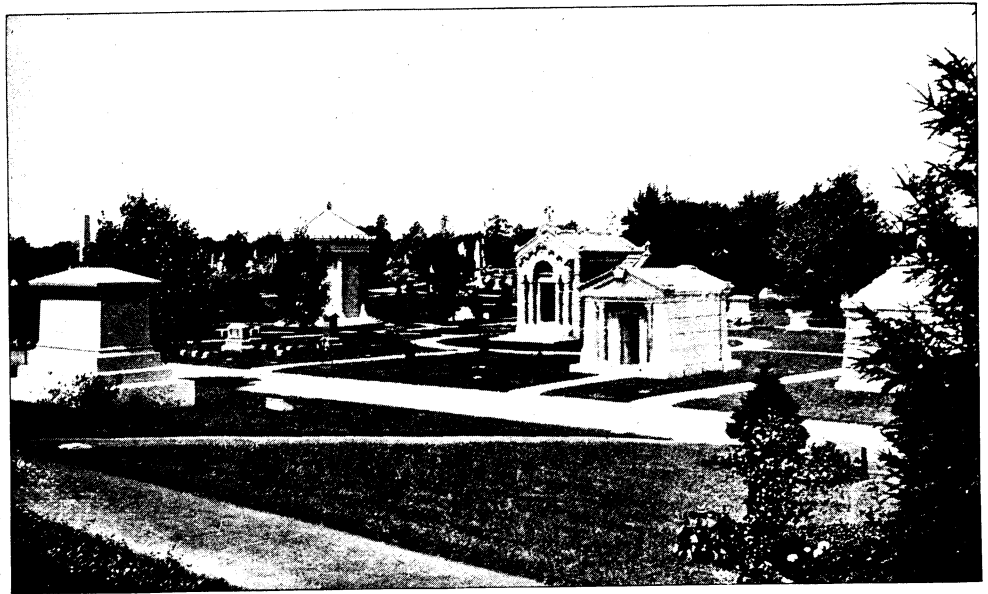
erected in 1838. The old St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, was consecrated in 1815. St. Stephen's Church, on Twenty-eighth street near Lexington avenue, is one of the largest and most fashionable in the city, and is famous for its fine music. St. Francis Xavier's is on West Sixteenth street, adjoining the college of the same name. It is a large and handsome structure.

**St. Patrick's Cathedral.**

Most notable of all the churches of this faith, however, and indeed the most splendid religious edifice on this continent, is the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, on Fifth avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets. It was designed by James Renwick. The corner-stone was laid by Archbishop Hughes, on August 15, 1858, in the presence of one hundred thousand persons. The structure was dedicated by Cardinal McCloskey on May 25, 1879. It is built of white marble, in pure Gothic style, of the same general type as the famous Cathedral of Cologne; and while there are larger edifices in Europe, there is none in the world of purer style and more harmonious proportions. The general plan is that of a Latin cross. The length is three hundred and six feet; the breadth of nave and choir is ninety-six feet; the length of the transept is one hundred and forty feet; the height from the floor to the roof of the nave is one hundred and eight feet. The principal front on Fifth avenue has a central gable one hundred and sixty feet high, and two towers and spires each three hundred and thirty feet high. Both without and within the edifice is richly decorated with mouldings and carvings. The various altars, chiefly of marble, are particularly fine. The windows have been called the finest collection of painted glass in the world. Most of them were made in France, by the best artists, and were given to the Cathedral by pious communicants. The church will seat an audience of about ten thousand persons, and on Christmas, Easter, and other great festival days, it is always crowded. It has an enormous organ and a fine choir, and a full orchestra is employed on special occasions.

Among other religious institutions of the city should be mentioned the Bible House. This is an enormous brick edifice occupying the whole block bounded by Third and Fourth avenues and Eighth and Ninth

streets, and is occupied by the offices of a great many religious societies. Chief of these is the Bible Society which owns the building. It was organized in 1816, and has since that date sold and given away about sixty million copies of the Bible, printed in more than eighty different languages. It has a large library and museum, containing a notably fine collection of early printed books. The Young Men's Christian Association has a fine building, which cost \$500,000, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street.



**General View of Woodlawn Cemetery.**



**Woodlawn Cemetery from Depot.**

There are but few New York churches that have their own burying grounds. Trinity Church, as already stated, has a cemetery in the upper part of Manhattan Island. The others, as a rule, inter their dead in some of the great cemeteries in the suburbs. Chief among these are Woodlawn, at the extreme northern end of New York city, and Greenwood, Cypress Hills, and the Evergreens, in Brooklyn. These cemeteries contain many notable monuments and mausoleums.

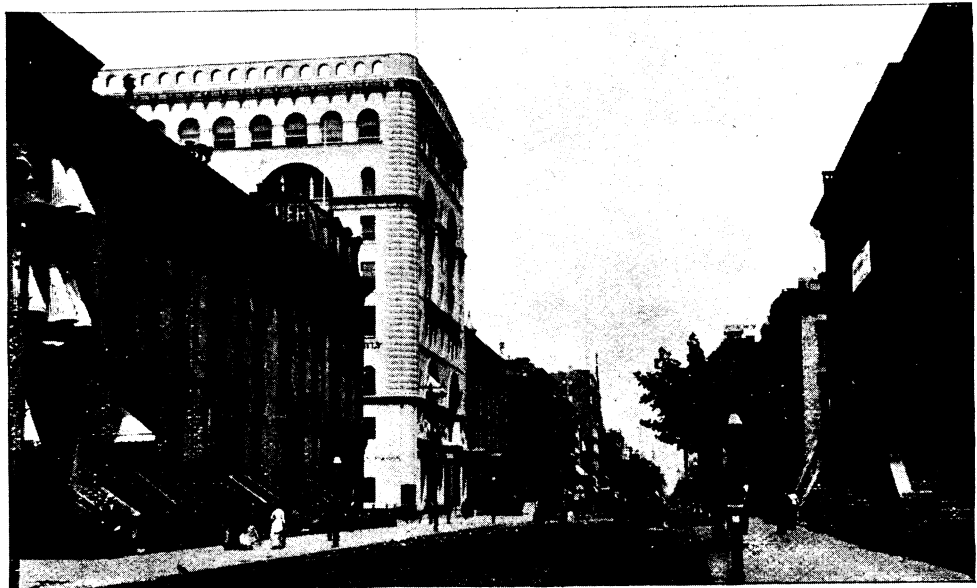


## CHAPTER XVI.

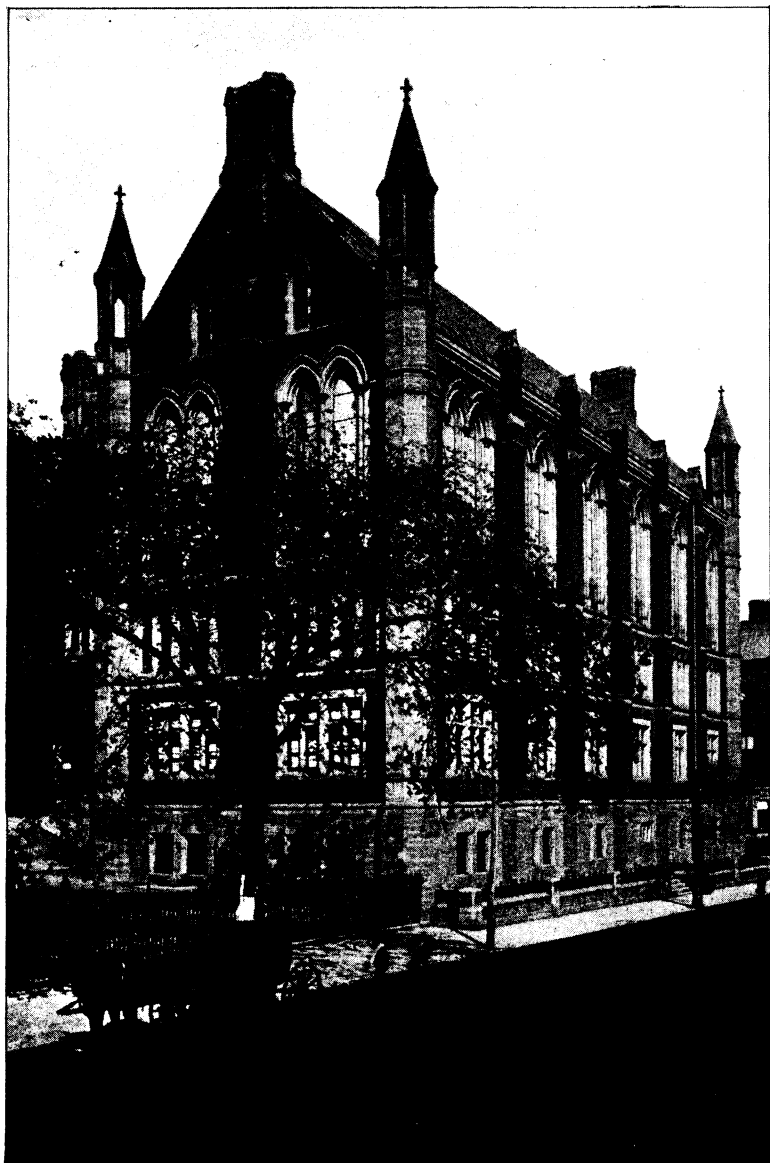
### INTELLECTUAL LIFE.



NEW YORK IS NOT COMMONLY THOUGHT of as a great educational centre, although its institutions of learning are really numerous and important, and its Common School system compares favorably with that of almost any other city. Of its higher institutions of learning, Columbia College is the oldest and one of the best known. It was founded as King's College, in 1754, under a charter from the English Crown, and by aid of money contributed chiefly in England. It was, from the outset, under the direction of the Episcopal Church, and especially of Trinity Church Corporation. The latter gave it a considerable grant of land in the lower part of the city bordering on what is now called College Place. There the college was located for many years. After the Revolution the State of New York gave it more land, and it was re-named Columbia College,—a name chosen by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay.



Fifth Avenue.

**Columbia College.****Columbia College.**

About the year 1857 the college outgrew its old home on College Place and removed to a new site between Madison and Fourth avenues, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets. Here a handsome and picturesque group of buildings was erected to accommodate the recitation and lecture rooms of the college; but there was no place for dormitories and the dormitory system was, therefore, not adopted. There are five general departments in the college. The oldest is the College of Arts which consists of the ordinary classical course. The School of Mines is the scientific department, in which chemistry, mining, civil engineering, and similar branches are taught. The Law School is sufficiently described by its name, and so is the School of Medicine, better known as the College of Physicians and Surgeons. This last named department has buildings of its own on Sixtieth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues. Here are some superb new buildings for instruction and dispensary and hospital work, given to the college in late years by members of the Vanderbilt family, at a cost of about a million dollars. The fifth and youngest department of Columbia College is the School of Political Science. Connected with Columbia College



**Normal College.**

and under the same general government, is Barnard College for young women.

Columbia has now outgrown this home, and at the very time when these pages are being written is preparing to move to a new and much larger site, in the upper part of the city on the summit of the hill, between Morningside and Riverside parks. Here on a spacious campus an imposing group of buildings, including chapel, library, theatre, recitation and lecture halls and dormitories will be erected. On ground immediately adjoining, the great Protestant Cathedral is being erected, and when all are completed,

they will form one of the most magnificent and noteworthy architectural groups in the city.

#### **University of the City of New York.**

The University of the City of New York is much younger than Columbia, is by no means so rich, and is smaller in numbers. Yet in rank and reputation it is among the foremost American colleges. It was, indeed, the first institution on this continent to adopt the true university idea—that is, an institution not dominated by any sectarian creed, and in which instruction might be obtained in any and all departments of liberal education, carried on through a post-graduate course. Its first home was in a singularly handsome freestone building on the east side of Washington Square. But it outgrew those quarters and, in the spring of 1894, removed to more spacious grounds on the east bank of the Harlem river, near Fordham Heights. At this place a fine

group of buildings is being completed for the use of three of the six departments of the university. These are the School of Arts, or regular classical course, the School of Science, and the Post-Graduate department. In an imposing new building, on the old site of Washington Square, are housed the School of Law and the School of Pedagogy. The sixth department, the School of Medicine, occupies a spacious block of buildings at Twenty-sixth street and the East river, adjoining Bellevue Hospital. One of the most notable of these buildings is the Loomis Laboratory, a splendidly built and equipped structure erected at a cost of more than a hundred thousand dollars, by some friend of the university who stipulated that his name should forever be kept a secret.

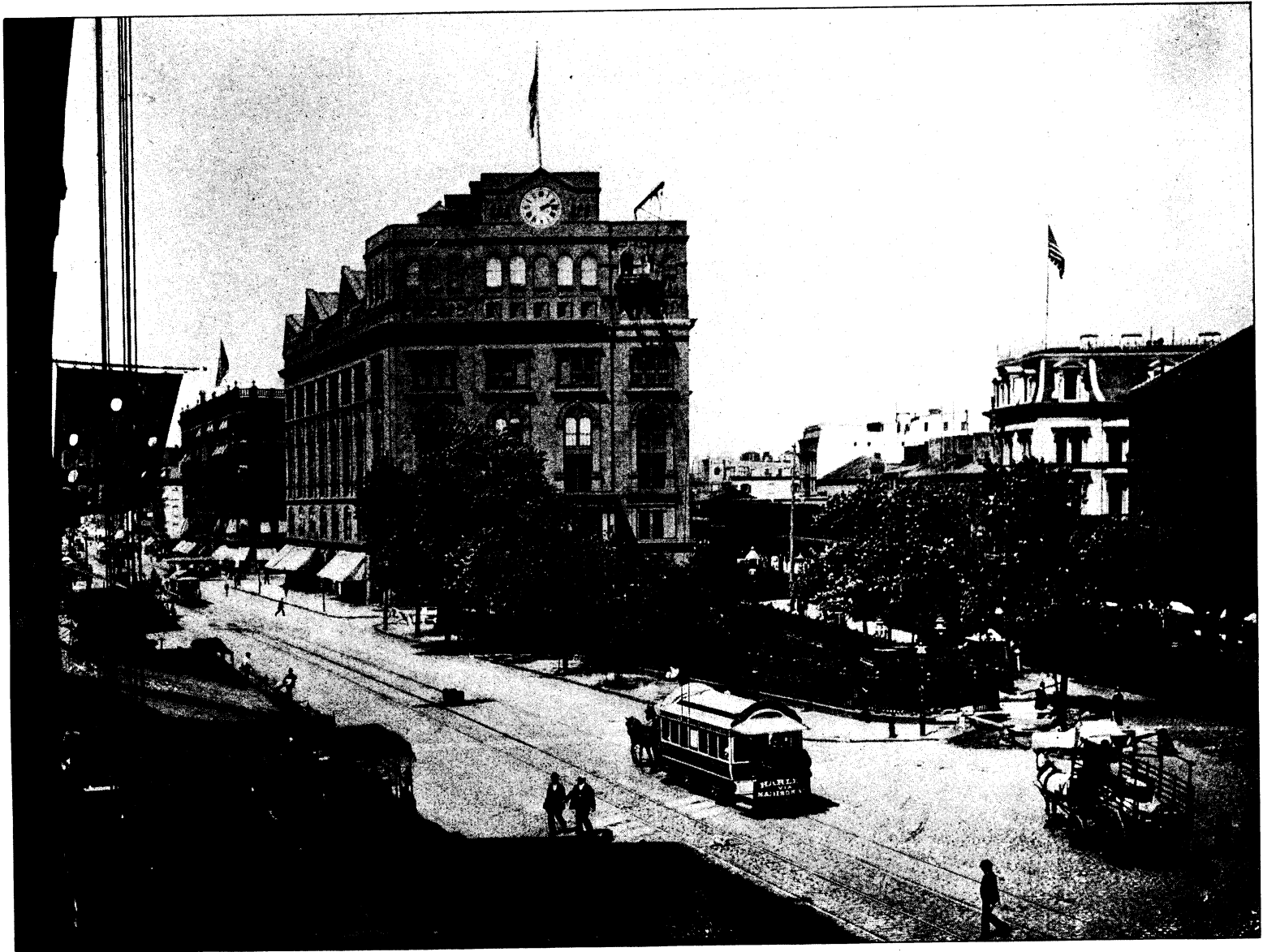
#### **Other Noted Colleges.**

St. John's College, occupying beautiful grounds and picturesque buildings at Fordham, the College of St. Francis Xavier, whose building in West Sixteenth street is one of the architectural gems of the city, and Manhattan College, in Manhattanville, are institutions of high rank and honorable record, belonging to the Roman Catholic Church.

Two other institutions of collegiate rank require at least brief mention. The College of the City of New York, housed in an old building at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue, is attended by eight or nine hundred young men pursuing the ordinary classical and scientific courses. The Normal College, on Sixty-ninth street near Fourth avenue, is a stately pile of ecclesiastical architecture, daily frequented by hundreds of young women, pursuing advanced courses of study, and largely preparing for the work of teaching in public schools. Instruction in both of these institutions is free, and they form the culminating portion of the public school system of the city, being open



**St. Francis Xavier College.**



Cooper Institute.

only to graduates of the Grammar schools. The two best-known theological seminaries in New York are the Union Seminary, on Fourth avenue at Seventieth street, an institution nominally under the charge of the Presbyterian church, but receiving students from any evangelical denomination, and the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church which is beautifully situated on Chelsea Square, at Twentieth street and Ninth avenue.

#### **The Cooper Union.**

The Cooper Union, or Cooper Institute, founded by Peter Cooper in 1857 at a cost of a million dollars, occupies a huge brown-stone building at the junction of the Bowery and Third and Fourth avenues. In it are free day and evening schools of various kinds, including schools of art, of stenography, typewriting and telegraphy, a fine free reading-room and library, and an enormous public hall, in which free lectures are given and innumerable political and religious meetings are held.

There are also numerous other schools and colleges of high rank, including schools of law, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, veterinary surgery, shipbuilding and various mechanical trades. Private Grammar schools and Seminaries abound in great numbers.

#### **The Public Schools.**

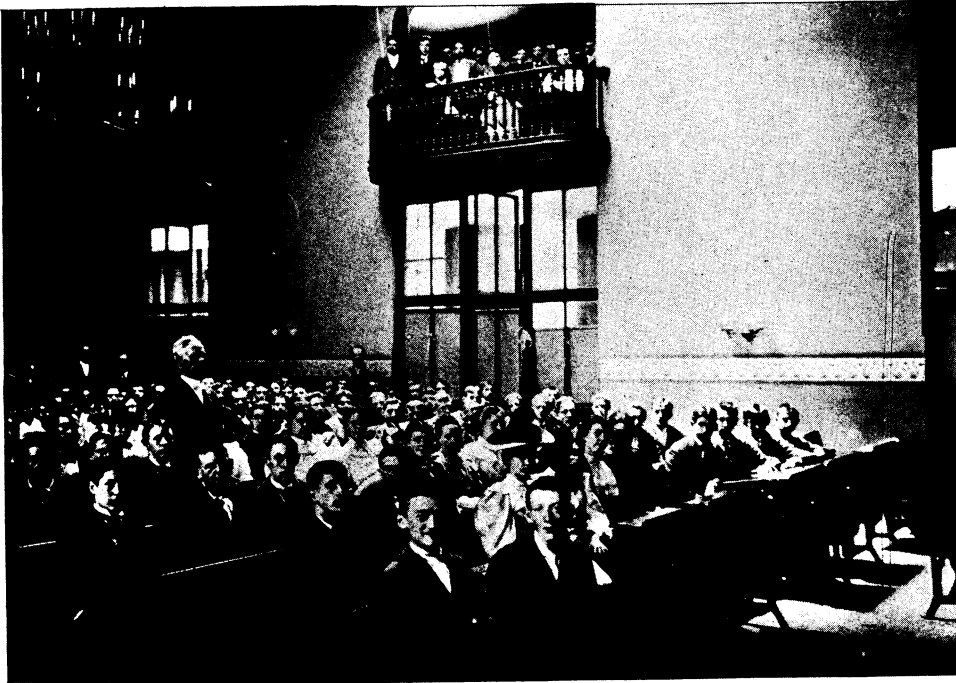
The free public school system of the city comprises primary, intermediate and grammar schools, kindergartens, industrial schools, and a school for seamen on the training-ship St. Mary. The total number of these institutions is more than three hundred, and all are under the general direction of the Board of Education, consisting of twenty-one members, with general offices at No. 146 Grand street. The magnitude of this system may be appreciated from the fact that about three hundred and fifty thousand children are taught in the schools, by something more than four thousand one hundred instructors, at a cost of more than four and a half million dollars a year. Children between the ages of eight and fourteen years are required by law to attend school, and a considerable staff of officers are kept busy looking after truants.

The school buildings are, of course, scattered through all parts of the city. Many of the older ones, especially downtown, are ill-arranged, dark and non-sanitary, and are unfitted for the purpose to which they are devoted. Many of the new buildings are, however, models of construction and arrangement. As a whole, school-room accommodation is considerably less than the needs of the city require, and the construction of new buildings is constantly being urged. A noteworthy feature of the school system is found in the free courses of

lectures during the winter, on various evenings of the week, in the school buildings. These lectures are usually on topics of practical interest, and are always attended by crowded audiences.

#### **Schools for Special Instruction.**

New York is well supplied with schools for special instruction, in professions, businesses and trades. There are colleges of Dentistry, at Twenty-third street and Second avenue; of Economics, on Union Square; of Pharmacy, on East Twenty-third street; several important conservatories of music; colleges for the training of teachers, and



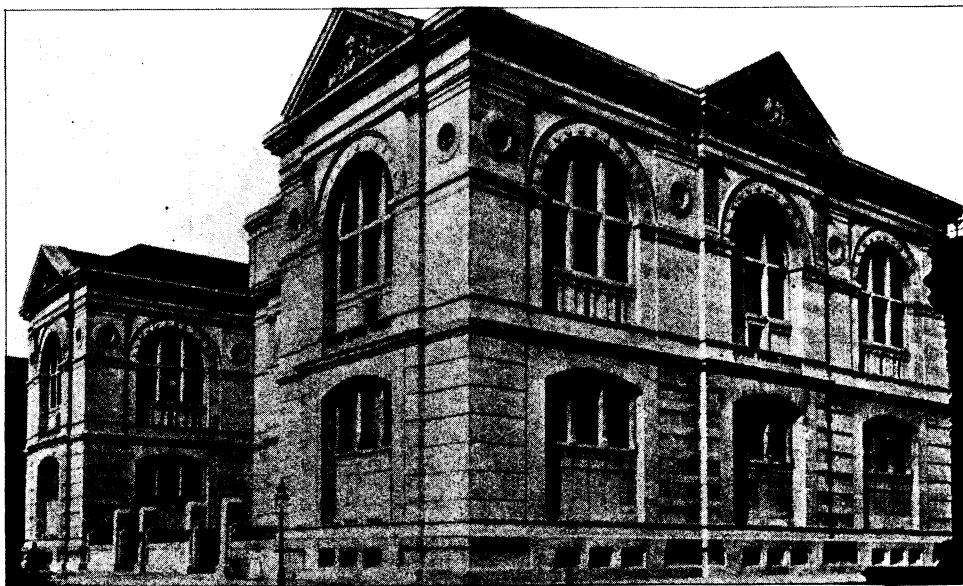
**Interior of a Business College.**

for the training of nurses; and many others. There are several admirable business colleges, where penmanship, bookkeeping and commercial law are taught. Conspicuous among these is the one located at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, which is constantly attended by hundreds of young men and young women, who there get a thorough business education. A unique establishment is Webb's Shipbuilding

Academy, on the east bank of the Harlem river, near University Heights. In this stately edifice is a complete school of shipbuilding in all its branches, together with a home for aged sea captains. It was founded by William H. Webb, a famous shipbuilder, who devoted to it a large share of his fortune. On West Fifty-fourth street is a large school for workingmen, and at First avenue and Sixty-seventh street are the trade schools, founded by Colonel R. T. Auchmuty, in which carpentering, bricklaying, painting, plumbing, blacksmithing, and similar trades are taught.

#### **Public and Semi-Public Libraries.**

The public and semi-public libraries of New York are also an important part of its educational system. Best known of these is the great Astor Library, on Lafayette Place. It is a gift to the city from the Astor family, and was founded by John Jacob Astor, who, dying in 1848, left \$400,000 for the purpose. In the next generation his son William B. Astor, gave about \$575,000 more; and in the next generation, John Jacob Astor gave, during his lifetime, over \$300,000, and left by his will \$400,000 more. The last-named benefactor died in 1890, and his son, William Waldorf Astor, thereupon gave his fine collection of paintings to the library; there are twenty-two pictures, valued at over \$75,000. This library is housed in a plain but stately Romanesque edifice of brick and brown-stone. The entrance hall is of imposing proportions, and is adorned with twenty-four marble busts. A great staircase of gleaming white marble leads up to the

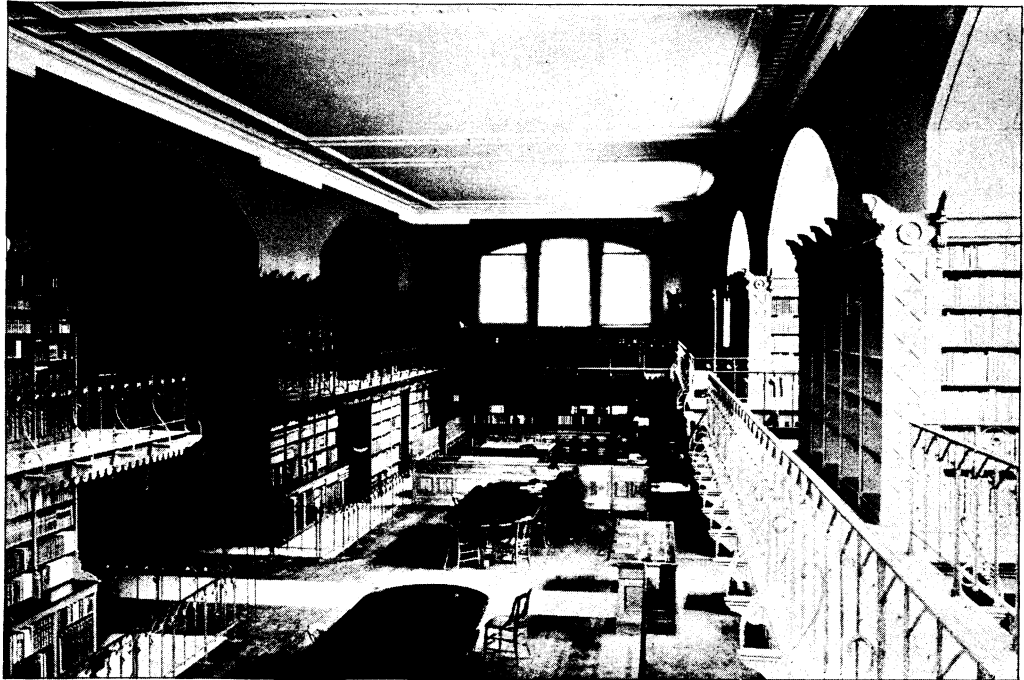


**Lenox Library.**



principal floor, which is divided into three large halls, lighted by skylights and windows at front and rear. Each hall is surrounded by alcoves on two floors. The library contains about two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and the number is increasing constantly. It is open, free to all comers, from 9 A. M. to 4 or 5 P. M. No books are lent out, to be taken from the buildings; but one may enjoy the privilege of occupying a table in an alcove, surrounded by any number of books he may desire, and working, studying and writing there all day, and every day in the year—except Sundays, when the library is closed. From sixty thousand to seventy thousand persons use the library each year.

Another great free library and reading-room is found in the Cooper Institute, endowed by Peter Cooper with a special fund of \$300,000. It occupies the entire third floor of the great building. The number of books is comparatively small, there being only about twenty-five thousand volumes; but they are nearly all works of value for reference or instruction. A notable feature is a complete



Reading-Room, Lenox Library.

set of all the Patent Office reports of the United States, from the beginning, and these are consulted by more than two thousand persons each year. The most popular and most striking department, however, is the great reading-room, where all the principal newspapers and magazines of the world are kept on file. Here one may see, all day long, hundreds of busy readers, men, women and children, ranging from grave scholars and wealthy



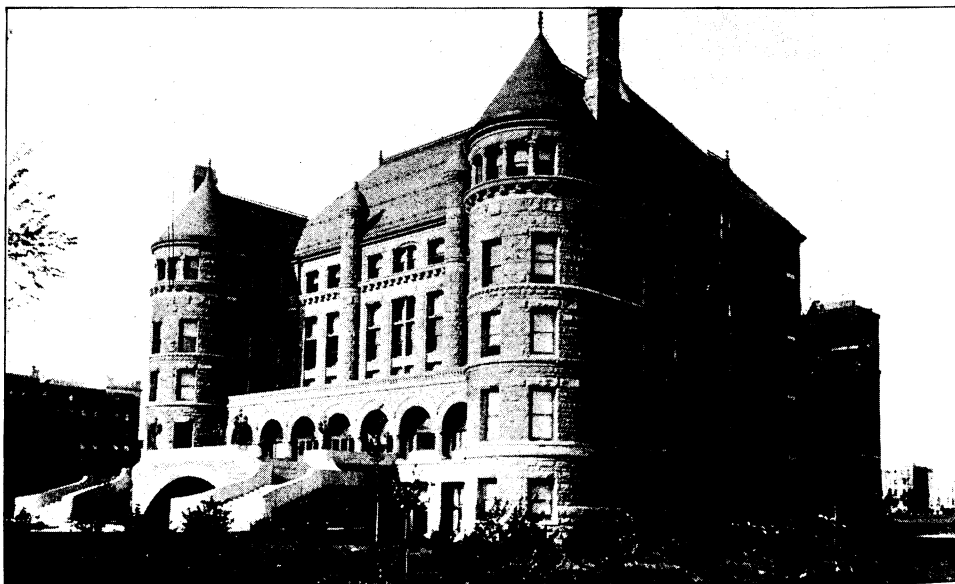
**Art Gallery, Lenox Library.**

has a frontage of one hundred and ninety-two feet on the avenue, and of one hundred and fourteen feet on each of the side streets. Within it is really more of a museum than a library. Much of it is given up to Mr. Lenox's magnificent collections of paintings and statuary. There are paintings by Andrea del Sarto, Delaroche, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Vernet, Wilkie, Stuart, and Munkacsy. The library proper is especially rich in ancient manuscripts, early printed books and first

merchants to swarthy mechanics in their working clothes.

#### **The Lenox Library.**

The Lenox Library, a splendid limestone edifice on Fifth avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first streets, was given to the city by the late James Lenox, at a cost to him of more than a million dollars, besides an endowment of a quarter of a million more. The building was begun in 1870, and was finished in 1877. It is three stories high and

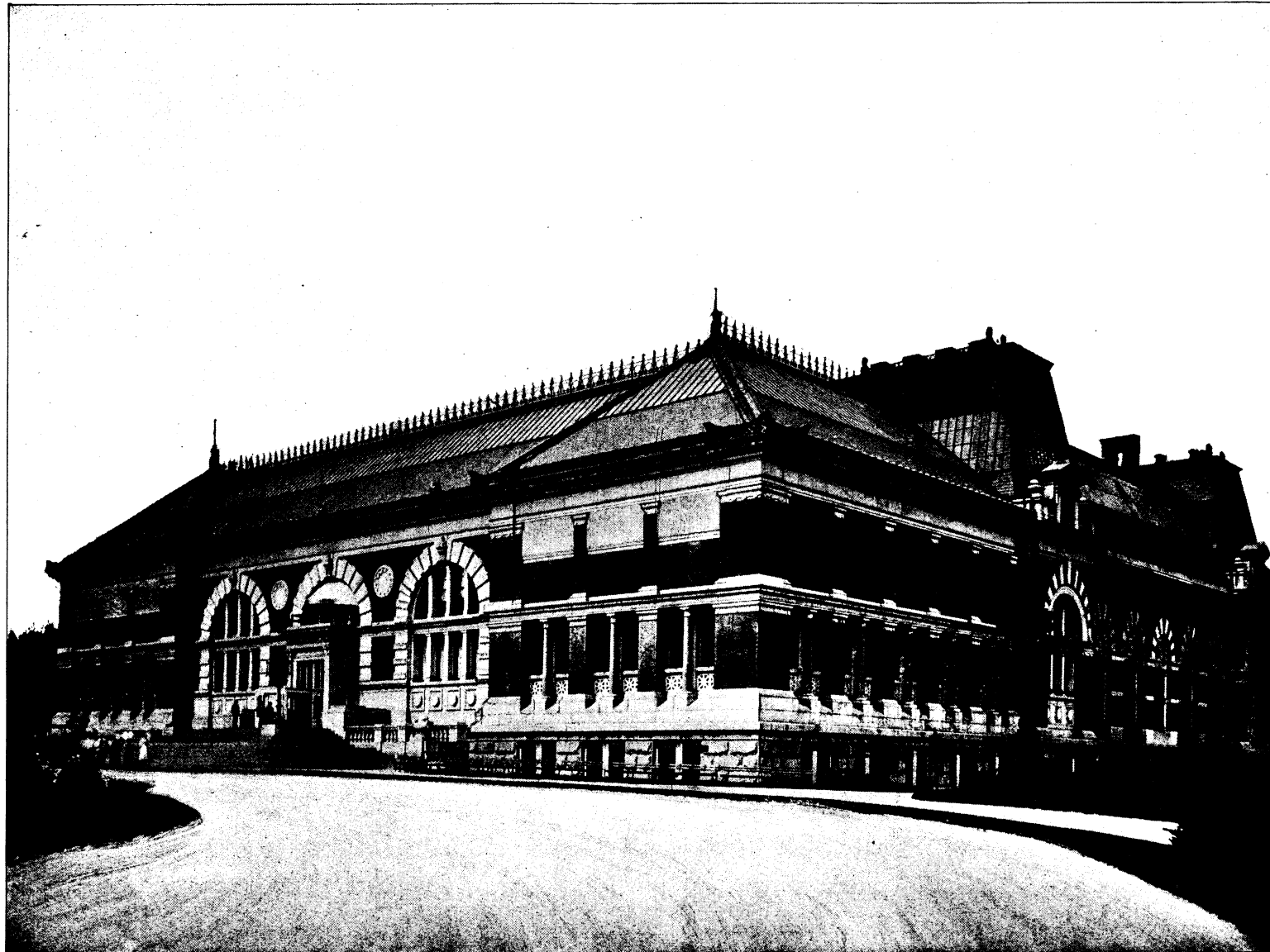


**Museum of Natural History.**

editions. There are, for example, copies of every edition ever published of Walton's "Compleat Angler," of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" a copy of the famous Mazarin Bible, printed by Faust and Gutenberg at Mainz, about 1450, the first complete printed book known to exist; a huge folio Latin Bible printed at Nuremberg in 1477, with numerous marginal notes and interlineations, written by Melancthon; and a complete set of every edition of Eliot's Indian Bible. There are seven volumes of Caxton's printing, including one copy of the first book ever printed in the English language; and one copy of the "Bay Psalm Book," Cambridge, 1640, the first book printed in this country. Apart from a vast store of such treasures, the library contains a considerable collection of general modern literature. It is open, free to all, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., every day except Sundays and Mondays.

#### **The Mercantile Library.**

One of the most useful libraries in New York, though it is not free to the public, is the Mercantile, which occupies fine quarters in its great building, known as Clinton Hall, on Astor Place near Broadway. It is an incorporated society, with about five thousand members, to whom its privileges are confined. The library contains about two hundred and forty thousand volumes, which members may take to their homes or offices for use. It has also an excellent reading-room. The great success and usefulness of the Mercantile Library finally prompted an attempt at the establishment of free circulating libraries, which should be open to the public generally, without charge. This enterprise was actually begun in 1880, in a couple of hired rooms in Bond street. Two years later its success warranted the erection of a building for its occupancy at No. 49 Bond street. In 1884, Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer opened a branch of this library at 135 Second avenue. In 1887, Miss Catherine Wolfe Bruce opened a second branch on Forty-second street near Broadway, in memory of her father, George Bruce, the famous typefounder. A third branch was opened in 1888, at Thirteenth street and Eighth avenue, by Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt. Other branches have since been opened in various parts of the city. To the support of these valuable institutions, the city contributes \$15,000 a year, and the remainder of the expenses, amounting



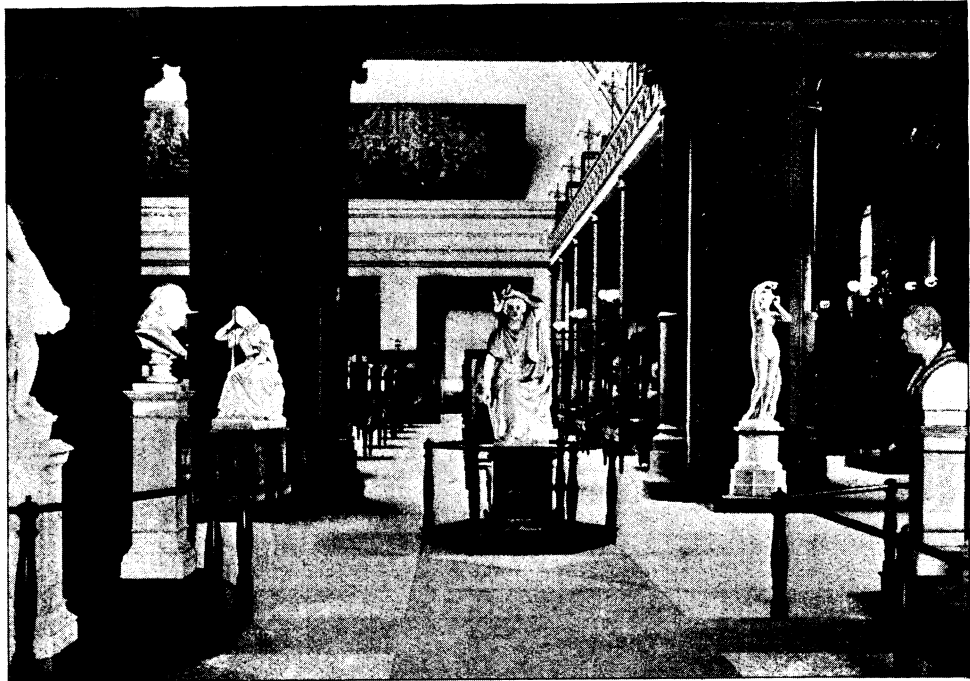
**Metropolitan Museum.**

to nearly as much more, is covered by private benefactions. The total circulation of books from these libraries is more than half a million copies a year.

There are numerous other libraries, public or semi-public, in the city. Chief among them are the Aguilar Free Library, on East Broadway and Lexington avenue; the American Institute Library, on Astor Place; the Apprentices' Library, on East Sixteenth street; the Broome street Free Library, on Broome street; the Library of Columbia College; the Harlem Library, on Third avenue; the very important Library and Art Gallery of the New York Historical Society, at Second avenue and Eleventh street; the Law Institute Library, in the Post Office Building; the Mott Memorial Library, on Madison avenue; the New York Society Library, on University Place, the oldest public library in America; and the libraries of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. The American Seamen's Friend Society, founded in 1858, on Wall Street, a circulating library for seamen. The books are loaned to sailing vessels for the use of the crews. Forty volumes are allotted to each vessel for each voyage. In this way more than half a million volumes have been issued, to be read by nearly as many seamen.

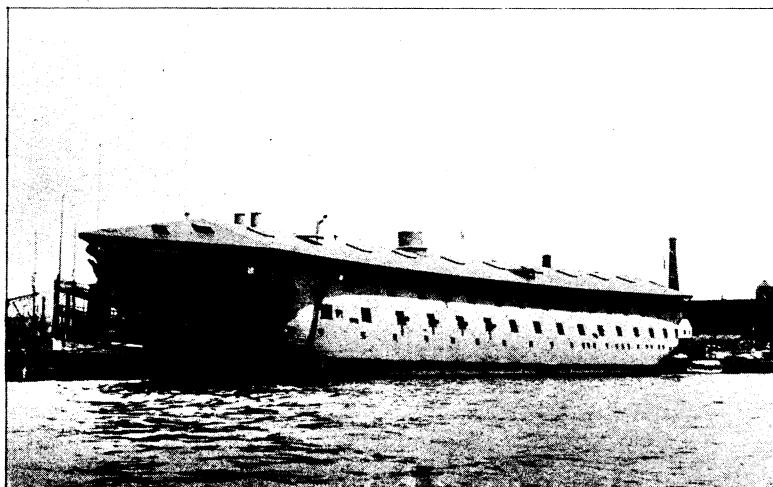
#### **Metropolitan Museum of Art.**

The two great museums of New York are the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History, both of which date from the year 1869. The



**Interior of the Art Museum.**

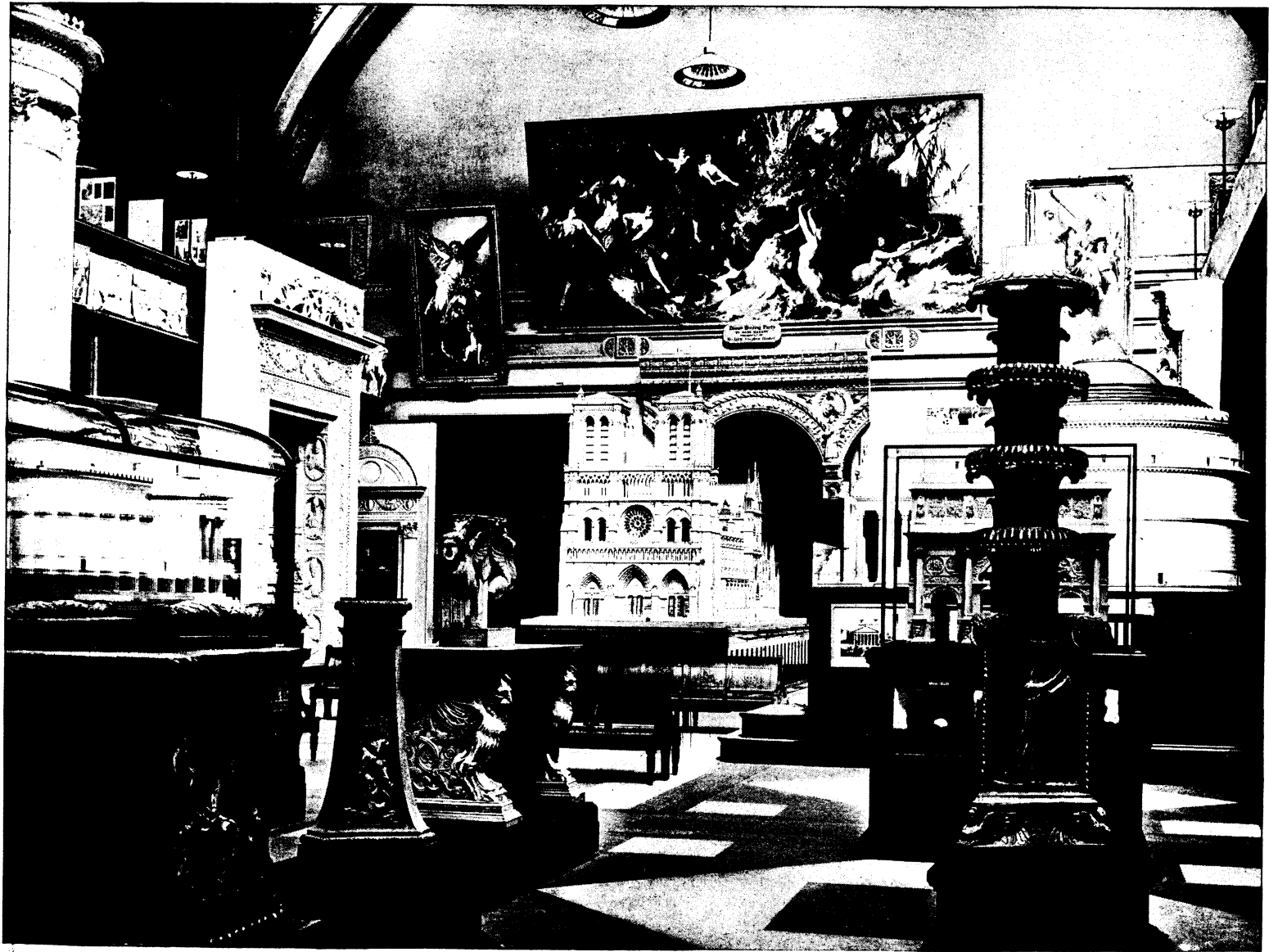
Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded by a committee of fifty gentlemen, including a number of artists and wealthy patrons of art. They received a charter from the Legislature empowering them to establish a museum and library of art to encourage and develop the study of the fine arts, to apply art to manufactures and to practical life, to advance the general knowledge of kindred subjects, and to that end, to furnish popular instruction and recreation. This corporation opened its first art gallery in a large double house on Fifth avenue between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets. Then it acquired the archæological collection of more than thirty thousand objects gathered by Gen. L. P. Di Cesnola, while he was United States Consul in Cyprus. This collection was



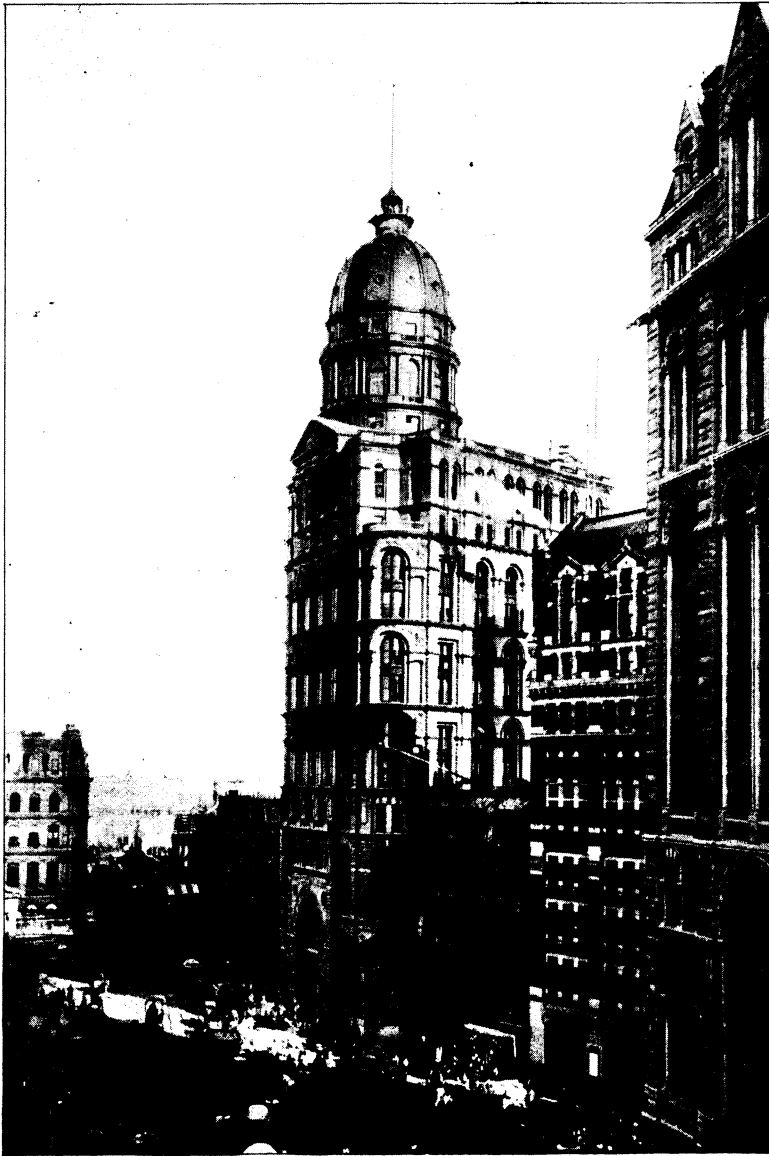
**Schoolship Minnesota.**

exhibited in a large mansion on Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. Finally the Legislature authorized the Park Department to erect in Central Park, at a cost of not more than \$500,000, a fire-proof building for the use of the museum. The site selected is in Central Park, near Fifth avenue and opposite Eighty-third street. A portion of the building was completed and formally opened by the President of the United States on March 30, 1880. It has since been greatly enlarged, and still further additions to it are contemplated in the future.

The building is two stories high with a spacious basement, and is constructed of brick and granite. The principal entrance is at the south. Passing through the door and through a turnstile, the visitor finds himself in a large hall full of casts of ancient sculpture and Egyptian antiquities. Adjoining is a hall devoted to glass, laces, and ancient pottery. Probably no other museum in the world has so fine a collection of glass of all ages. Here are the lace collections of Mrs. R. L. Stuart and Mrs. John Jacob Astor. Nearby is a great collection of musical instruments of all ages and all lands. Then come busts and marble and bronze statuary, and a choice array of



General Interior Metropolitan Museum.



**Newspaper Educators.**

wrought-iron work. In the great central hall of the main floor are numerous architectural casts, exquisite models of many of the finest buildings in the world. On the west wall of this room hangs Hans Makart's colossal painting of "Diana's Hunting Party." In the basement are fine collections of ancient ivory, sculptures and bronzes.

The second floor of the museum is devoted chiefly to paintings. Here are to be found "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur; "Friedland, 1807," by Meissonier, and many other famous paintings. One room is devoted to the magnificent collection of pictures, valued at more than five hundred thousand dollars, bequeathed to the museum by Miss Catherine L. Wolfe. Another room is devoted to the Huntingdon collection of memorials of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette, including busts, engravings, medals, drawings, pottery and numerous other objects. Other galleries are filled with modern paintings, water colors, and works of the old masters. Among the latter are paintings by Turner, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Hogarth, Reynolds and Leonardo Da Vinci. There is a fine collection of Egyptian mummy wrappings, another of Indian antiquities from South America and Mexico, Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities and a vast store of other





**Men-of-War.**

treasures, ancient and modern. It is open to the public free on all days except Mondays and Tuesdays, when a fee of twenty-five cents is charged. It is also open on Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Connected with it are art schools for technical instruction in designing, modeling, carving, free hand and mechanical drawing.

**The Museum of Natural History.**

The museum of Natural History was incorporated in 1869 by the Legislature, on a basis similar to that of the Museum of Art. Its first home was in the old Arsenal Building in Central Park, but it is now housed in a splendid structure in Manhattan Square, between Eighth and Ninth avenues and Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets. The first portion of this building completed was opened in December, 1877, by the President of the United States, and since that time its size has been more than doubled, while further additions are now planned. This museum contains several very fine collections of birds, animals of various kinds, reptiles, fishes and insects. It also contains the Jesup collection of woods, including a specimen of every kind of timber that grows in the United States. The famous Edwards collection of three hundred and fifty thousand specimens of insects was purchased and placed in the Museum in 1892. The Bailey collection of nests and eggs of birds, the Tiffany collection of gems, and the Jesup collection of more than fifteen hundred specimens of American building stones, are also to be seen here. The Museum comprises a fine library of about twenty-five thousand volumes and contains a lecture hall with one thousand seats, in which numerous scientific lectures are given. The Museum is open to the general public every day and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

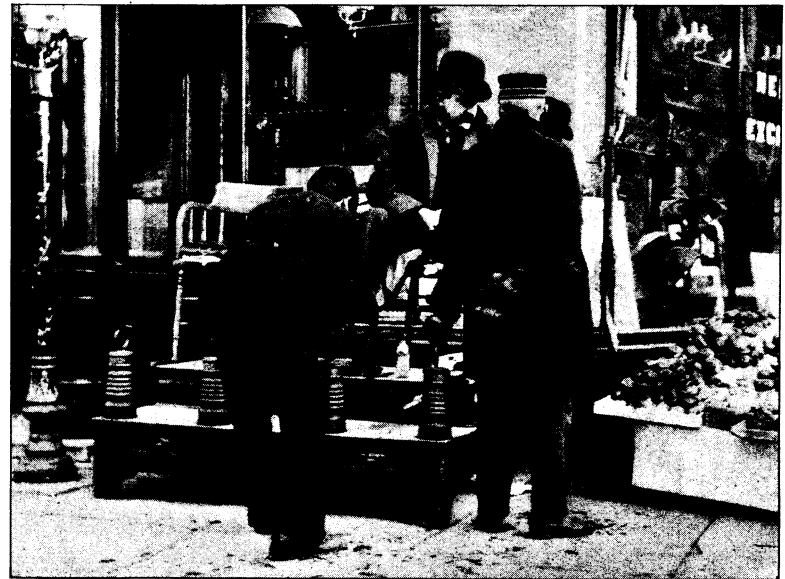
The National Academy of Design is housed in a handsome building at the corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, built of marble and blue-stone in the style of a Venetian palace. This is the home of the principal artists' organization of New York, the National Academy, and an exhibition of paintings is held here every spring. The art world also comprises the Society of American Artists, the Water Color Society, the Art Students' League, the Art Guild, the Architectural League, the Associated Artists, and other bodies of more or less importance. Numerous artists' studios are to be found in various parts of the city.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BUSINESS OF THE STREETS.



THE INTERMINABLE rows of stately office-buildings, and stores and shops of various kinds, vast as are the industries they house, by no means contain all the money-making enterprises of the city. A whole army of men, women and children earn their living, and some of them accumulate snug fortunes, at occupations carried on almost entirely, or perhaps entirely, on the streets, their offices literally “under their hats,” their stocks in trade carried in their hands, or trundled about in push-carts, or piled on a little stand, placed through sufferance at a street corner, on the curb-stone, or against the wall of a building. Many of them have a fixed place of business, where you may find them any day the whole year round. Others are constantly “on the move,” tramping along the streets, now on Broadway, now on the Bowery. Their labors and the commodities they sell are innumerable—blackening your boots, or adorning your coat with a flower, selling you a newspaper, an article of clothing, or a bit of furniture, a bird, a dog, or a theatre ticket.



**Bootblacks.**

**The Street Merchant.**

There is, says an "Evening Post" writer, no other city in the United States in which the street-merchant, or—to call him by the name which is commonly, in all irreverence, applied to him—the "fakir," so abounds as in New York. A small tray, or a basket of modest dimensions, or at most a push-cart, is his shop and often his warehouse, but, for all that, his market is the wide city, or such part of it as he may, in the exercise of untrammelled discretion, select as a field for his operations. The most enterprising and interesting fakir selects the most crowded down-town thoroughfares, and he is quite apt to station himself in the financial centre of the country—Wall Street, or at Wall Street and Broadway. Along the entire front of old Trinity and Trinity church-yard he, with his brethren—whom he regards as enemies, because they are competitors—ranges himself, and through fair weather or foul, addresses himself to business with an audacity and persistency unsurpassed by the most indomitable operator in the "Street." The wide sidewalk here affords room for him even when the throng is thickest, and the silent occupants of the narrow houses behind him, unlike the vociferous occupants of the business places of the living generation elsewhere along Broadway and Wall Street, make no protest against his presence

**Bootblack Business.**

and his trade activities. But of course he does not confine himself to this "Exchange," advantageous as it is. When he finds it pre-empted by a too numerous concourse of fellow-fakirs, he strolls down Wall Street, perchance turns into New, or, farther down, into Broad, or he may wend his way up Broadway to Fulton street, where he is likely to find competition as warm as it was under Trinity steeple. The same condition he will encounter if he passes Fulton street and endeavors to "open for business" in front of St. Paul's, or even on the opposite side of Broadway, or on Park Row. But "open" somewhere and with slight delay he is sure to do, trusting to the attractiveness of his wares or to the persuasiveness of his tongue.

The cheapness of his goods is his main reliance for sales, and extraordinary the cheapness often is. One wonders that anything having so good an outward semblance could be profitably sold for a price so paltry. Not seldom the articles are indubitably good, and one may happen to



**Banana Peddler.**

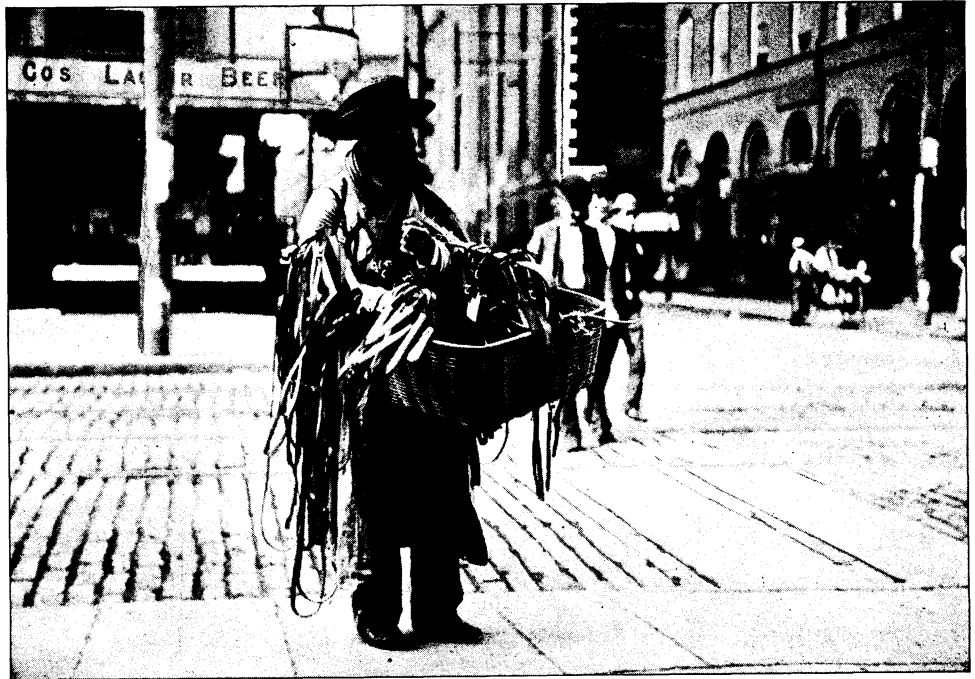
know that the very same things are sold in stores for double the amount asked by the fakir. So it puzzles many people to know how the street-merchants get the goods which they are able to sell at such "cut prices."

**The "Boss" Fakir.**

Of late years there has grown up a class of men created by the wants of the fakirs and existing to supply those wants, and, it may be added, becoming rich in many instances by doing so. These men are middlemen between the fakirs on the one hand and manufacturers, importers and jobbers on the other. Their

especial function is to look out for "bargains" and snap them up when they appear. They frequent auction sales, and especially sheriff's sales, and are often able to take out of the wrecks of the business of some manufacturer or importer, large lines of the goods that fakirs deal in, at prices far below cost. Then, again, it often happens that manufacturers get up "novelties" which do not strike the fancy of their customers and which remain upon their hands. They are glad to "unload" these at almost any price, and the "watchful boss fakir" (as he sometimes humorously styles himself) is on hand to receive a

maximum quantity for a minimum of cash. Moreover, it is of frequent occurrence that a large wholesale dealer will find that he has overstocked his establishment with goods for which there is a fair demand, but which occupy space to the exclusion of other goods for which there is a brisker demand. To make room, therefore, for the better selling articles, he will often sell his surplus stock at a great sacrifice, and he knows just where to find an immediate purchaser—the fakirs' middleman. In addition, manufacturers and large jobbers will often use the "boss fakir" to get certain novelties before the public. They will sell at a small profit, or at cost, or even below cost, a certain quantity for exhibition and sale on the street. The "boss" fakir's business has, indeed, become so large that he is a factor in trade whom manufacturers and importers no longer despise. They compete for his custom, and sell him goods at a larger discount than they allow any one else.



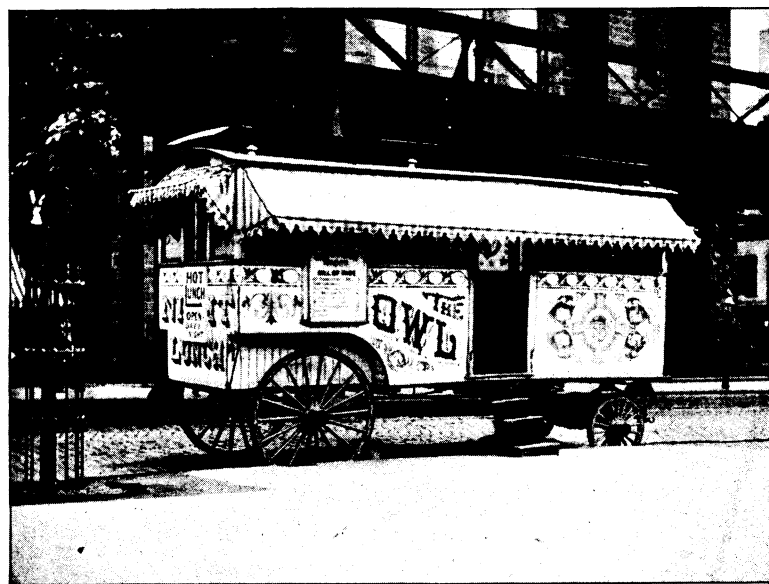
**Suspender Man.**

The "boss" fakirs number scarcely above half a dozen, and a majority of them have their places of business on Ann Street. Most of the middlemen sell to the fakirs only for cash. There is one, however, whose special business is giving them goods to sell on commission. This "boss" fakir is Nat Sanders, who for five years himself peddled goods on the street, and so successfully that ten years ago he was able to set up as a "jobber." He has a basement room in Ann Street, and another place on Leonard Street. He is a man of good address and has made a snug fortune. Perhaps because he was a fakir himself, he is very indulgent to the fakirs with whom he now deals. He calls them "my boys," and himself stands all the loss resulting from what they break during the day, and that is considerable, especially in the way of crockery-ware. "Nat" has one hundred of these "boys," very few of whom are really boys, and some of whom are gray-haired. Every morning at 8 o'clock, fifty of them crowd into the Ann Street basement, and fifty more gather at No. 159 Leonard Street. Each gets a basket of wares, after a complete inventory of its contents has been made. At eight o'clock in the evening they return. Then the stock in each basket is carefully compared with the morning's inventory, and the day's sales of each fakir are thus ascertained. The fakir turns in his cash, which must tally with the value of the goods sold, and the profits are exactly divided between him and the "boss." This means from nothing to \$5 a day for the fakir, according to his luck. In mid-August his earnings gravitate towards the zero mark; on the eve of holidays, and especially at Christmas, they rise towards and sometimes reach the maximum of \$5. But the average of their earnings for the year seldom exceeds \$10 a week. During the summer many of them go to the watering-places, where usually they do better than if they had remained in the city.

"Fakir" is, in the parlance of his class, a term of less inclusion than "Street-merchant." The latter includes all that sell goods of any kind in the streets, but the "fakir" pure and simple is a peddler of "novelties," one whose stock in trade to-day is different from what it was yesterday. In other words, the "fakir" is a free-lance trader; he undertakes to sell anything that he thinks will "go." Thus he is different from the

class whom he rather contemptuously described as “suspender-men”—those merchants who stick to suspenders or shoestrings and a few concomitants the year around—and from the fruit-venders, who seldom depart from that line. It will surprise most readers, who probably fancy that nearly all peddlers are foreign-born, to learn that a majority of “fakirs” are natives of this city, although usually of foreign extraction. Nat Sanders says nearly all his “boys” were “born and brought up” in the lower wards of the city. Those who are not native are mainly Irish and German. Sanders gives the “fakirs” a good character. He says they are honest and sober, as well as sharp, audacious, and persistent. They do sometimes, he admits, deflect from the straightest path of decorous conduct, but that is only because they are human, not because they are “fakirs.” Most of them are married and have families, and they work hard for a very meagre living.

Perhaps the nearest approach to friends the fakir finds after the “boss” fakir, who lets him have goods to sell on commission, are the Wall Street brokers. They are, at any rate, his best customers. He can count upon them to buy liberally of his newest and most hideous mechanical monsters—his squeaking frog, his coiling snake, his racing alligator, his perambulating spider, and other deadly surprises for weak nerves. The brokers, who pride themselves upon being practical men, like to spring these things on unsuspecting friends. Next to the brokers come, in approximate friendliness; rural visitors. These are so imbued with awe of the metropolis that they cannot regard even a metropolitan fakir with any other feeling than profound respect; and the wonderful automatons he exhibits, deepen the feeling. On the whole, considering that the city recognizes the



**All-Night Lunch Wagon.**



fakir's occupation as a legitimate one, and makes him pay a license-fee and buy a badge, he receives an entirely unlawful amount of contumely and hindrance. The fees required of them at the City Marshal's office are one dollar for a "basket license" and five-dollars for a push-cart license, either of which is renewable yearly for fifty cents. For the official badge the Marshal demands thirty-five cents. Of licensed street venders of every description, there are probably nearly ten thousand in the city.

#### **Fakirs' Bargains.**

Some items taken at random from Nat Sanders' memorandum-book illustrate the "fakir's" bargains. In anticipation of a certain election, a supposedly ingenious idea was embodied in what were called "political playing-cards." An unhappy litigation arose over them, so that they were finally left on the hands of "Puck," on the very eve of the election, for sale cheap. They had been manufactured to retail at twenty-five cents a pack, but "Puck" gladly unloaded twenty-six thousand packs on the "boss fakir" at two cents a pack, and Nat's "boys" sold them on the street for three cents. Another enterprising party manufactured campaign-buttons at a cost of \$20 a thousand; but after a short campaign with them, he let Nat have the whole lot for \$2 a thousand. The maker had expected to sell them for ten cents apiece; Nat's "fakirs'" sold them for a cent. Then there was a certain Japanese syndicate manufacturing company which failed to prosper, notwithstanding it set up on Broadway, and the consequence was that the "Zepo" boy, originally held at \$7.50 a gross, was let down to the "boss fakir" at ninety cents a gross; and, whereas they were to have been sold for ten cents apiece, they amused children at a cost to parents of only two cents



**Blind Organ-Grinder.**

apiece. The Owaji-box at the same time became salable on the street at ten cents each, although its former price was \$2 a dozen, and about twenty cents apiece. Japanese snakes in like manner have coiled down from twenty-one cents apiece to ten cents. The Tammany Tiger—which some intelligent persons will not be surprised to learn is really alien to this country, having been exclusively manufactured in a land of dawning civilization, to wit, Japan—was likewise reduced from ten cents in the store to five cents on the street.

**Cornering the “Poker-Chip” Market.**

An achievement of which the “boss” fakir is very proud is “breaking the combination of poker-chips.” Certain persons tried to corner the poker-chip market, but unfortunately for them the opportunity came to the “boss” fakir to buy five million chips at a price which enabled his “boys” to sell them on the highway for twelve cents a box. They had cost fifteen cents a box to manufacture, and the “combine” had counted on retailing them at twenty-five cents a box. Another transaction in gambling implements which causes the “boss” fakir perennial satisfaction was the purchase, through the rare good luck of the rare ill luck of the manufacturer, of one million “black diamond dice” at cost, namely, \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$4 a thousand for four sizes respectively. The maker had had hopes



**Italian Organ-Grinder.**



Oyster Stand.

of selling them for \$10, \$20, \$30, and \$40 a thousand. The "boys" hawked them about the streets at one cent apiece.

#### **Stalls and Booths.**

The business of the streets includes, also, innumerable petty tradesmen who have fixed stalls or booths at street corners or against the fronts of buildings. These are found all over the city, and dispose of a vast variety of merchandise, including books and papers, flowers, candies, cakes, fruits, drinks, minor articles of apparel, etc. Some streets have their sidewalks lined for blocks with such establishments—Fulton street, for example, in the neighborhood of Fulton Market, and Vesey and other streets near Washington Market.

#### **A Fakir Street.**

Vesey street contains a mixture of professions, trades and sights which rival the picturesqueness of some European streets with their motley crowds, assorted costumes and babel of tongues. Beginning at the river and West street, the first building on the right is Washington Market, extending back to the street that bears its name. Here is the overflow of stalls and counters which are characteristic of the street. Fruits, game, shellfish and other kinds as well, cheap—very cheap—meats, celery and green goods are sold here. Here also are figs, dates and nuts, and all kinds of birds ready for cooking. Let it be added that the impartial dust of Vesey street, falling on fruit and fowl alike, make necessary their thorough washing by purchasers.

Vesey street business may be divided into three classes according to its being on the first floor, upstairs, or street; but the first two almost invariably overflow upon the street. Among the first may be classed several restaurants, a number of wine and liquor dealers, importers and rectifiers, a shoe manufactory, a large grocery, a crockery and glassware store, wholesale and retail cigar places, several large tea and coffee warehouses, a fruit store and a place where all sorts of baskets are on sale. The space outside the windows of this last is gay with colored wicker, rattan and splint. The tea stores display their outside wares in huge bins which are discreetly covered with strong iron netting, else many a passer-by might hastily secure a handful of

**Flower Stand.**

the fragrant beans and leaves. They also show gaudy tin cans with certain brands of goods, and the reds and yellows add to the symphony of bright colors on the street. There is also a candy store whose whole front may be removed. Many of the stores are arranged in that way, and the majority of Vesey street business may be described in a word as "street trade."

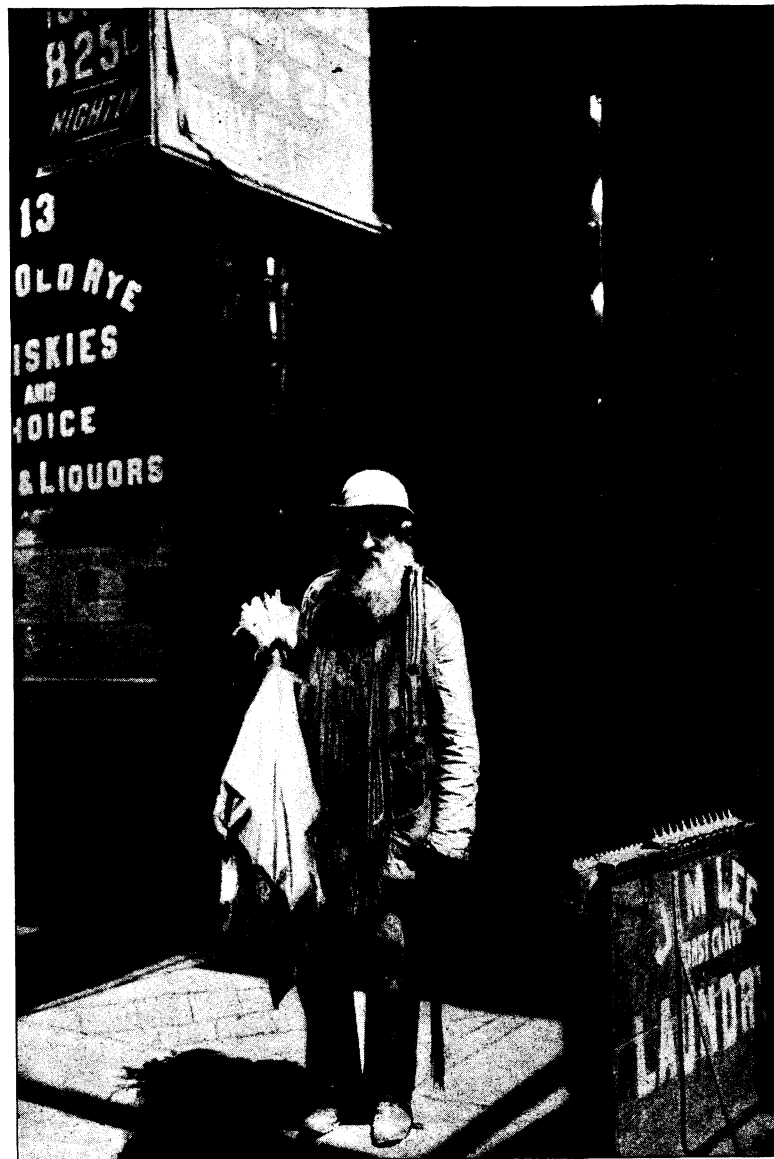
A toy store overflows on the sidewalk with rows of books, dangling groups of dolls and mechanical toys of all sorts. Hardware stores are another feature of the street. They always set many of their wares out on booths next to their windows, and display in baskets or boxes of uniform size every-

thing in the metal line. They are always surrounded by groups of men looking at bargains in knives, rulers, nutpicks, brooms, picture cord, hooks, and things unmentionable because of their variety.

The clothing trade is represented by a store where men's complete outfits are sold. There are places for the sale of rubber and wire goods, cigars and pipes, stationery, supports for cripples, drugs, trunks and bags, electrical contrivances, and many more. There are stalls where yellow cheeses add to the number of colors, and basements, carrying a stock of pickles in green, red and white, have pushed their contents out to the level of the sidewalk. Sometimes good-looking girls preside over these acidulated morsels of peppers,

cucumbers and onions, and if you buy a pailful of the odorous compound they will present to you a shining tin pail.

The upstairs of Vesey street is different from its first floor or street trade. One need only read the signs on the hall directories to see that. Here is a place where all sorts of writing and typewriting supplies are dealt in; there a burglar alarm is on exhibition for timid house-owners. Engraving, painting and lithographing flourish, and one jewelry manufactory which makes a specialty of those ancient "novelties," sea-bean and alligator-teeth jewelry, retains its sign to that effect. Book-slates are made in one place, weather strips and axle-washers in another, flags and banners in a third. A lawyer's sign is the only one of its kind in one large building, despite the fact that misery loves company, and the estate of some man is administered in another. One firm sells grate-bars, another tricycles, still another corks. A place where band instruments are kept denotes the fact by a case of banjos, accordions and flutes set outside. Pictures and picture-frames occupy a case on the steps of another building, and that feather-dusters are to be found within a certain "third-story front," is shown by a row of them swinging from a bar which projects from the window.



The Fakir.

There is almost too much street trade to allow one to stop, for the small traders look suspiciously at any one who loiters, and think a pencil and note-book with a reporter attached are almost as great a curiosity as a Kodak. To close the upstairs business, there are some advertising agents, and at least one paper is published here, while the central office of a newspaper syndicate represents the world of letters, in a street whose daily inhabitants look as if they were little acquainted with anything so civilizing.

#### **Women Fakirs.**

But most of the picturesqueness of Vesey street lies in its street trade and traders. The men and women rival famous jugglers in piling up wares on almost no base at all, or in keeping large stocks of china and fragile things, flat on iron steps, with little or no breakage. A number of women stand grinding horseradish just outside the curb, and if any carts attempt to usurp their places or drive too near, there is an angry war of words, the women's shrill tones always getting the best of it. One woman, standing on a corner, has arranged on the end of a soap-box a stock of matches, shoe-blackening and dirty-looking castile-soap. She can maintain her place there all day, though no one knows how except the initiated. She stands with her box right on the edge of the curb, and there will be more than one blockade in the streets with rearing horses, locked wheels and swearing drivers, but she will not be rooted. If you but glance at her she will say: "Here you are, parlor matches!"

Now a man steps up, around whose neck hangs a queer-looking bundle of dried stuff, very savory, as one's nose at once discovers. He calls out, "Thyme and sage, lady!" to each woman who passes, but though



**Fruit Stand.**

they remark, "How good it smells!" they do not often buy. The thyme-and-sage man in the fall is supported by the man with wreaths and bunches of shining Christmas greens. Another enterprising peddler has his clothes-basket full of bunches of ferns, whose roots are stuck in balls of moss-covered soil. He, at least, is patronized by the ladies, and his basket will not hold the glossy fronds very long. An egg-dealer has piled up his wares with a toy rooster standing over all, and near him is a stall, like others on the street, where a young fellow presides over cheap notions and fancy goods, including red and white lamp-wicks, bandanas of every size and hue, pocketbooks, buttons, stockings, suspenders and many other things. If one looks in his direction he is ready with a nasal, "Can I sell you anything to-day?"

A woman who is arranging her wares similar to these, shakes out a bunch of children's black hose, pounding them against the top of a convenient barrel to remove the dust. One man has a stock of eye-glasses, some cravats, collar-buttons and a square white cushion stuck full of scarf-pins. There are pink and white popcorn-balls; there are trunks and traveling-bags. A



**Pretzel Man.**

man with his stock of peacock feathers tied in bunches and spread out on newspaper, stands next to another whose variety of canaries in little wooden cages has attracted a crowd.

#### **Driving a Bargain.**

On the platform of steps leading to a large building, a man has spread his supply of second-hand silver and cutlery. There are a few dozen knives, forks and spoons, but little else except a worn-out butter-dish or two. A young woman dressed in a dull-colored gown



with a shabby sack and a crooked felt hat, whose garnet velvet bands and thin feathers look dragged and soiled, is out to buy, and she is dickering for two greasy-looking plated tablespoons, on whose backs the silver has begun to wear off.

“You see dot mark?” says the dealer, pointing to the lettering on the spoon; “dot was drippl plate, lady.”

The tone of the man settles it. She buys the two, which are wrapped in a bit of old newspaper, and she goes proudly home with what is probably her first silverware. The old-clothes women are oddities of the street. They are often grotesque-looking women, who come early to their stands in the lobbies of some large buildings, and, unpacking a lot of second-hand clothes wrapped in old table-covers or curtains, they arrange them in piles to attract passers-by. Some of the garments seem in good repair, though much wrinkled and dusty. One woman displayed two large squares of patchwork, ready to quilt, as her novelties.

A man who sells stove-polish vends his wares assiduously on clear days. A drop of rain would spoil the beautiful polish of his toy stove, which with some iron images and a row of glistening stove legs are his advertisements. Another has a basketful of sponges at surprisingly low rates. Sometimes these sponges drop to pieces after being used a few times; sometimes they prove quite good. To invest in them is a game of chance. Still another dealer shows a glittering phalanx of twenty-five cent knives, also toy novelty watches which when opened startle children by a Jack-in-the-box which springs out. Not far away a man stands all day long gilding a plaster image not more than a foot high to advertise his stock, which rests in a box at his feet. While he sings out his wares he is slowly covering the white figure with yellow. One wonders whether he can calculate so closely that when the day closes, he shall reach the top of the head or tip of the nose, and whether by some process he can wash the gilding off at night, to do it all over again the next day. His profits could hardly stand the purchase of a new figure each morning, unless he can sell the gilded ones.

The women who sell toys and china seem to be the queerest inhabitants of Vesey street. Their wrinkled old faces form such contrasts to the pink countenances of the wax dolls and the white and gilt tea sets. They

chatter amicably as they set out their stock. The china dealer puts hers fearlessly on tiers of boards just over iron gratings, and she seems to be able to keep most of them from breakage.

Passing up the block nearest Broadway, one sees on the right the office of the rector of Trinity Church; also St. Paul's School and clergy office in a plain, nice-looking brick building with stone trimmings. Then begins the "city of the dead," ending where the brown walls of old St. Paul's Church front Broadway. There, in ground almost priceless because of its site, rest a host of distinguished and undistinguished dead. Perpetual care



**Knife Sharpener.**

keeps the sod fine and well-trimmed, the shrubs and trees in good order, and the weather-worn headstones erect. The high iron fence next to Vesey street keeps out intruders, but the broad stone coping on which it is fastened furnishes a resting place for many weary travelers, and the side of the graveyard is uninvaded with traffic save for an old applewoman's stand at the corner.

#### **Flower Girls.**

A recent and decidedly attractive addition to the business of the streets is seen in a small army of flower-girls. These are employed by a company formed for the purpose of selling flowers in the form of small button-

hole bouquets. There are hundreds of the girls, ranging from sixteen or seventeen to twenty-three or four years old, and almost invariably very pretty in face and form. They are dressed in a dark blue uniform, and each carries a little basket filled with nosegays, which they sell at five cents apiece. Not only do they sell them on the streets, but they invade business offices, restaurants, etc., on their errand. Their best business is done on Wall Street, among the brokers, but they derive a profitable trade wherever they go. Few men can,



Flower Girl.

apparently, resist the appeal to buy a flower when it is made by a pretty girl, who will with her own dainty fingers pin the flower upon the lapel of his coat. Nor does every man insist upon receiving change for the ten or twenty-five cent bit he gives in payment, and so, as the girls have to turn in to their employers only five cents for each bouquet they took out, their daily earnings usually amount to a snug sum in addition to their regular salary.

The peripatetic newsboy, and his cousin the bootblack, are among the most numerous tradesmen of the streets. Then there are the “hokey-pokey” ice-cream men, with cans full of a frozen mixture of doubtful composition, which they sell at

a cent a spoonful; the roasted-chestnut men, with little charcoal furnaces, over which they roast chestnuts and sell them to you while they are almost too hot to handle; the men with push-carts laden with apples, oranges, bananas, cherries, peaches, or other fruit according to the season; and a great host beside.

#### **Cab, Sir? Cab? Have a Cab?**

Nor must that other great department of street trade be forgotten—the cabs and carriages. The rapacity and extortions of cab-drivers are proverbial, and the New York members of the fraternity are no exception to the rule. At every railroad ferry, and at the Grand Central Station, as also at the doors of theatres and other places of resort, and at various points on Broadway and elsewhere, one is sure to be confronted or surrounded by a dozen or so hackmen, beckoning and vociferating, “Cab, sir? Cab? Have a carriage, sir? Take you

up cheap!" In their noisy competition for the stranger's patronage, they surround him and crowd upon him as though they would carry him off by force. Now all these men are licensed, and are forbidden by law to charge more than certain fixed fees, which must be stated on a card displayed in each vehicle. For a one-horse cab, the legal fare is, for one or more persons—as many as the vehicle will properly hold—fifty cents for the first mile and twenty-five cents for each half mile thereafter; or, if one prefers to pay according to the time consumed, one dollar and a half for the first hour and one dollar for each hour thereafter. For two-horse carriages the fare is one dollar for the first mile and forty cents for each half mile thereafter; or one dollar and a half for the first hour and seventy five cents for each half hour thereafter.



**Night-Hawks.**

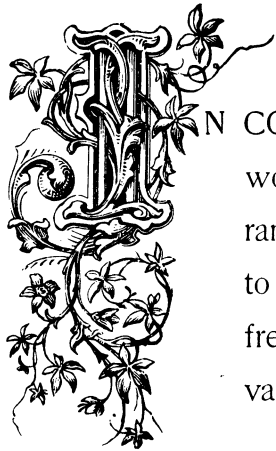
Let it not be imagined, however, that the driver will be satisfied with such payment. Ask him in advance how much he will charge to convey you to your destination, and he will name a sum about twice as great as the legal fare. If you demur, he will abate a little. If you enter the cab without first making the bargain, when you reach your destination he will make the same exorbitant demand; and if you refuse to pay it and offer only the legal rate, he will bluster, threaten and insult you, unless your size and appearance indicate that such a proceeding would be unsafe. But he can almost always be brought to terms by simply saying to him, "Very well, take me to the City Hall." For there, at the office of the Mayor's Marshal, he would be compelled to be content with the legal fee.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### FROM A FIVE-CENT DINNER TO AN EPICUREAN FEAST.

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IN CONSIDERATION OF THE FACT that there are several thousand restaurants in New York, it would seem incredible that anyone should be obliged to fast, especially as the price of a meal ranges from two or three cents to twenty or thirty dollars, thus affording every man a chance to refresh himself according to the limits of his purse. Yet cases of death by starvation are of frequent occurrence in the great city, and the advertisement of a two-cent meal has no practical value to the man who lacks the two cents wherewith to purchase it.

#### **Over-Indulgence in Eating.**

In striking contrast to the number of deaths from lack of food are the hundreds on the mortuary records that occur from over-indulgence in eating. The actual cause of death in such cases is delicately veiled under other names, such as apoplexy or heart-failure; but the fact remains that the vice of gluttony numbers its victims by the thousands. Americans are notoriously a dyspeptic race, and although hurried meals are prime factors, over-eating is by no means an insignificant or unusual cause for this particular form of ill-health.

The ordinary New Yorker takes but two "square meals" a day—breakfast and dinner. His luncheon is scarcely worthy the name, for he takes it standing at an uninviting counter, piled high with unsavory dishes that he does not want, and the snatches of food that he hastily obtains usually consist of a pie, a pickle, and a pint of porter, or else a bit of cold underdone beef, a bottle of beer and a chunk of burnt bread.



A Famous Hotel.

The rich man eats abstemiously at the luncheon hour, either for health's sake or because he does not wish to spoil his appetite for dinner; and the man who is neither very rich nor yet very poor often does without any lunch at all, fearing that even a momentary absence from business may result in serious financial loss.

#### **Business Men's Luncheons.**

It is customary for the city correspondents of country newspapers to write a great deal of nonsense about the "magnificent luncheons of Wall Street magnates." As a matter of fact, the wealthier the man, the less he eats; and many of New York's best-known millionaires lunch on a bowl of bread and milk, or a sandwich and a cup of tea. When "magnificent luncheons" are given by business men, it is almost always for a purpose. Some one is to be cajoled into a promising enterprise, an enterprise which is very often nothing but "promising," and many a time these costly meals are really paid for by the guests, not at the time of eating, it is true, but later, ere the effects of wine and food have quite passed away. It is not improbable that certain luncheons, given by famous financiers, in the immediate vicinity of Wall Street, have cost the men for whom they were given, hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In wholesale establishments, it is customary to wine and dine prospective purchasers from provincial towns. Sharpers, aware of the wholesale merchant's hospitable habits, occasionally take advantage of this custom and live on the fat of the land, at some one else's expense, until their deception is discovered. Not very long ago, a large furniture house on Fourteenth street was swindled in this way. A young man entered the establishment and represented himself as the buyer for a firm engaged in the same trade in a distant town. He inspected the goods offered for sale, criticised them freely and shrewdly, and prolonged his call until the luncheon hour. Of course he lunched at the New York firm's expense. In the afternoon he revisited the store, and after stating the value of the order he was commissioned to fill, a very large one by the way, he was invited to dinner by one of the head men in the establishment. For several days he managed to keep up the pleasant fiction he had created, earning by his sharpness and his supposed procrastinatory methods, at least



Hotel Dining-Room.



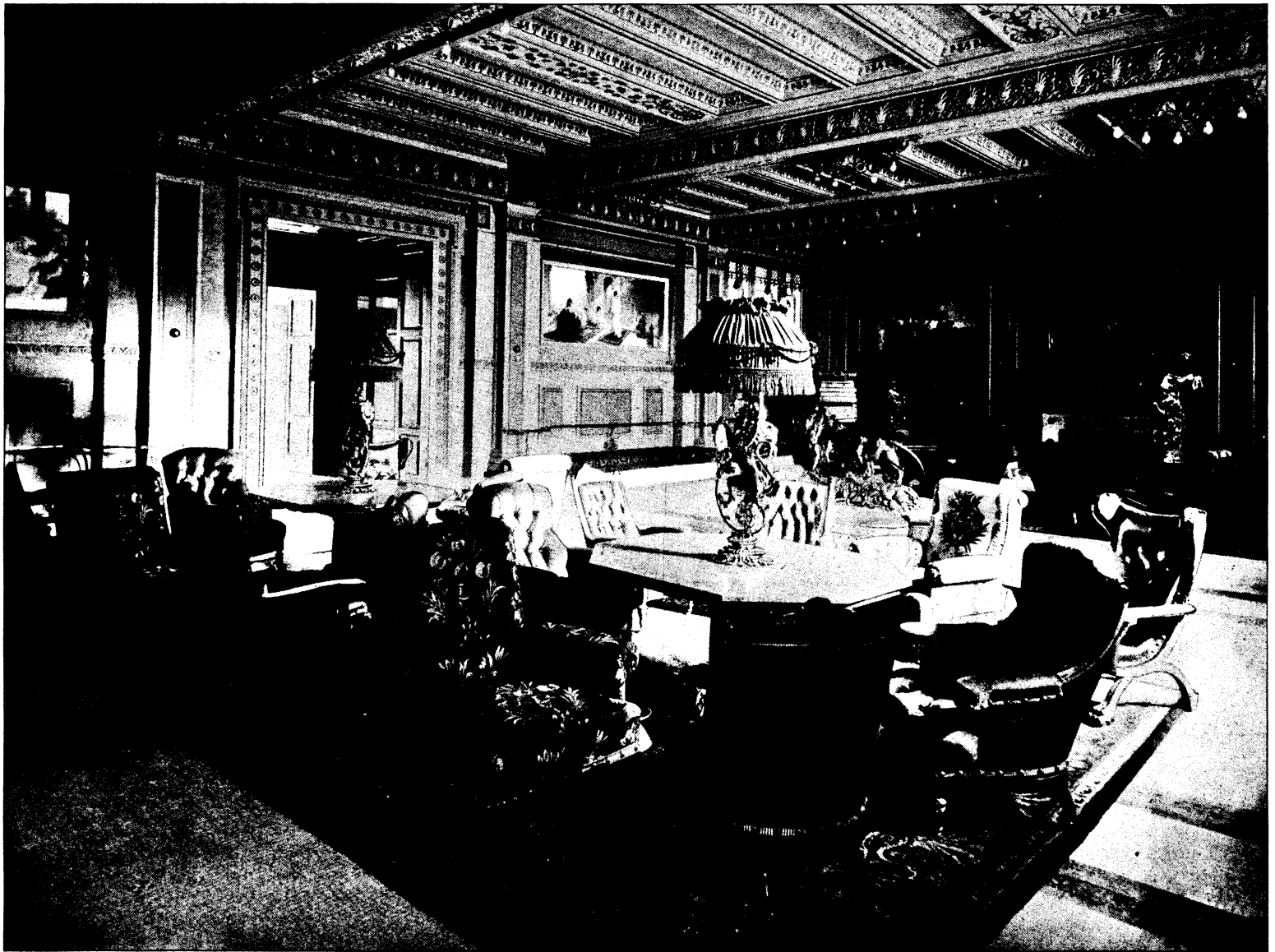
two free meals a day. His duplicity was eventually detected and he was arrested, but that was merely what he had expected, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that for nearly a week he had fared far better than the average honest man in New York.

Possibly the cheapest meals served in the city are the "free lunches," although their patrons are supposed to pay for the food they consume, by purchasing drinks. But in spite of a watchful attendant, especially detailed to detect "free-lunch fiends," the "fiends" continue to thrive and flourish, being sharper, as a rule, than the men who are set to watch and expel them. They haunt the free-lunch counter when the "rush" is greatest, which generally occurs between noon and one o'clock; they eat all they can, and then sneak out, without buying any liquor or making any expenditure whatever, and usually without feeling that they have committed an act of dishonesty.

Next to the "free-lunch" restaurants, the St. Andrew's Coffee-Stands are the cheapest eating places in the city, for they supply coffee, bread and soup for from one to three cents. They are benevolent enterprises, however, and the genuine cheap restaurants of the city, run for business purposes only, are the uninviting establishments in downtown districts, wherein meals are served to patrons at prices varying from five cents to a quarter of a dollar.

#### **A Five-Cent Dinner.**

A five-cent dinner is the very worst dinner that one can possibly imagine. It usually consists of thin and sour, or else thick and greasy soup, scraps of meat unfit for any stomach, and a bit of antiquated pie. The five-cent dinner restaurants are located principally on the Bowery, and in the dingy business and tenement-house districts of the city. Ten-cent dinners are a little better than those just described, but even they are unwholesome in quality and ungenerous in quantity. Both the five-cent and ten-cent dinner restaurants are patronized by the lowest classes, for the average day-laborer or mechanic eats his breakfast and dines at his home or his boarding-house, and takes a home-made lunch to business with him.



Hotel Lounging-Room.

**Pie Women.**

Many of the large office-buildings, in the lower part of New York, are visited daily by women who sell lunches to the business men and their employes. The food is brought in a basket, and pastry predominates.

New street near Wall presents a comical appearance at the noon hour. Here street-venders of pie and cake gather in surprisingly large numbers. They are patronized by boys employed in the neighboring banking-offices, and in the Stock Exchange. The boys sit on the curb-stone, munching their pastry, and occasionally varying the meal with an apple or an orange purchased from the old woman, whose fruit-stand has been a feature of the street many years. A milk wagon comes racing down the block, and is speedily surrounded by a crowd of boys and men. Two men are in charge of the wagon and they are kept busy selling glasses of milk to their thirsty patrons.

**Tamale Venders.**

From early morn until midnight, tamale-men ply their trade. They are picturesque in attire, if not in physique. They wear white linen suits and caps, and carry copper utensils with them, in which the dainty(?) they serve is prepared. The tamale is a Mexican dish, but as it is cooked by these street-restaurateurs, bears little resemblance to the genuine article. Still, even the New York variety is liked by some people, while the tamale-men do a thriving trade with persons whose curiosity overcomes their discretion. It has been said by some of these daring individuals that the New York tamale is simply a piece of chicken in which at least a pint of red pepper has been concealed. Others declare that it is made of the pepper with a wrapper of cold, wet flannel around it.

The Chinese restaurants in New York are nearly all in the vicinity of Mott and Pell streets. The fare is exclusively Chinese and does not appeal very strongly to American palates. The restaurants, as a rule, are dirty and ill-smelling. The patrons are almost all Chinese, with now and then a curiosity-seeker, or a reporter in search of material.

The Japanese have a club of their own, of which a restaurant is the main feature, and here one finds the better class of Japanese. For the lower classes of the same nationality, there is a cheap restaurant on the East Side. Hebrew restaurants differ from ordinary eating-houses, mainly in the fact that they serve "Kosher" meat, that is, meat prepared according to the laws of the Jewish religion. There are Russian restaurants on East Broadway, and Polish eating-houses on Division street. The Hotel America on Irving Place attracts the Spaniards in New York, although it is but one of many places where Spanish cooking may be enjoyed.

#### **Lunch-Rooms for Women.**

A feature in restaurant life is the development of lunch-rooms for women. Men are not excluded from these places, but they rarely patronize them. Many of the large dry-goods shops on Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street serve lunches. The prices are quite low; coffee may usually be had for eight cents a cup, soup for twelve cents, and other things proportionately low. Neatly gowned waitresses are employed, and the cooking is very fair. Between twelve and two o'clock the lunch-



**A New Hotel.**

rooms are thronged with shoppers, but many women prefer to get away from the vitiated air of a large shop at the luncheon hour, and they satisfy their hunger at a popular place on Broadway, between Twentieth and Twenth-first streets. This restaurant is really one of the sights of New York at noon and for a couple of hours after. Upstairs there are tables, and while the cooking is precisely the same as that offered to patrons of the lunch-counters, on the ground floor the prices are from five to ten cents higher for nearly every article of food served. There are two counters on the ground floor, one a large oval-shaped affair, the



**Hotel on Park Avenue.**

other circular in shape and built around a column. At half after eleven a. m. the place is usually deserted, at half after twelve it is impossible to get a seat, at either of the lunch-counters and usually not even at the tables upstairs. On Fourteenth street there are two curious restaurants, attractive to the eye as well as to the appetite. They are fitted up rather gaudily but are cleanly in appearance, even more so than many fashionable places. There are tables and lunch-counters. The food served is as good as could be expected for the price, which is extremely low. In the larger a band adds to the noise, and both restaurants are well patronized by Fourteenth street shoppers, and by sales-clerks from the neighboring shops.

A noted bakery at Broadway and Tenth street is another popular lunch-room for women, although it is open all day, and many residents of the neighborhood breakfast there. It is specially attractive in the summer-time, as it has a wide plaza, covered with an awning and partially fenced in, so that one can eat outdoors, and yet be sheltered from the gaze of passers-by.



**Hotel on Fifth Avenue.**

A well-known hotel and restaurant, adjoining Washington Market, is one of the most famous and most popular eating-houses in the city. Its patrons are chiefly men. It is a huge place, but scarcely large enough to accommodate the crowds of market-men, travelers and business men, who resort thither to get excellent fare at moderate prices.

#### **Table d'Hote Restaurants.**

The table d'hote restaurants in New York may be numbered by the hundreds. In many of them meals are never served a la carte, in others one may dine on either plan. Some of the large hotels now serve a table d'hote dinner. Of

these, the best known is probably the one at Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth streets.

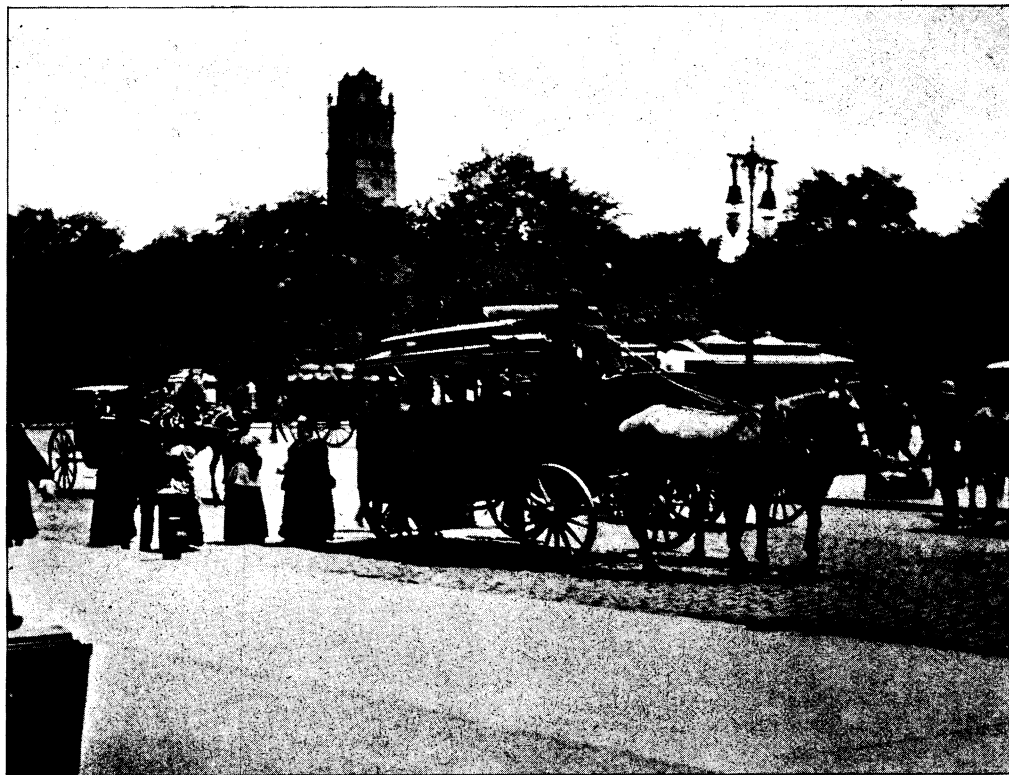
A French hotel at University place and Ninth street is one of the most popular of the table d'hote places. Meals are served there a la carte and the hotel is always well filled with permanent guests, or French

visitors to New York; but the table d'hôte dinner is the chief glory of the establishment. An especially large crowd is gathered on Sunday evenings, and late-comers are frequently obliged to wait half an hour or longer for a table. The proprietor is a clever young Frenchman, the waiters are French, and so is the cooking, but the diners are of every nationality, creed and class, and one might even add color, for the hotel is a favorite with West Indians. Some years ago there were but two dining-rooms; now there are eight, and on Sundays even the parlor is occasionally filled with tables. The cooking is excellent, and the service is very good, but the chief charm of the place is probably due to the varied types of guests. At one table there will be a whole family of West Indians, whose dark skins and inky hair are apt to startle one at first sight. These people are usually wealthy and well bred, as one readily ascertains by listening to their conversation, which as a rule is carried on in Spanish. At another table one may see a group of journalists and artists. The corner tables are usually occupied by couples who choose them with a vague idea that they are less "en evidence" there than in the centre or at the sides of the rooms. There are diners that belong to the "Four Hundred," and diners that are best known in the "Tenderloin," dressmakers, music-hall celebrities, lovers, theatrical people, respectable French people—every class is represented.



Delmonico's.

In South Fifth avenue is a type of cheap French table d'hote. A dinner for one costs fifty cents. Several large black cats roam about the place, and the menus are ornamented with a picture of a black cat. The cooking is only mediocre, and the service is not very good, because the place is usually over-crowded, and the waiters are over-worked in consequence. Many Americans patronize this place, but the regular customers are the residents of the French Quarter, petty tradesmen and their families. On Sunday evenings, in the summer, one sees at many of the tables whole families of French people that have evidently spent the day in the



**Fifth Avenue Stage.**

country. They arrive tired and perspiring, but always gay and talkative. Papa, mamma and the children carry extra wraps, umbrellas, bunches of faded wild-flowers, and usually empty lunch-baskets. They chatter loudly about the events of the day, and enjoy themselves in a hearty, unconventional way. Fashionable people, led by curiosity, occasionally visit this restaurant, and the elegant toilets of the women and the conventional evening attire of the men create a great sensation among regular patrons. The restaurant itself is small but neat and orderly.

There are also other equally popular table d'hote resorts. Their prices are higher than the average, (which is fifty cents), but then the meals they serve are usually worth the money. A peculiarity of these places



is the early hour of closing. When the last diner has been served at about ten o'clock, later arrivals in search of supper are refused admission.

The Hoffman House Bar, in an annex of the hotel on Twenty-fourth street, is known far and wide. It is one of the most expensively and handsomely decorated bars in the country, the main feature being a large painting of nymphs attired with Eve-like simplicity. There are a number of other paintings, and the bar is frequently called the "Hoffman House Art Gallery." The principal picture—already mentioned—is Bouguereau's famous "Nymphs and Satyr." Others equally famous are Correggio's "Narcissus," Demonceaux's "Holy Mother" and Etienne's "Boudoir of an Eastern Princess."

#### **The Fifth Avenue Hotel.**

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, is a historical landmark. It has entertained more distinguished guests than any other hotel in the United States, possibly in the world. Among those guests have been the Prince of Wales, in 1860; Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil; Plon Plon's son, Prince Napoleon; the Crown Prince of Siam; Prince Iturbide of Mexico; the entire Chinese Embassy in 1882; the Korean



**Washington Memorial Arch.**



Dining-Room of an Epicure.

Embassy, in 1883; the Marquis of Lorne; many of the Presidents of our own country, distinguished American statesmen, and, in short, men and women of every nationality, and in the most elevated ranks of social, political and artistic life. The corridors of the hotel are always thronged with well-known men, and many of the most important political and financial movements of the past have been planned at the Fifth Avenue. On the eve of a Presidential election, the hotel and the blocks around it are crowded, and the main corridor is the centre of excitement. In location it is unsurpassed, being in the heart of the shopping district, conveniently near the theatres, and fronting picturesque Madison Square.

#### **Other Famous Hotels.**

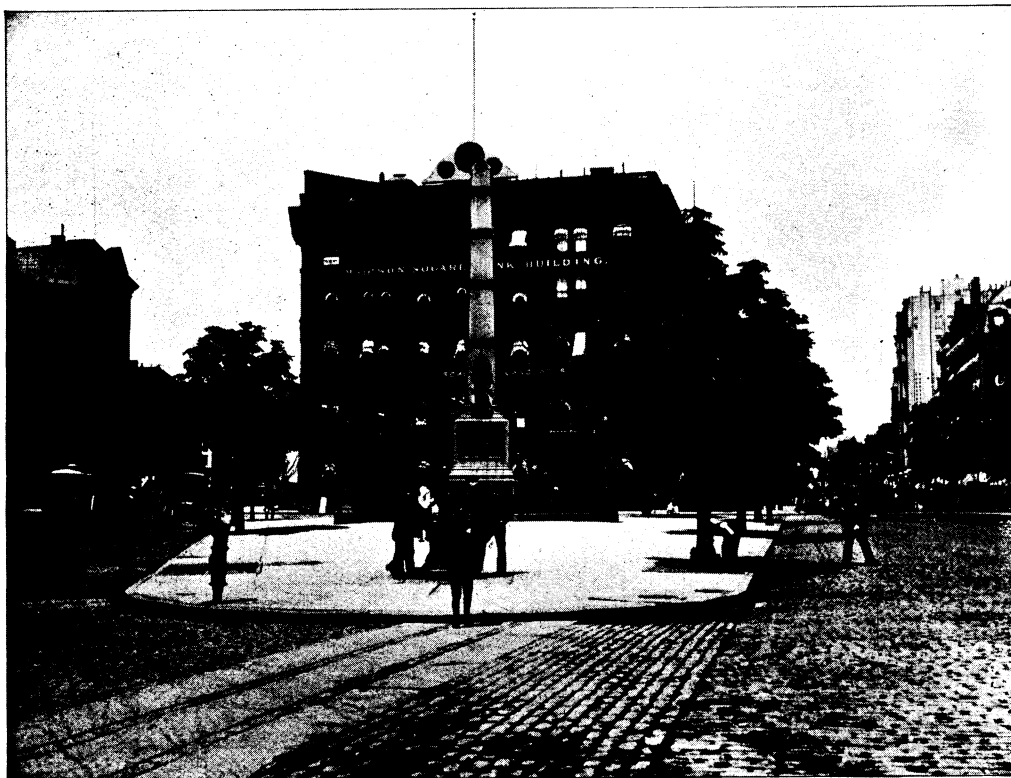
A popular hotel, on Fifth avenue between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, has also entertained many distinguished Americans and foreigners, but it is specially noted for its large number of permanent patrons. Many prominent New Yorkers make their home under its roof, and the general atmosphere of the place is one of quiet refinement. It is not a showy hotel, but the appointments are elegant, and the decorations in excellent taste. It is a favorite rendezvous for bankers in the evening. Another hotel, three blocks farther on Fifth avenue, is also a favorite with New Yorkers who desire to avoid the cares of housekeeping. On Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street is an imposing structure of Indiana limestone. It is a reproduction of Holland House in London. The decorations are exceptionally beautiful, delicate in tone and rich in quality.

There is a comparatively new hotel, at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, which is built of Indiana limestone, in the architectural style of the Italian Renaissance. It is a very beautiful and well-managed hotel, and has prospered greatly ever since its opening, in 1892. It is familiarly known to certain cliques of New York society as the "Turtle-Dove Hotel," from the fact that its guests always include a large number of young married couples. The Spanish Infanta, Eulalia, stayed at this hotel when she visited New York. The attractive edifice on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street belongs to W. W. Astor. It is a magnificent structure in rough brown-stone, buff brick and terra cotta. The halls, offices and

stairways are in marble and bronze. Owing to the great expense of running this establishment, the high rental and the fact that it was opened at a time when the country was on the verge of a long-continued season of financial stress, the hotel lost money steadily, and in the spring of 1894 it closed temporarily, awaiting the advent of some man wealthy enough to undertake reopening and managing it. The building cost about three

million dollars and had three hundred and seventy guest-rooms.

Another hotel owned and built by W. W. Astor, has had a more prosperous career. It occupies the site of the old Astor mansion at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street. It is built in the German Renaissance style, and the decorative scheme within is rather heavy and dark, although extremely rich and elegant. The ball-room is frequently rented by fashionable dancing classes, clubs and private individuals. The Duke de Veragua stayed at this place when he visited New York, and a large reception was given at the hotel in his honor. There are five hundred guest-

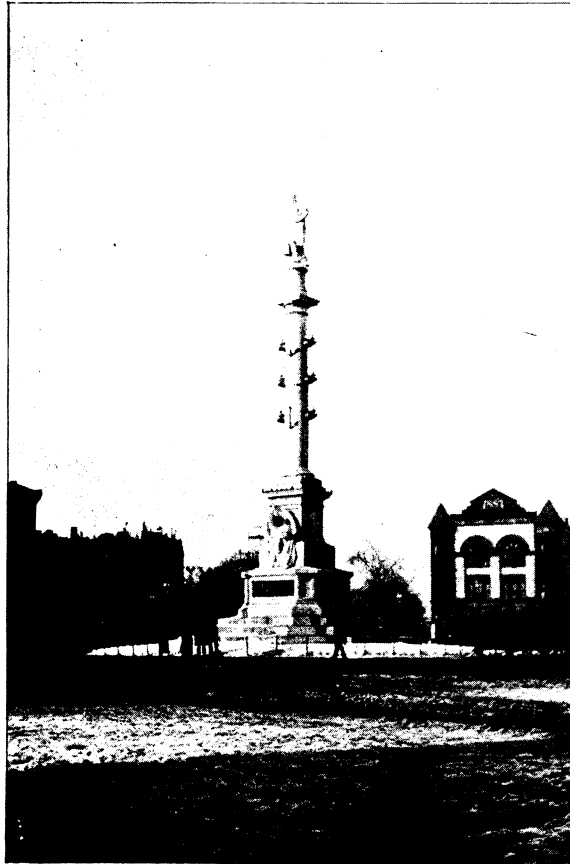


Worth Monument.

rooms and several dining-rooms, besides a large apartment filled with tropical plants, and used as an open court in summer and covered with glass in the winter. The guests are drawn from the most aristocratic circles, and the tone of the place is eminently fashionable.

A large hotel which was opened in 1890 is owned by an insurance company, which finished the building after the contractors who began it had failed. It faces the Plaza at the Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street entrance to Central Park, and is conspicuous not merely because of its exceptionally fine location, but also on account of its size and style. The interior decorations are very fine, and are principally in the old Colonial style.

The well-known hotel, on Park avenue and Forty-second street, is an old-fashioned house five stories high,



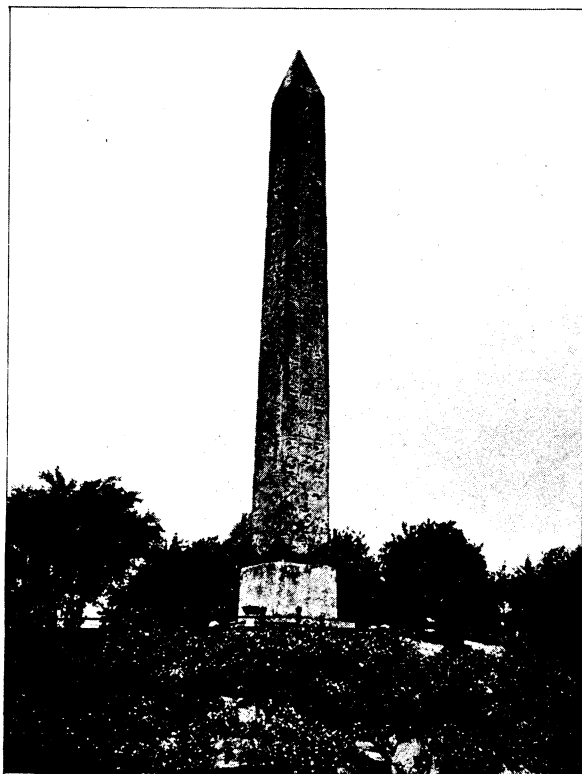
**Columbus Statue, Fifty-ninth Street.**

and built of brick. Its guests are nearly all transients. Another attractive house, on Fifth avenue near Washington Square, is one of the most quietly aristocratic hotels in the city. It is a great favorite with English people. It is a picturesque though old-fashioned structure. The one at Union Square and Seventeenth street is another of New York's old hotels that have maintained their prestige in spite of the magnificent new houses uptown. This one is a favorite with the best class of professional people, authors, artists and lecturers. The cuisine is exceptionally fine. The hotel is not handsomely decorated, but it is neat and cleanly. Many of its guests are men that have lived in it for ten or twenty years. The historic Astor House occupies a block on Broadway opposite the Post Office. It is the principal downtown hotel, and enjoys great prosperity. Its rotunda, with half a dozen huge lunch-counters is one of the sights of the city at noon, and in the stately dining-rooms above are served some of the best meals.

**“ Delmonico's.”**

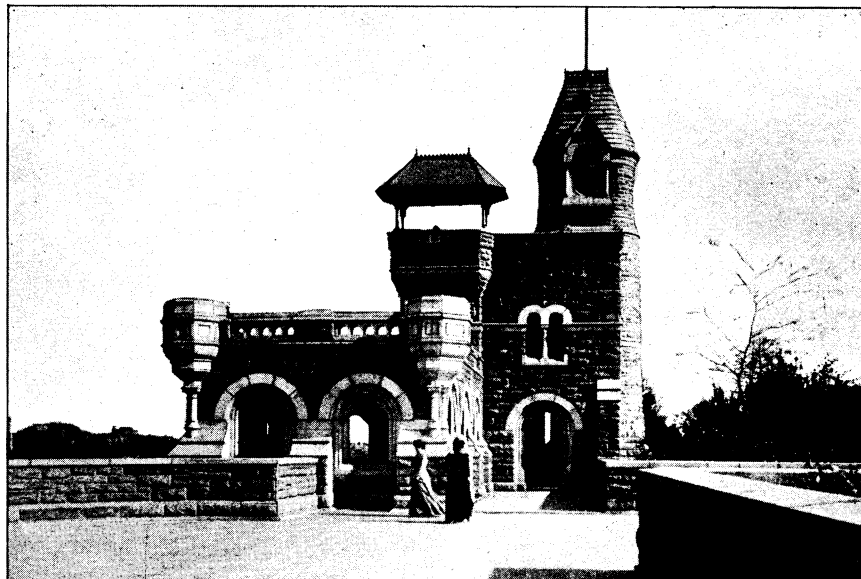
In spite of the vast number and great variety of eating-places in the city, Delmonico's on Twenty-sixth street, Fifth avenue and Broadway

is still first favorite with New York fashionable people. The cafe on Broadway side is always thronged with young and old "men about town;" the ball-room and banquet halls on the upper floor are in constant requirement for social entertainments, and the restaurant on the Fifth avenue side is deservedly the most popular in New York.



**Egyptian Obelisk.**

On opera nights the room is filled with a brilliant



**The Belvidere.**

assemblage of men and women in gala attire, who are faithful to the old place in spite of the long drive from the Opera House.

At half after eleven in the evening it is impossible to get a table, as a rule, unless one is willing to wait. It is at Delmonico's that the Patriarchs' Balls are held. The upper floors of the establishment, above the second story, are rented as apartments for bachelors. "Del's," as it is familiarly termed, is in great vogue with matinee-goers, and at lunch-time Saturdays, during the winter, it is crowded with fashionable women. The secret of its success lies in its exceptionally good management. The cuisine appeals to the most fastidious of epicures, the service is excellent, and the rules of the establishment are very stringent.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

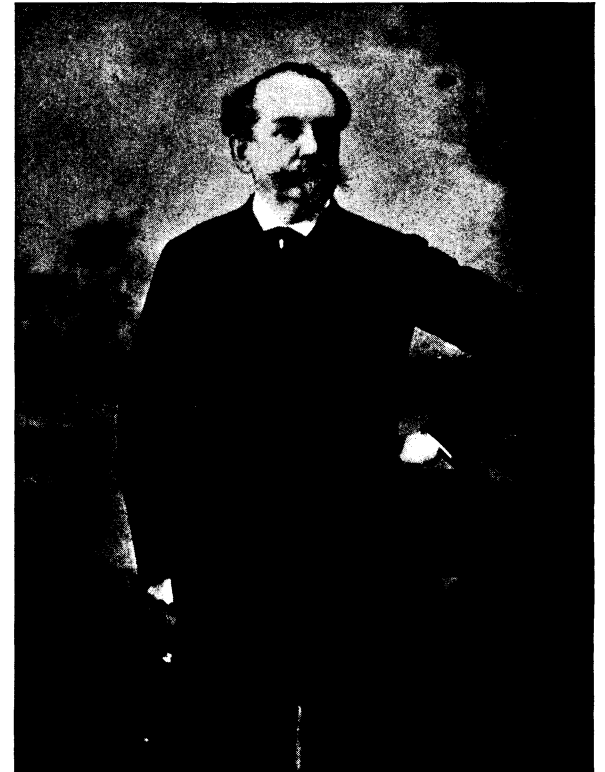


RAPIDLY DYING OUT IN NEW YORK is the fashion of giving very large private balls. The tendency is toward small and extremely exclusive entertainments. Public balls are always well attended, but as a rule the dancers are not members of the "Four Hundred."

#### **Private Balls.**

A few great private balls have been given during the last ten years, and it is probable that the extravagant luxury of these affairs has had much to do with their gradual abandonment.

To-day, the fashionable hostess invites one or two hundred people where ten years ago a thousand guests would not have been considered too large a number. The new plan has many advantages. Old-time balls were invariably so crowded that dancing was out of the question, and the supper-room became the scene of boisterous ill-breeding and gluttony. Whole families were invited to the dances, and frequently seven people out of a family of eight accepted, and arrived to add to the general confusion. The young people had but little chance



**Mr. Ward McAllister.**

to amuse themselves, for their elders literally "crowded them out." The vulgarity of an ostentatious display of wealth was a crime against good taste, of very common occurrence, but careful attention to small details had not reached the perfection it has to-day.

The arrangements for the admission of invited guests were by no means carefully planned. Consequently it was not unusual for curious strangers to attend balls given in private houses, uninvited, unknown, and generally unnoticed. With a thousand guests to entertain, small wonder that the busy hostess was unable to detect undesirable intruders. After a while sneak-thieves began to realize that private balls offered exceptional advantages to their fraternity. Gentlemen in evening-dress glided into the crowded ball-room, greeted the hostess airily and hastily, or evaded her altogether, then mingled with the guests, laughing in their sleeves at the ease with which they were able to ply their nefarious occupation. Robberies, therefore, became of so frequent occurrence that it was eventually deemed necessary to hire detectives in citizen's clothes to protect the house and the guests. Such a state of affairs could have but one ending, and to-day quality rather than quantity is the desideratum of the hospitably inclined. Many of these small dances cost as much as the large affairs, the difference being that the money is more carefully, not less lavishly, expended. Where extravagant decoration once prevailed, artistic decoration now rules supreme.

Fashionable balls may be divided into three classes—subscription dances, private balls and so-called "dancing classes," the latter being virtually subscription affairs.

#### **"The Vanderbilt Ball."**

Of large private balls, those given by W. K. Vanderbilt and by W. C. Whitney are best remembered for their magnificence. The Vanderbilt Ball was the first function that gave that family any social prominence. It was a fancy-dress affair and was attended by all the fashionable people in the city.

Had Jay Gould lived, his house would have witnessed many magnificent entertainments, for both he and his children were most hospitably inclined. During the life of Mrs. Gould, who was a semi-invalid and a great





Vanderbilt Mansions.

sufferer from neuralgic troubles, the family were unable to indulge their social inclinations, on account of Mrs. Gould's ill health. But even in those days, invitations to their small dinner parties were eagerly sought and accepted.

The Whitney Ball was one of the most beautiful ever given in New York. It was held in the house of W. C. Whitney, at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. The entire house was decorated with greens, in which small electric lights in multicolored bulbs had been placed. The white and gold ball-room needed no temporary addition to enhance its substantial beauties. The grand stairway leading from the main hall to the upper floor presented a most picturesque appearance with its constantly moving procession of beautiful women in superb costumes, ascending and descending its wide flight of steps.

The Bradley-Martins gave a dinner and a ball many years ago which is still considered by many people to have been the grandest function ever held in the city. The Vanderbilt Ball may have equaled, it could not have excelled, that given by the Bradley-Martins.

The best known of the Subscription Balls now in existence are the Patriarchs' and the Assemblies'. The latter are occasionally erroneously called the Matriarchs. The Patriarchs were started about the year 1870, by fifty gentlemen of social and financial prominence. They were all married men, and to this day no man can become a Patriarch unless he is already a Benedict. The idea of these balls did not originate with Mr. Ward McAllister, but it is due him to say that but for his energy the idea might never have developed into an accomplished fact. He has done and still does most of the necessary work, and has made the balls the great success they are now universally conceded to be.

#### **Ward McAllister.**

Mr. McAllister is an absolute power so far as these dances are concerned. He does not contribute any more money to them than do the other Patriarchs, but he is nevertheless the Autocrat. Because of this very fact but few of the original Patriarchs are still on the list of subscribers, many of them having resigned, as they



Japanese Room, Vanderbilt Mansion.

felt that the usurpation of control by any one man was unfair to his associates. In spite of these numerous resignations, the balls continue to flourish, and an invitation to any one of them may be considered legitimately as the first and most important step towards social position.

Each Patriarch subscribes about one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars annually, and there are three balls given every winter. Each subscriber has the privilege of inviting nine guests, three women and six men, including members of his own family. He does not send his invitations to his guests, but must make out a list of those he desires to invite, and this list is sent to Ward McAllister. If it meets with that gentleman's



New Residence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

approval, he fills in the invitation cards with the names of the subscriber's guests, addresses the envelopes himself, and in fact attends to the smallest details connected with the invitations. In the event of one Patriarch inviting persons already on the list of some other subscriber, the second would-be host is notified by Mr. McAllister, and a new name may be substituted for the one already sent in. It is Mr. McAllister who chooses the leader of the German, and who arranges where the dancers shall sit, and it is Mr. McAllister who decides what persons are to be favored with seats at the "table of honor" in the supper-room.



Lounging-Room of a Railroad King.

When a Patriarch dies or resigns, his successor is chosen by Mr. McAllister, and it is he who decides what distinguished foreigners are worthy to receive an invitation to the balls.

When the Patriarchs' Balls were first started, the dances were held in the old Delmonico's, at Fourteenth street. Ever since then they have been given in Delmonico's establishment at Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, never anywhere else.

Even when the metropolis was much smaller than it now is, the Patriarchs' Balls were what they are now, the most fashionable functions of the social season. It is impossible for an uninvited stranger to gain an entrance to the ball-room nowadays, for not only must one's card of invitation be shown, but there is also a Cerberus to guard the doors, in the person of Johnson, successor to Brown, the famous late sexton of Grace Church. Johnson has an eagle eye; he knows every one worth knowing, and he will not permit any one to attend the Patriarchs' Balls unless he is satisfied that their invitations are genuine, and they themselves are expected.

#### **The Assemblies.**

The Assemblies were started in 1885, or thereabouts, by a number of society women. There are fifty subscribers, and the subscription is the same as that of the Patriarchs. Every year three ladies are elected by the Assembly subscribers to act as an Executive Committee. All the subscribers are supposed to be married women, although, as a matter of fact, the latest list includes one or two unmarried ladies. The Assemblies have been given in various places; of late years they have been held in the Madison Square Garden.

#### **The Dancing Classes.**

The "Dancing Classes" are not for the purpose of instruction in the terpsichorean art. They are simply subscription dances of a highly exclusive nature, and are in special favor with the younger set in New York society. There are dozens of these classes under the patronage of fashionable women, but the two that are best known meet at Sherry's ball-room, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street. They were originally called the Monday Evening and Thursday Evening Dances, but by reason of their ultra-exclusiveness



Mr. Wm. C. Whitney.

and elegance they have won the titles of "The Swells" and "The Howling Swells" respectively.

#### **Middle-Class Society.**

Middle-class society does not give balls; its dances are merely "parties." Salads, ices and cakes are considered the proper form of refreshments, with lemonade or weak claret punch for thirsty guests. Suppers such as those of the Patriarchs' Balls and Assemblies, with their superfluity of courses, rare dainties and abundance of wines are things not dreamed of by the average New York "party" giver.

The Hebrews rarely entertain in their own homes so far as balls, weddings, and similar large functions are concerned. They literally "hire a hall," usually Delmonico's, or Sherry's, if they can afford such luxury, or if they cannot, Yeager's on Madison avenue, or even Lyric Hall on Sixth avenue, is chosen for the scene of festivity. Lavishness characterizes their assemblies. No expense is spared to ensure the comfort of their guests, and to display their own wealth. Be it

said to their honor that at Hebrew entertainments one is far more sure of cordial welcome, thoughtful consideration, and genuine hospitality, than at the average affairs of the same sort given by Gentiles.

#### **East Side Balls.**

East Side balls are distinct in character from any other class of social entertainment in the city. They are frequently disorderly and riotous; the men that attend them, and very often the women as well, are in a state of maudlin intoxication before the evening is over; brawls and disputes are of common occurrence, and such trifles as the laws of decency and order are rarely considered. Of course these remarks do not apply to

every East Side ball, for there are many quiet and orderly affairs given by the working-classes. But these are the exceptions. The genuine East-Sider feels that he has wasted his evening if the ball he attends does not result in at least one fight.

These dances are given in halls on the Bowery. As a rule, they are attended by rough men and coarse women. But at balls of the better sort, the dancers are recruited from the working-classes; shop-girls and mechanics "spiel," drink beer and enjoy themselves in their own hearty, but peculiar way. If the harm done by these affairs were merely temporary it would be bad enough, but they often lead to untold misery and disgrace.

The factory girl, in all the pitiful glory of her Sunday-best, persuades her sweetheart or her intimate girl-friend to accompany her to one of the many dances of the winter. So little formality is commonly observed that she need not be acquainted with any of her fellow "guests" in order to enjoy herself. Introductions are rarely considered necessary, although one occasionally hears some burly East-Sider presenting his "best girl" to a friend somewhat in this fashion: "Make ye 'quainted wid me fren', Miss Murphy." The "fren'" speedily invites Miss Murphy to "spiel," and if she so chooses she accepts. If she



**Riverside Residences.**



“spiels” too often with the friends of the man who has brought her to the ball, or with acquaintances she has made on her own account, her escort becomes indignant, and a fight ensues. Sometimes he attacks his rival, and sometimes, if he is a coward as well as a bully, he strikes the girl herself. So far from preventing these brawls, the other dancers encourage them. Anything for excitement is their motto, and they form a ring around the combatants, encouraging their favorites in the fray with ribald jests and appalling profanities.

**The Passion for Dancing.**

It is a curious circumstance that as one ascends the social scale, the passion for dancing wanes proportionately. At the balls given in the best New York society, there is but little actual dancing done. Even the cotillion, although it involves some waltzing, has degenerated into little more than a romp, and the young men of to-day are too blase or too lazy to care much for active exercising in the ball-room. They hang around the doors in unlovely groups until supper is announced, when they suddenly awaken to life, and display an astonishing amount of ill-breeding and downright vulgarity.

But at the East Side balls it is different. The dancing is vigorous and unceasing, only it is not called dancing but “spieling,” and a waltz on the Bowery in no way resembles a waltz on Fifth avenue. It is slower, less graceful, and yet, in spite of the lack of celerity with which the dancers move, there is far more enthusiasm and hard work about their “spieling” than one finds in uptown ballrooms.

Many of these balls are given by “associations” or “coteries” which exist solely to give balls. Some of those given under association names are really given by private persons to make money. Tickets of admission are almost invariably placed at fifty cents. Occasionally a hat check is required in addition. This hat-check scheme is peculiar to New York. It grew out of the necessity for issuing complimentary tickets. In order to get some revenue from these complimentaries, those presenting them were compelled to pay a small fee for checking their clothing. Now complimentary tickets for an East Side ball are simply a pleasant fiction. The cost of the hat check is usually the same as a ticket of admission.



A Sumptuous Dining-Room.

The orchestra hired for the balls consists of from eight to ten persons—usually the smaller number. If union men are hired the leader gets ten dollars, and the others five dollars, for the night. If non-union men are secured the leader gets five dollars, and the others three dollars, as a rule. If a genuine association is giving the ball one of the most considerable items of expense is the cost of badges. The badges are matters of considerable, one might almost say supreme, importance. They are usually gorgeous affairs of gaudy satin ribbon with tinsel adornments. They are in great demand, and although ostensibly intended only for the managers of the ball and the floor committee, they frequently adorn the garments of persons in no way connected with the management, and the belle of the evening is known by the number of badges she has succeeded in coaxing away from her masculine admirers.

But by far the most interesting part of the East Side balls is the method in which they are advertised. Of course, many of the well-known associations have big cards printed, and these are placed in store windows, but they have a much more effective method than that.

At the first ball of the season there appears a score of men who have hundreds of cards which announce the coming balls all over the city. These are given to each person in the hall two or three times over. The dancers select those cards which announce balls which they may want to attend and keep them. Those who retain all the cards given them are heavily burdened.

As the season advances the number of men who go about with these cards, increases. They appear at ball after ball. Not one escapes. Often the “chuckaways,” as they are called, are thrown in clouds from the gallery. At the mask balls there are usually men who have the announcements painted upon their backs.

The name of an East Side ball has a great deal to do with its success; it is really a part of the advertising. Among the best known names are the “Lady Flashes,” the “Lady Sports,” the “Lady Yum Yums,” the “Lady Blue Jeans,” and the “Lady Sylvan Stars.” One association is called the “French Society Les Amis Intimes.” The “Lady Flashes” originated with New York cigarette girls, but they have little to do with

the ball nowadays. Of the respectable East Side balls, those given by the conductors of the Second avenue Surface railway are noteworthy. The admission cards of all the ball-giving associations are striking in character, but those issued by the last-named organization were particularly ingenious. They were in the form of pawn-tickets, and so faithful was the imitation that even the date was printed in red, giving them the appearance of having been stamped. In 1894, the "Lady Sports," issued a horseshoe-shaped yellow card, on the back of which was printed, "They're Off! Sylvie and Eveline in the lead; The Rest Well Up."

The imitation telegram which the Eureka Association perpetrated, fooled many people at first. It was exactly the size of an ordinary telegram and printed upon the same kind of yellow paper. The most artistic card was that of "Les Amis Intimes." It was printed in colors, and was most artistically designed. The figures are so excellently drawn, so thoroughly naughty and French, that it is probable they were copied from a French publication. On one side two young women, in a costume to represent birds, lean over, as if they were reading the printed matter. On the other side five others, in tights, with figures much emphasized, are advancing with hands outstretched. At the majority of the balls, where the men are charged twenty-five or fifty cents for admission,



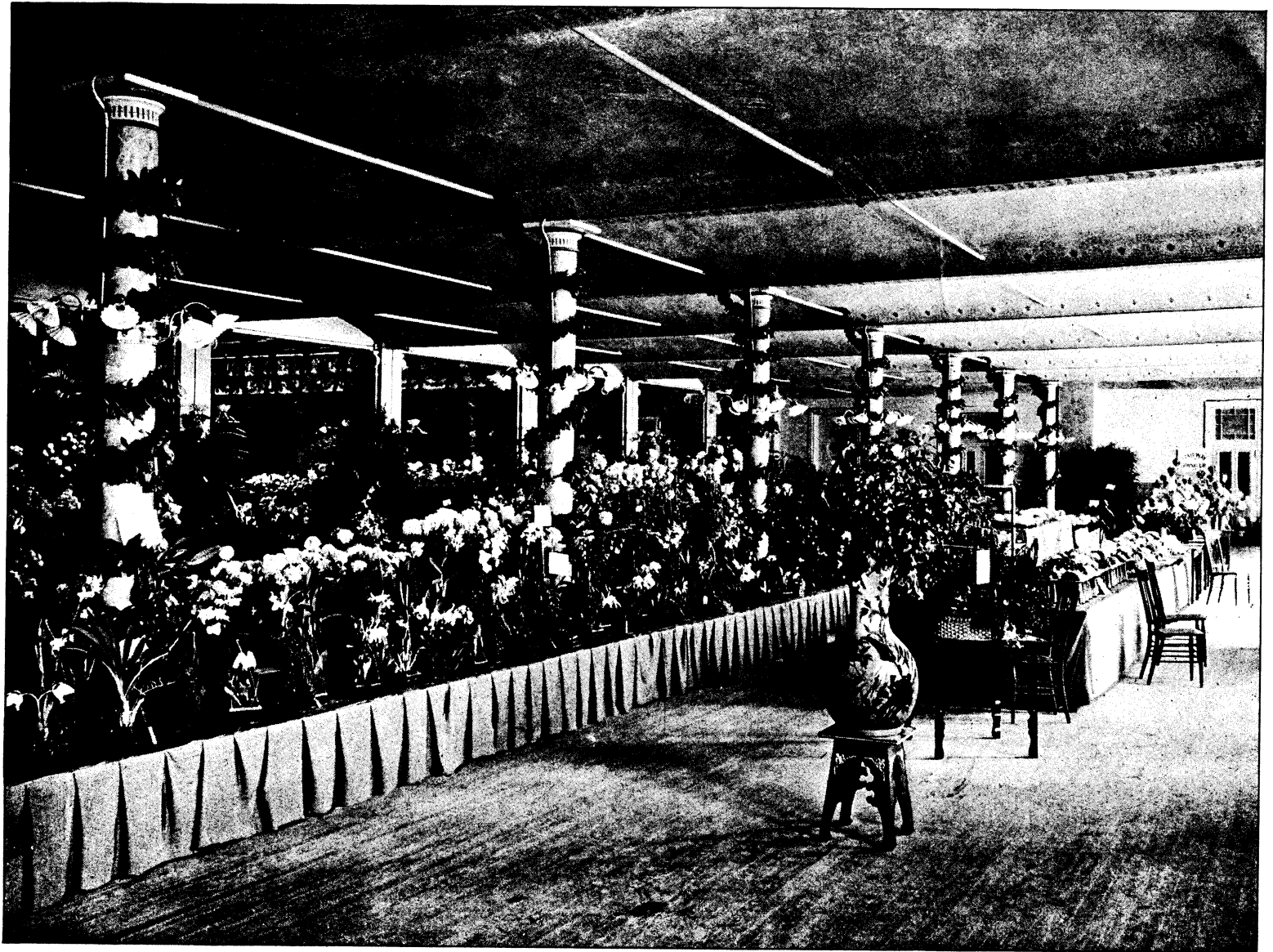
Lovers' Walk, Central Park.

women are allowed free entrance. Candidates for political office are always obliged to buy dozens of tickets for balls which may or may not take place. Benevolently inclined persons are also victimized in this way. The swindlers have a number of tickets printed, which are apparently genuine entrance cards to a ball for the benefit of some worthy object. Charitable people are induced to purchase these admissions at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars. Needless to say, the tickets are absolutely without value, for no such ball is given, nor was any contemplated by the sharpers.

#### **The Charity Ball.**

Various great public balls are given every season, which command an attendance of thousands each. The Charity Ball, for example, is usually held in the Metropolitan Opera House, under the patronage of a hundred or so of the most eminent ladies and gentlemen in New York society; very few of whom, however, actually attend it. Tickets of admission cost five or ten dollars each, and a large sum is realized for various charitable purposes. This is commonly regarded as a very fashionable affair, although the actual Four Hundred are scarcely represented in it. There is also a Hebrew Charity Ball, of almost equal importance, and the same element of society has also each year a great Purim ball. The famous military organization known as the Old Guard gives a ball each year, which is a particularly brilliant function, the uniforms of the men being so much more picturesque than the conventional evening dress that elsewhere prevails. Equally glittering are the great balls given by Knights Templar organizations, especially the Palestine Commandery.

There are two great masked balls, besides countless minor ones, held each year, generally in Madison Square Garden, and open to all who will pay five or ten dollars apiece for tickets. One of these is the ball of the Arion Society, an organization composed chiefly of Germans. The festivities are opened with an elaborate procession of masqueraders, with all sorts of symbolic devices, making a really artistic pageant. There are some exceedingly "daring" costumes, and late in the evening, or rather in the morning, the fun waxes fast and furious, but on the whole the ball is a reputable affair.



The Flower Show.

**The French Ball.**

Scarcely so, however, is its still more famous rival, the "French Ball," as the annual revel of the Cercle Francaise de l'Harmonie, is popularly known. This is really a gathering of the demi-monde. Many respectable people doubtless go to it out of curiosity, but are well concealed by masks. The bulk of the revelers are those upon whom the moral commandments sit lightly. The ball has a reputation for great magnificence and great wickedness. The former is not altogether deserved; the latter is. There is too much paint and paste and tinsel for it to be really splendid. It is vulgar and tawdry and flashy. But on the score of wickedness it leaves little to be desired. The ball begins at about eleven o'clock at night. The floor is then dotted with groups of masked men and women who have come to dance, in all sorts of costumes, chiefly indecent, while the boxes are filled with others who have come not to dance but to cater to the passions of the dancers.

In the boxes sit the "dowagers," with their charges and their colored maids. Upon the faces of the "dowagers" sit cunning and deceit and wickedness. Some of the "charges" are a little behind them in those respects, and not a whit behind in the matter of rouge. Others are fairly young; they might be called the "debutantes," and they are making their bow and entering the arena for the prizes of demi-monde society.

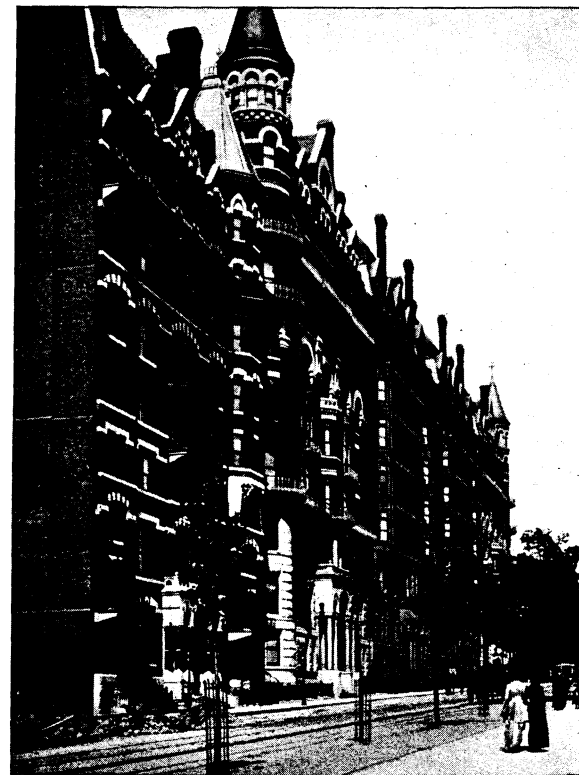
These charges are gotten up in the manner that will best aid the purposes for which they have come. Some wear fancy costumes, tights, split skirts, and such devices for displaying form and face to the most alluring advantage. Others wear evening gowns made in the prevailing style, with sundry exaggerations. There are dress waists, cut away in the back and low in front and scant over the shoulders. There are dress skirts cut tight to the figure and worn with only tights underneath.

A "World" writer says: At last the band plays the can-can from "La Fille de Madame Angot" in march time. This is but an aggravation. The boxes begin to fill up and then comes the waltz that everybody has been so anxiously awaiting. The watchers at the entrance take courage and invade the floor. The theatrical crowd arrives, and at 1 A. M. the ball is in full swing. Everyone is now looking for a demonstration. A

demonstration at a French ball consists of either a high-kicking exhibition, a fight, or a noisy drunk. It always comes, and after 1 A. M. it is customary to look for it.

Some popular concert-hall dancer furnishes the first of the evening. A scurrying of dancers in the direction of the wine-room and loud shouts of "Bravo!" indicate that that is the scene of the excitement. She has mounted a table, and surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of admirers is kicking daintily and not too high. She wears the gorgeous pink costume and mammoth hat with which frequenters of music halls are familiar, and she is very good-natured about it and smiles and looks deprecatingly at her ankles after each graceful effort. When she has been applauded to her heart's content she is escorted to a box in the temporary tier constructed before the curtain separating the wine-room from the ball-room, where with other concert-hall stars she is rewarded for her labors with champagne galore.

So the great revel raves on, all through the early morning hours. At five o'clock the work of awakening and firing out the sleepers begins, and this is participated in by both the police and the garden authorities. A man, apparently either a Cuban or a Spaniard, is caught tearing veils from the faces of women as they are on their way out of the building. He is seized and thrown out by two muscular policemen. Many of the sleepers are gotten out with difficulty. Some have spent all their money and cannot hire cabs, and these slip and fall right and left on the icy pavements in Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street. At six o'clock the lights in all the apartments are put out, the police wend their way homeward and the French ball is over—all except the "head."

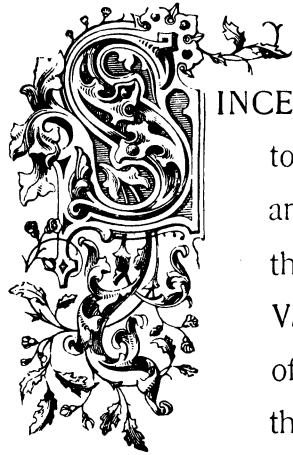


Navarro Flats.



## CHAPTER XX.

### AMONG THE PLAY-HOUSES.



SINCE THE INAUGURATION of continuous theatrical performances in New York, it is possible to begin the day with a visit to one of the numerous houses devoted to this class of amusement, remain until the luncheon hour, then attend a matinee, and after dinner enjoy the opera in the season, and, as if this were not enough, after the opera, there is the Vaudeville Club, which offers entertainment of the music-hall order to its members and to their friends who must needs be amused until the "wee sma' hours" of morning. The most enthusiastic theatre-goer can not but be satisfied with this state of affairs, and while it is improbable that any one man has ever spent an entire day and evening roaming from play-house to play-house, it is certain that there are enough people with time to spare,



Atlantic Garden.

in New York, to afford practical support to the "continuous performances," matinees, evening dramatic and operatic entertainments that are constantly presented to all in quest of diversion.

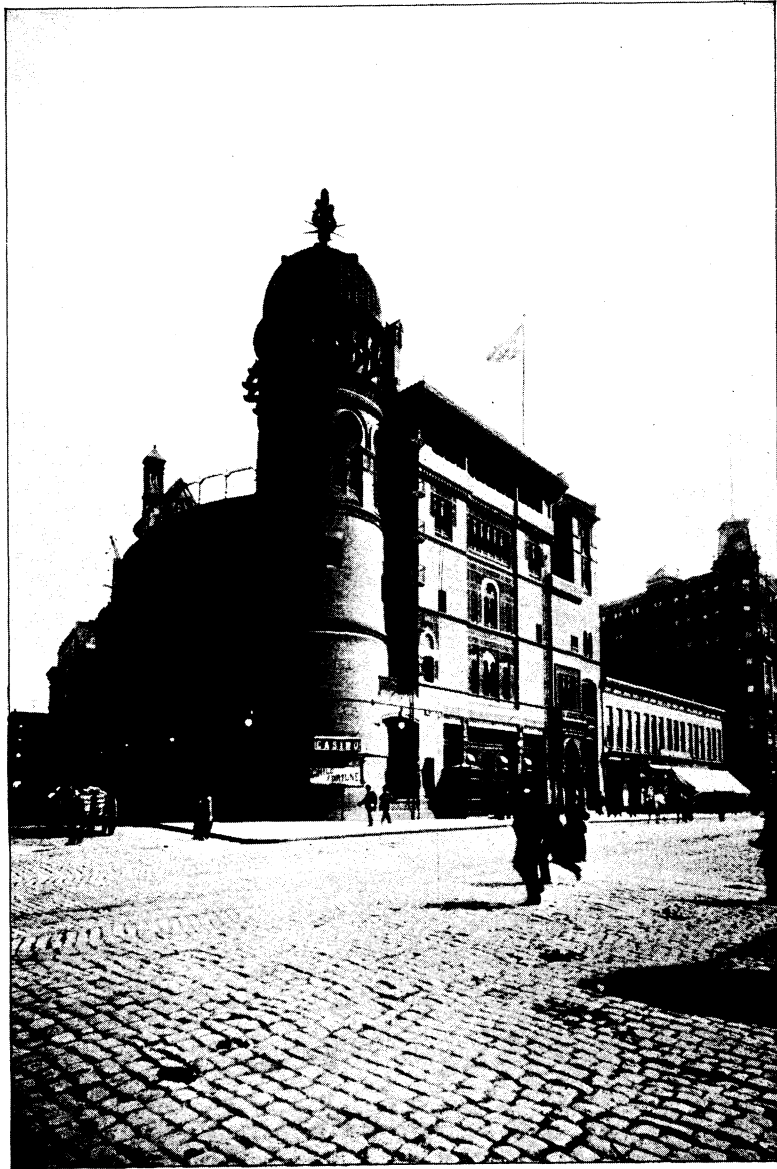
#### **Uptown Theatres.**

It is a well-known fact, however, that the uptown theatres owe their financial success to strangers in the city, rather than to the residents. The New Yorker is content with seeing a play once or twice. There are many plays to be seen, and there are engagements of a social nature to claim much of his time. The stranger in New York, whether he be a distinguished foreigner "taking notes," or a country merchant buying goods, finds that the evening hours drag wearily by unless he spends them at the theatre. As the floating population of the city averages several hundred thousand people, and as these people must be entertained in some way, it is easy to understand why their patronage is earnestly sought and thankfully received by the theatrical managers.

During a prominent star's last season, the only losing engagement she played was in New York. The reason she failed here was because the strangers in the city from the south, the west and provincial towns, had already seen the actress in their native places, and they preferred to spend their time and money at theatres that offered them plays and players that they could not see at home. New York theatre-goers alone could not accord any star sufficient support to ensure financial success. After the first few weeks of plays that enjoy long runs, it has been stated that in the audience one finds nine strangers for every New Yorker.

#### **The East and West Side Theatres.**

Of course these remarks refer only to what may be called the fashionable theatres, those that are situated uptown, near or above the shopping district. The East and West Side play-houses have a clientele of their own, sufficiently large and important to warrant their success without the aid of outside support. The East Side theatres are patronized by the working-classes; here the tired laborer seeks mental recreation in lurid melodramas, and between the acts, comforts the inner-man with copious draughts of beer, and incredibly large quantities of peanuts. The belles of Grand street array themselves in their best to go to "de show," but, with



The Casino.

a modesty unknown to their wealthier sisters, they scorn the low-cut bodice and content themselves with gay hats and bright-hued waists. The men wear their business clothes, and the appearance of some sight-seeing "swell" in evening dress, at any of the Bowery theatres, is greeted with scoffs and derisive cheers.

The plays given usually celebrate the adventures of some poor but honest hero, whose hairbreadth escapes thrill and delight the East-Sider, and whose noble platitudes win loud plaudits from audiences that frequently include men whose pictures adorn the Rogues' Gallery, and women whose flaunting attire and bold manner unmistakably betray their character. They sit side by side with honest every-day working-people, and strangely enough, it is to the least virtuous and clean-lived portion of the audience that the truly noble maxims of the hero most forcibly appeal. It has been frequently noted that in concert-halls patronized almost exclusively by "crooks" and their sweethearts, songs of home-life, motherly affection, and general morality, are received with genuine enthusiasm, while ballads of a suggestive nature find small favor and but scant appreciation. In fashionable places of amusement, a reversed state of affairs prevails;

sentimental ditties are considered "out of date," and the naughtier the song, the greater the success of the singer. There are about sixty well-known theatres, opera houses, concert halls, variety houses and buildings devoted to miscellaneous forms of dramatic, musical and sporting entertainment in New York.

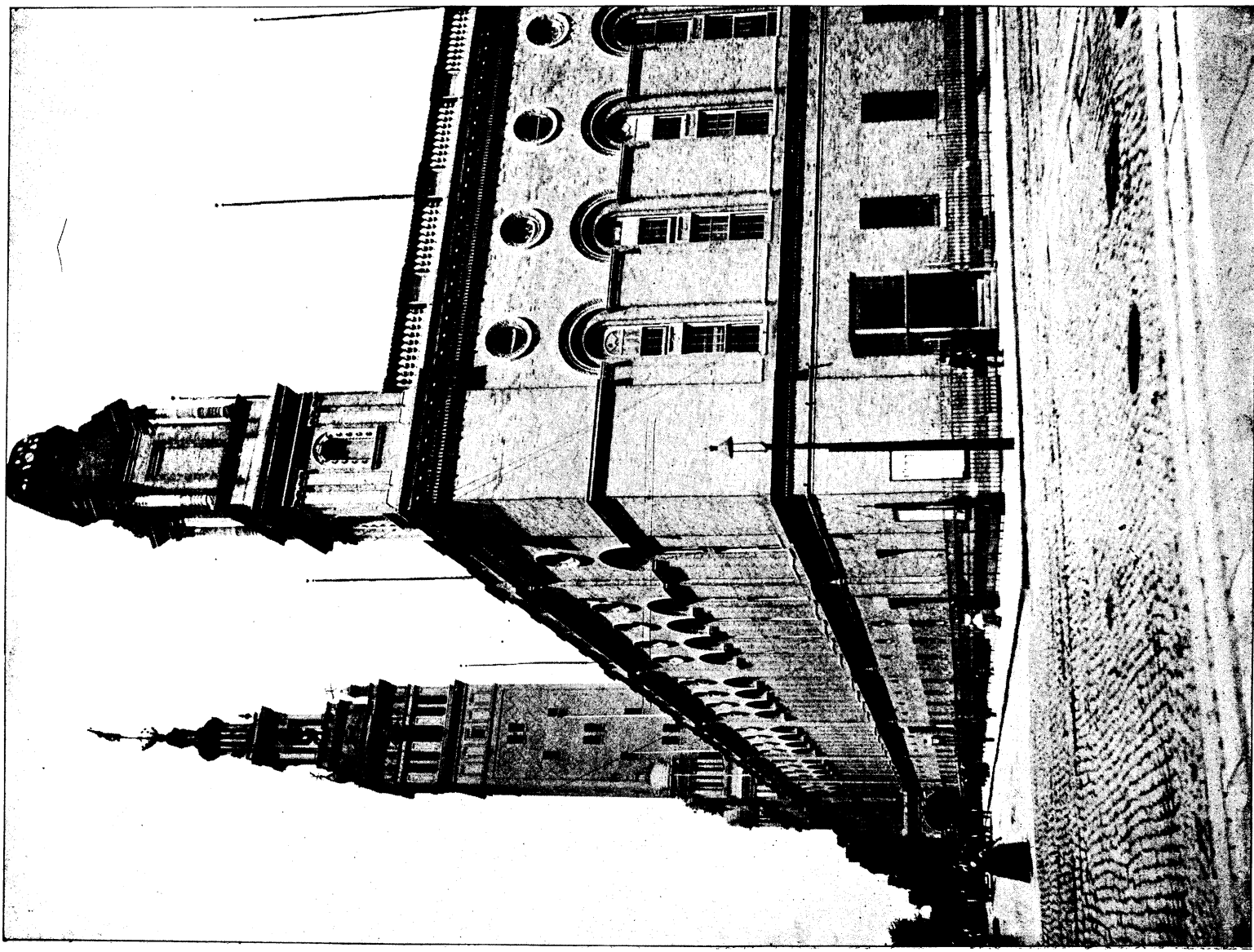
#### **Madison Square Garden.**

The Madison Square Garden may be considered as belonging to the last-named class. It is a large and imposing structure, built of buff brick and terra cotta, in the Renaissance style. Although it occupies the entire block bounded by Madison and Fourth avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, every inch of available space is utilized for amusement purposes, with the exception of the towers, which are rented as bachelors' apartments, and the upper floors are devoted to offices. During the summer months the roof presents a brilliant and attractive spectacle. Hundreds of electric lights, many of them enclosed in Japanese lanterns, illuminate not merely the top of the building, but the surrounding streets as well.



**A Famous Musee.**

Potted plants lend the beauty of their luxuriant foliage, and the dainty costumes of the feminine visitors to the roof-garden add in no small degree to the general picturesqueness of the scene. There is a small stage on which variety shows are given in pleasant weather. Long benches immediately in front of the stage are reserved for people to whom seats at the tables offer little or no attraction. A reserved seat does not necessitate total abstinence, for shelves are placed at the back of each bench, affording a resting-place for half-emptied



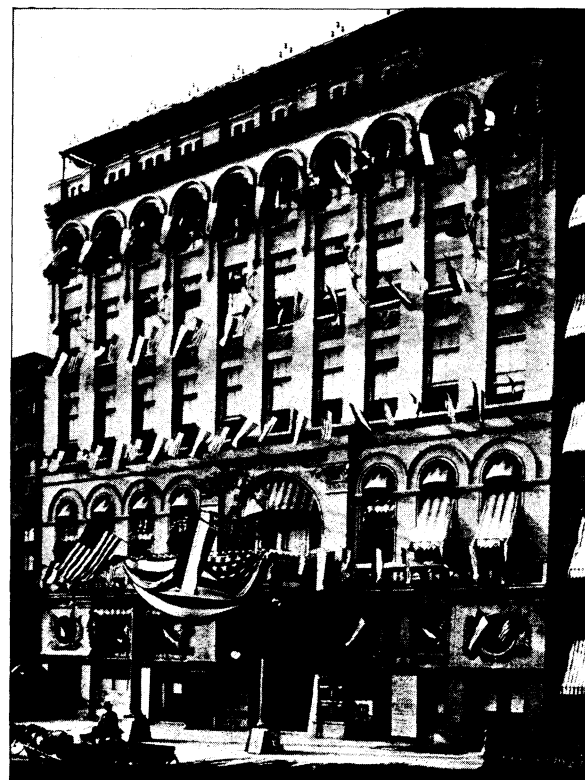
Madison Square Garden.

glasses. On either side of the reserved seats are small tables, and twenty feet above the roof there is a row of boxes. The refreshments served are of a liquid nature, although the hungry man may attempt to satisfy his appetite with an ice, or a cheese sandwich, or both. The Madison Square Roof-Garden is the only one at present that offers its patrons the convenience of a commutation book. These books cost twenty dollars, and entitle their owners to fifty admissions. The vast amphitheatre of the building is not devoted to any one form of entertainment, but is rented from time to time by concert companies, Horse and Dog Show Associations; also for ball-room purposes, bicycle races, walking matches and, last but not least, it is once a year turned into a circus arena.

#### **The Horse Show.**

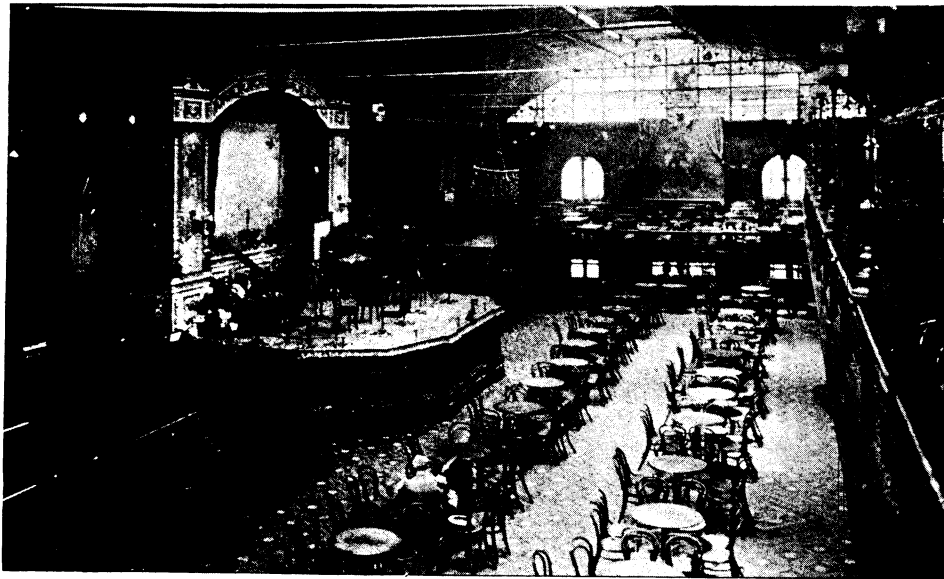
Excluding the balls, of all the functions held in the main audience-room of the garden, the Horse Show is decidedly the most fashionable, and in popularity ranks second, the circus holding first honor in the latter respect. It has been said that the Horse Show is really a beauty show, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement. Boxes for Horse Show week are sold at auction to the highest bidder, and fabulous sums are given for the privilege of temporary ownership. A box at the Horse Show means money, and therefore only the very wealthy can indulge in the luxury. But the poor man may buy an admission ticket to the garden, and for a few hours enjoy the sensation of breathing the same air as do the members of New York's aristocracy.

The centre of the amphitheatre is reserved for the horses and their judges; a light rail separates the arena from a wide promenade; above are the arena boxes, and back of them range upon range of



**Music Hall.**

seats, while at either end of the building there are smaller and less conspicuous boxes, cheaper in price and consequently of secondary importance. In the arena boxes, millionaires and their families are on exhibition. Evening dress prevails, of course, among the men. The women wear high-necked, long-sleeved gowns, rich in texture, bright in hue, and of exceptional costliness and beauty. The promenade is always crowded, and many a milliner and dressmaker frequents the Horse Show to admire and copy the imported gowns and bonnets worn by box occupants. The tiny wreath of flowers or tinsel now generally accepted as the correct style of



Interior Music Hall.

theatre bonnet was first seen at the Horse Show, and the first night of the show is the first social function of any importance in the New York season. As for the horses exhibited, they are the finest of their kind, but only a few enthusiasts pay any attention to them.

The Dog Show, which takes place in the early spring, is under fashionable patronage, but as it affords but little chance for a dress parade, it has not attained the popularity of the autumnal Horse Show. The

circus attracts large audiences, and is patronized by rich and poor alike. There are boxes to be had at moderate prices for the wealthy, and there are cheap seats to accommodate the masses. Everyone likes to go to the circus, and it is currently reported that before long a permanent circus will be established in New York, on the plan of the old Paris Hippodrome. In the northwestern corner of the Madison Square Garden there is a small theatre, well conducted, although its management is distinct from that of the main building,

which is controlled by a company of stockholders. This theatre has been identified with the production of high-class farcical comedies and light opera. In the future it will be devoted to extravaganza and burlesque. On the south side of the building there is a cafe, and above that a concert hall.

**The Metropolitan Opera House.**

The Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets is, as its name implies, the home of grand opera. It is occasionally rented to theatrical companies or to the managers of public and subscription balls, but it is during the opera season that it attains its greatest glory. Night after night it is literally crowded to the roof with cultured musical audiences, gathered to do homage to some famous tenor or some world-renowned prima donna. Distinguished foreigners have said that no opera house in the world presents such a scene of magnificence as does the Metropolitan on a gala night. The boxes are filled with fashionable women, attired in décolleté gowns and blazing with diamonds. In the orchestra stalls, the dresses worn, although high-necked and long-sleeved, are of rare elegance, and even in the balcony and upper gallery the display of beautiful costumes is noteworthy.

As a rule the boxes are occupied by the families of stockholders in the Opera House, and it is estimated that each box costs its owner about \$5000 a year. The



**Metropolitan Opera House.**

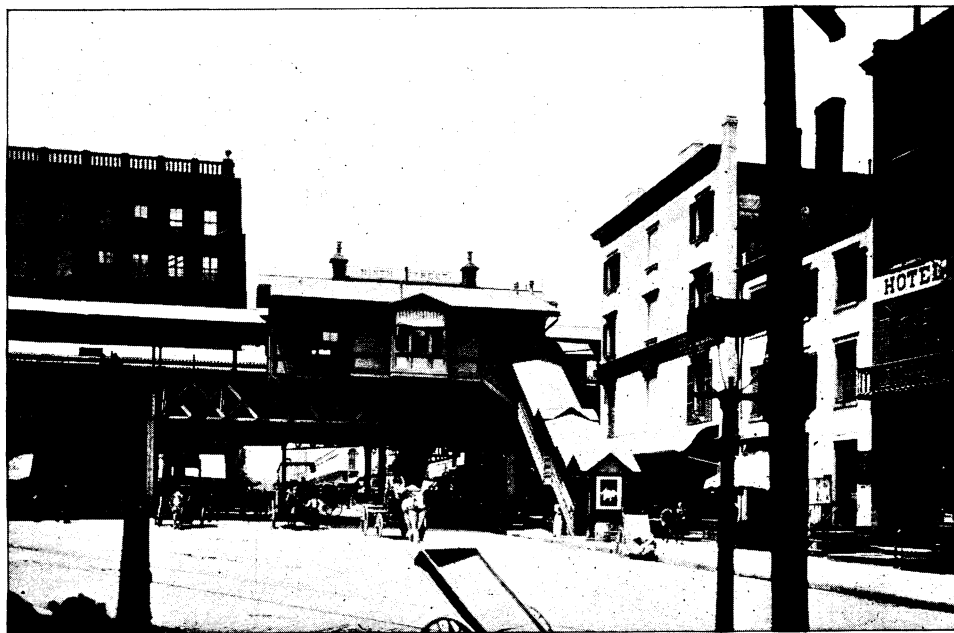


stockholders are men of prominence in financial and social circles; they include such well-known names as Vanderbilt, Astor, Goelet, Gerry, and Gould. The interior of the Opera House was devastated by fire in 1892, but it was rebuilt and reopened in 1893.

#### **The Casino.**

The Casino at Thirty-ninth and Broadway is the home of comic opera. It is a favorite resort for wealthy Hebrews, although its audiences are not exclusively composed of that portion of the community. The building is in the Moorish style of architecture, and is not the least picturesque of New York's theatres. It boasts a roof-garden which, like that of the Madison Square, is decorated with plants and illuminated by electric lights in colored globes. The Casino Roof-Garden was the first of the kind in New York, and in spite of its rivals it still enjoys a full measure of popularity.

The theatres of New York may be divided into two classes, combination-houses and stock-company houses. The combination-houses are rented by traveling companies and by stars. Many of these attractions come from other cities or from foreign lands, but some of them, although constantly moving, rarely go outside the city limits, New York itself forming a theatrical circuit. For instance, a play is produced at the pretty little theatre at Broadway and Fortieth street. After a successful run its performance is transferred to the Academy of Music or to the Grand Opera House, thence to one of the Harlem theatres, and afterwards to some Bowery play-house. Thus the comedy that one has paid a dollar and a half, or probably more, to see



**Third Avenue at Ninth Street.**

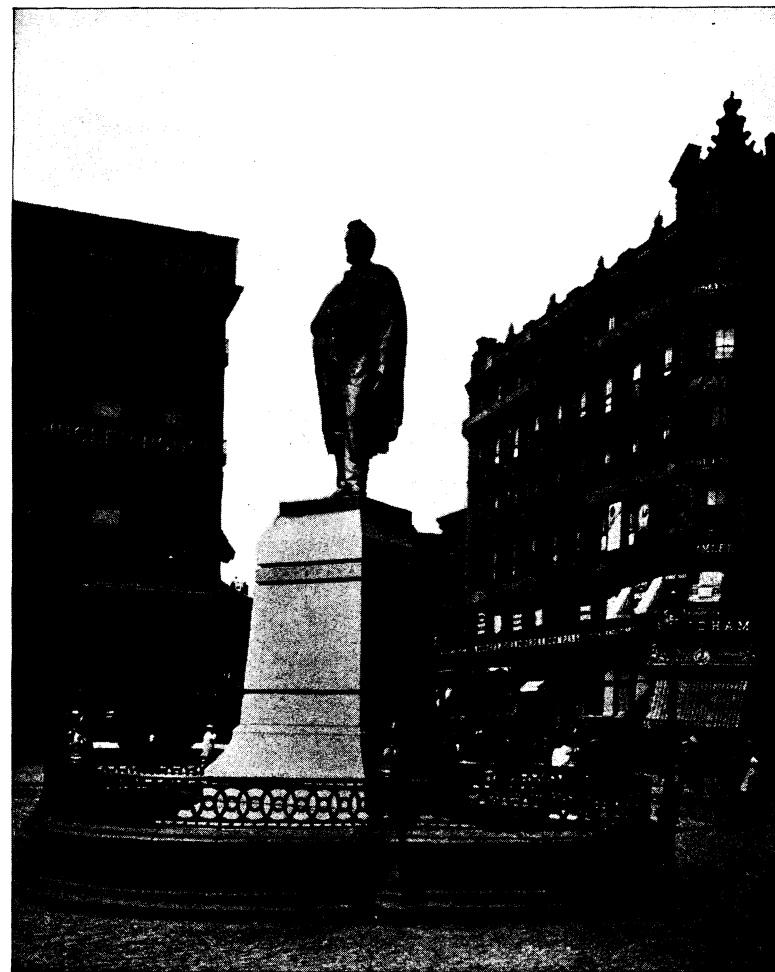
at the Empire may be enjoyed a few months later for half the former price at some one of the less fashionable and lower-priced houses by large and appreciative audiences.

#### **The Grand Opera House.**

The Grand Opera House, which in this case as in many others is a misnomer, rarely witnesses the production of grand opera. It is rented principally by companies playing in pieces of a melodramatic nature, and it attracts a very large class of theatre-goers recruited from the thousands of New Yorkers living on the west side of the city. Howard Gould, the third son of the late Jay Gould, is actively interested in the management of the Opera House, although he is not its sole owner, the honors of proprietorship being shared by his eldest brother George. A proscenium box on the uptown side of the theatre is reserved for the Gould family, and has been the scene of many a merry theatre party, given by the children of the departed financier.

#### **The Academy of Music.**

The Academy of Music, not devoted exclusively to music, was originally intended to be a permanent home for Italian opera. The present building is the second of the name, the first structure, erected in 1854, having been destroyed by fire in 1866. It was rebuilt in 1867. It enjoyed many years of prosperity, but when the Metropolitan



**Lincoln Monument, Union Square.**

Opera House was built, the Academy could not maintain its old-time prestige, and in 1887 the stock company controlling it disposed of the building. Since then it has been rented by traveling companies. All of the boxes excepting twelve under the proscenium arch were removed, and it is now arranged like any ordinary theatre. It has a very large stage, and possesses a seating capacity of two thousand seven hundred.

A peculiar form of dramatic entertainment rapidly increasing in popularity is known as the "Continuous Performance." A theatre on West Twenty-third street was opened as a combination-house, but is now given up to these all-day entertainments. Women and children patronize this theatre in the morning, and for their greater comfort a species of day-nursery has been established in connection with the play-house. The tired shopper may check her baby, leaving it to the tender mercies of a theatre-nurse, and may rest from the fatiguing battles of the bargain counter in a comfortable orchestra chair, soothed by sweet music and cheered by jokes of a more or less antique nature. Another continuous-performance house is the one on Fourteenth street. There was a third on upper Broadway, but apparently there was room for only two in New York, and the third one, after a brief but brave struggle for financial success, succumbed, leaving its luckier rivals to flourish where it had failed. In other days, the parlors of fashionable hotels were largely patronized by youthful lovers as trysting places, but the continuous-performance theatres now usurp that honor.

**Daly's Theatre.**

Daly's Theatre on Broadway, near Thirtieth street, is one of the most fashionable play-houses in the city. The prices are higher than



**Augustin Daly.**



**Joseph Jefferson.**

#### AMONG THE PLAY-HOUSES.

those of any other house, excepting the new theatre on Thirty-eighth street. Augustin Daly is a unique figure in theatrical circles. He manages his house to suit himself, and he has been sufficiently successful in New York to warrant his building and managing another theatre in London. His theatre is a "stock-company house," although it is occasionally rented to outside attractions.

#### Hebrew Theatres.

A proof of the cosmopolitan character of theatre-goers in New York is afforded by the fact that no less than four theatres devoted to plays in the Hebrew language are accorded hearty financial support. Of these four, the Thalia and the Eighth Street Theatre are the best known, although the Roumania Opera House attracts fairly large audiences. The Eighth Street Theatre was formerly St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church. To say that plays are given in Hebrew at these theatres by no means implies that the language spoken is the pure and unadulterated tongue of the ancient Hebrews. It is a species of mongrel jargon, composed of four-sevenths German, two-sevenths Russian, and one-seventh Hebrew. As there are about two hundred thousand Jews in New York, including over sixty thousand Slavaks, thirty thousand Polaks, twenty thousand Lithuaks and Roumanians, and fully thirty thousand German and French Hebrews, it is not surprising that their four play-houses are always well patronized. The prejudice once so strong against the stage has been greatly modified, and the modern play, as seen in tragedy, comedy, grand opera, light opera, farce and minstrel is sufficiently varied to gratify the great variety of tastes among theatre-goers or those in quest of any form of rational amusement.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### OUT-OF-DOORS DIVERSIONS.

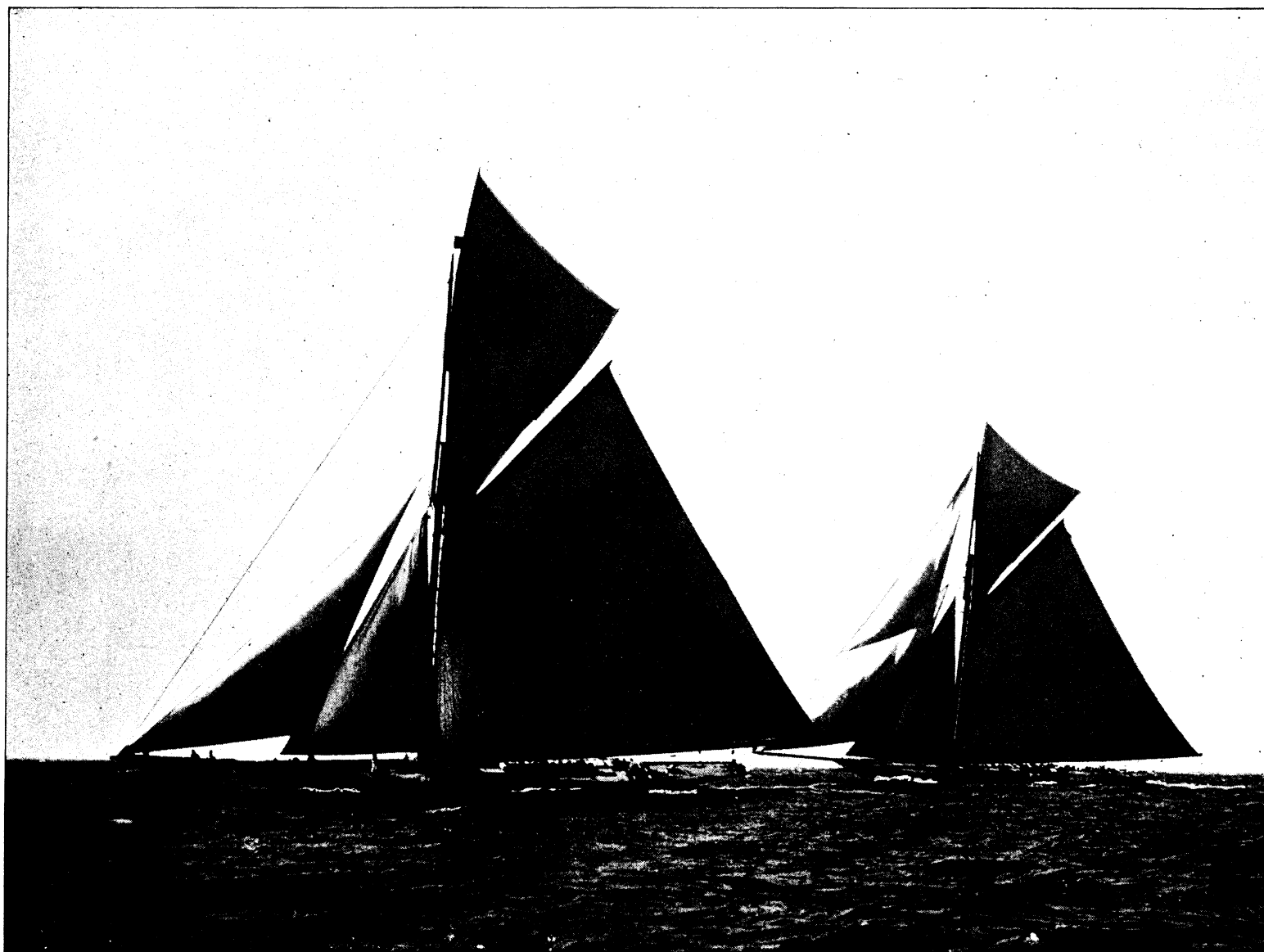


RECENT YEARS have witnessed a remarkable development of interest in athletic games and all manner of out-of-doors sports, among the American people. Time was when such things were enjoyed by a few but frowned upon by the many, as beneath the notice of a serious people. We have learned better, now. We have, or take, more leisure, and put into practice the theory that there is a time to play as well as a time to work. To-day America probably leads the world in out-of-doors sports.

The situation of New York city makes it a natural centre for such forms of entertainment. The waters adjacent afford such opportunities for yachting and boating as scarcely any other city enjoys, while on the land are ideal spots for racing, and for all manner of games. Moreover, the vast population, the wealth, and the leisure of the metropolis conduce greatly to the encouragement of all wholesome and manly sports. Here are the great yacht clubs, and the great race-tracks. Here are the most noted athletic clubs. Here are some of the most famous boat-crews. The New York base-ball club always ranks among the foremost players of the National game. And when a specially important match is to be played by two rival college organizations, they seek to have New York the scene of the contest.

#### **Yachting.**

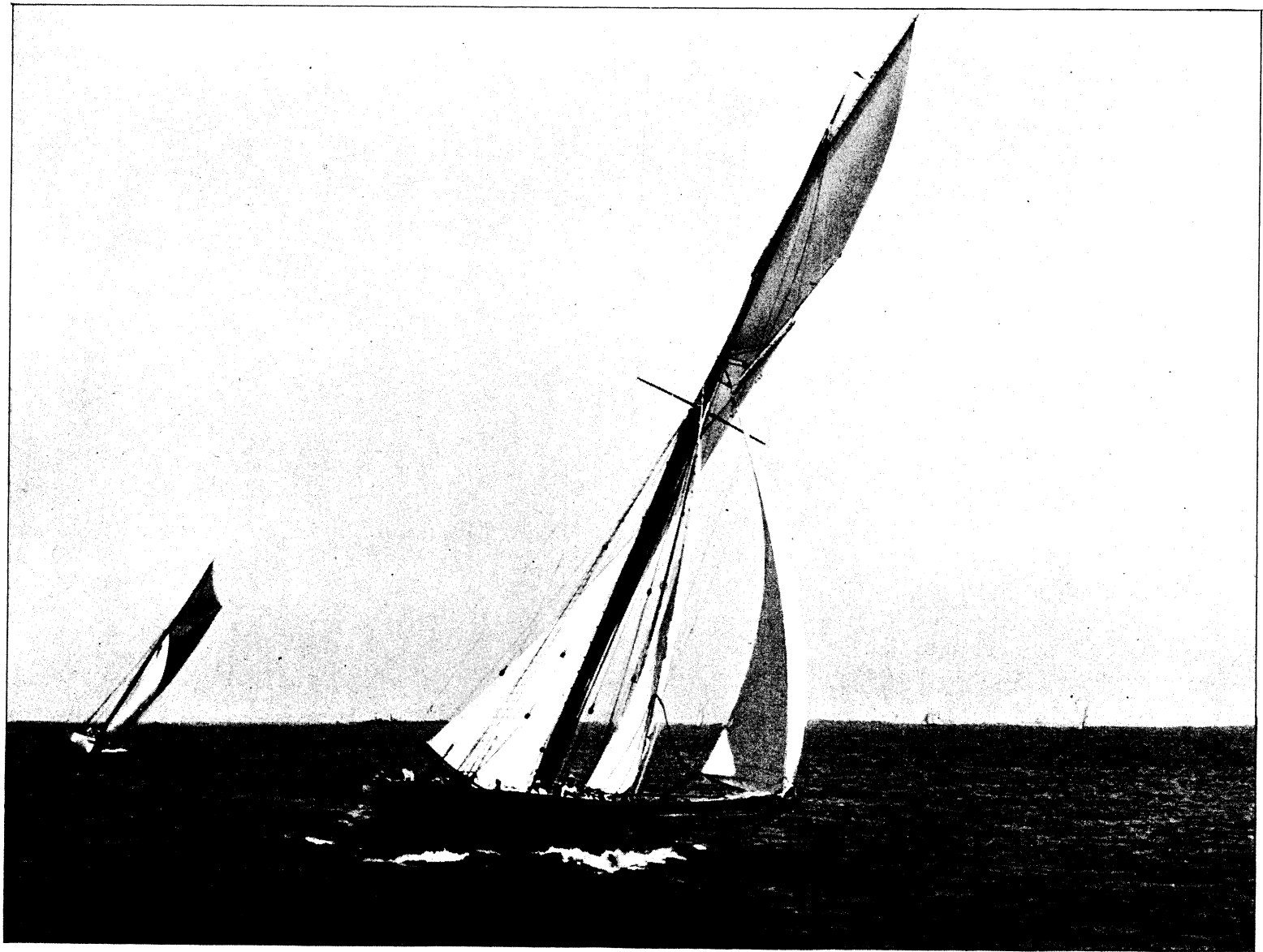
Conspicuous among all out-of-doors sports, as the most expensive, therefore the most exclusive, and yet in point of interest one of the most popular, is yachting. There are more than one hundred yacht-clubs in



Ocean Yacht Race.

America to-day; and New York has a far greater number than any other city. The rivers, the bays, Long Island Sound, and the Atlantic Ocean, are all close at hand, and present a field for yachting, in all sorts of weather, unsurpassed in all the world. Its large membership, wealth, great success and magnificent fleet, entitle the New York Club to be the leading yacht organization in America, if not in the world. It will soon be fifty years old. That half century of existence has been fraught with an experience that approaches the marvelous. Its burgee is known the world over. Its races, regattas and cruises have been told and retold in every quarter of the globe. Its leaders have been and are distinguished in the higher ranks of business and social life. It is a club, indeed, that is an honor to the land, and thousands of patriotic citizens annually bear hearty testimony to the fact. Though its age is venerable, that is all there is old about it. The vigor of youth pervades its actions. Enthusiasm marks its ways. Energy, discretion, intelligence, are to be observed in its everyday life. Years have brought it wisdom, and its members can be proud of its name and reputation whenever they have occasion to stand under its protecting flag.

But that is not the only one. The Seawanhaka, the Larchmont, and half a dozen other strong clubs almost vie with the New York in importance, and their annual regattas are social and sporting events of prime importance. Decoration Day, May 30, is the regular date for the opening of the yachting season. On that day the waters around New York are white with sails; and thenceforward until October regattas and races of all sorts are the order of the day. The great event of the yachting season is the international contest for the America's Cup, which does not, however, occur every year, but only at irregular intervals, when some English yachtsman is daring enough to come over and try to win back the cup which a Yankee skipper won from the Queen's own hand nearly half a century ago. When such a contest is to be decided, it is the one great topic of the day. Three or more races are sailed, off Sandy Hook and Coney Island, and every steamer and barge and tug and craft of any description is chartered to take crowding thousands down the bay to see the sport.

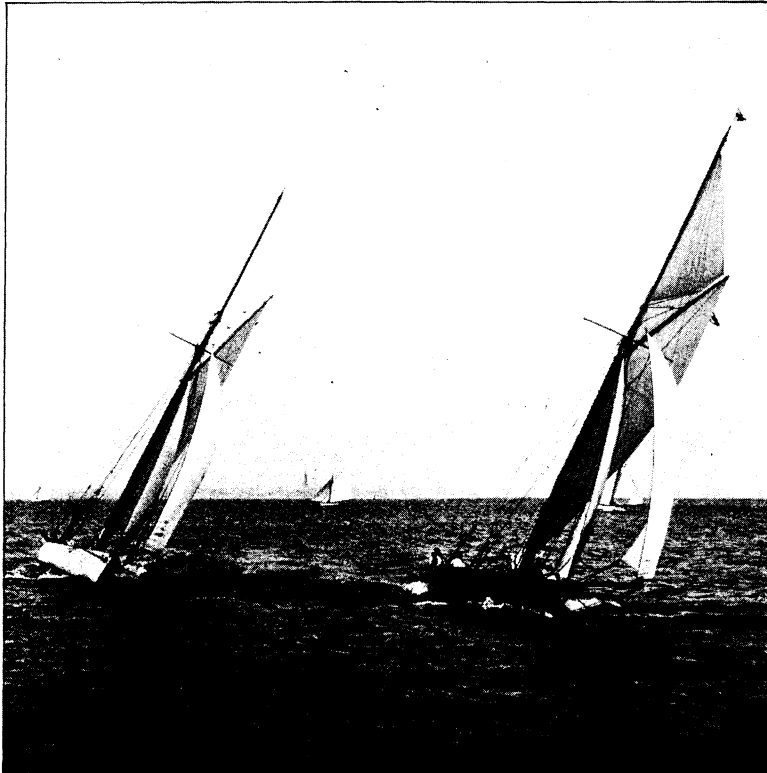


**Under Full Sail.**



**Rowing—Canoeing—Swimming.**

Rowing, too, is an aquatic sport, that has long enjoyed great popularity. It is practiced chiefly on the Harlem River. The shores of that picturesque stream are thickly dotted with boat-houses, some of them elaborate and costly structures. Every summer afternoon the surface of the river is still more thickly dotted

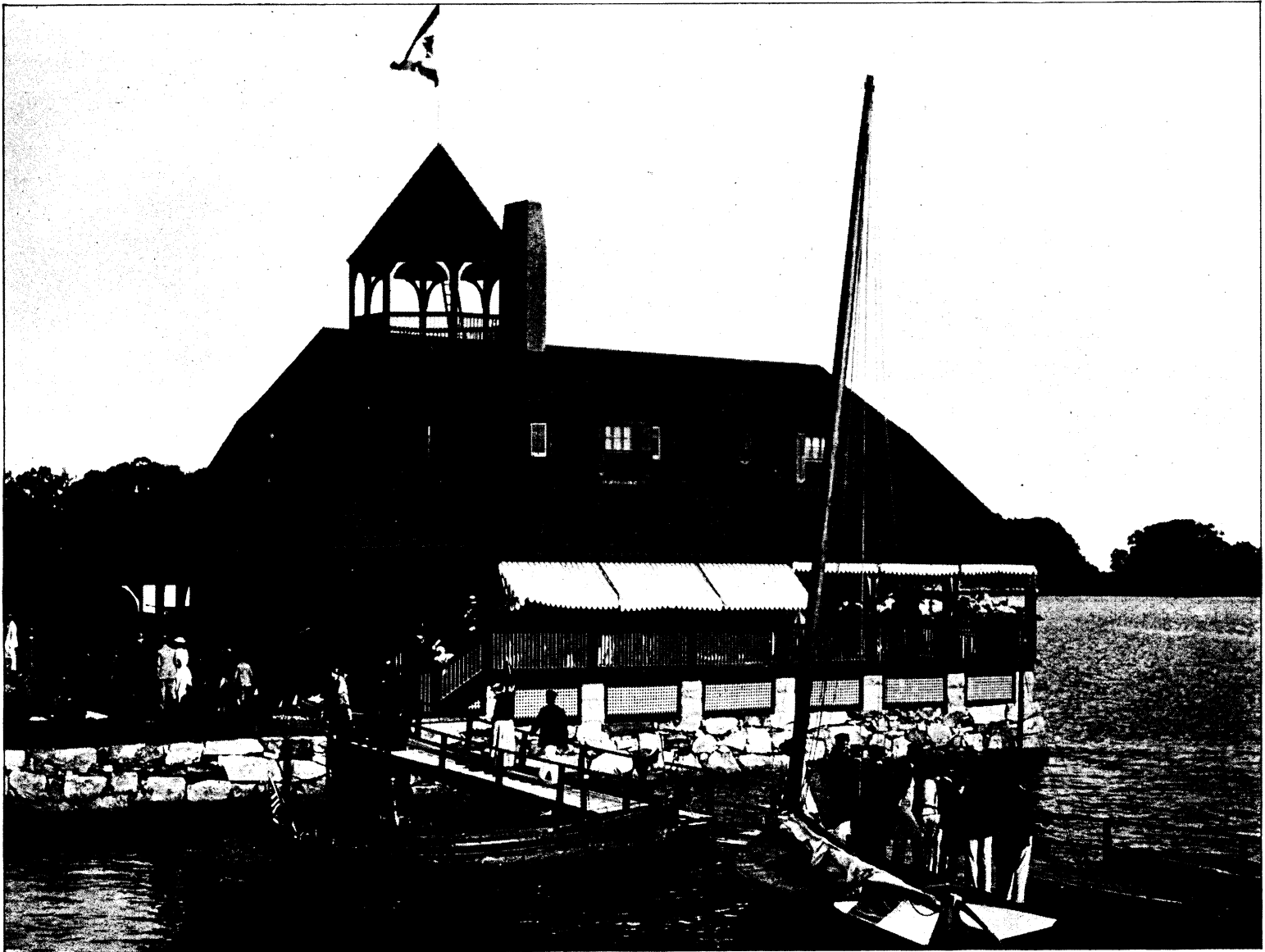


**Tomahawk and Minerva.**

with swiftly gliding boats. There are singles, and doubles, and four and six and eight-oared crews, in long, narrow paper shells, darting up and down stream like sharks in pursuit of prey. These are the boats of the professional and amateur oarsmen of the rowing clubs. And there are many more skiffs and boats of less pretentious type, occupied by pleasure parties only.

Nor are canoes by any means unknown. In New York and its immediate vicinity are a dozen or more canoe clubs, with numerous membership. All belong to a National Association, whose annual meeting and races form a brilliant and enjoyable item in the year's calendar of sports.

Swimming is an aquatic sport that has many accomplished devotees in New York, though they are not so numerous here as in some other cities. The waters about New York are not adapted to the practice of it. Yet there are often fine matches swum in the Hudson River, and also in Long Island Sound, while every great athletic club and gymnasium is equipped with a huge indoors tank for the purpose. There are also several swimming clubs, distinctively so known.



Riverside Yacht Club House.

**Fishing.**

The list of sports in or on or about the water may be concluded with a reference to fishing, the "gentle art" of good old Izaak Walton. There are many fishing clubs in New York, some of the most important owning or controlling lakes and streams in various parts of the country, where only their members are allowed to fish. But for the multitude, ample and excellent sport is to be found in the waters around the city. For those who care for deep-sea fishing there are steamers leaving the city daily to visit the Cholera Banks and other parts of the ocean, off the New Jersey coast. Early in the season, flounder-fishing is the favorite sport. On Sundays, especially, thousands of men and boys go out with rod and line and basket. The rush is so great that a special Sunday morning train is put on the branch of the New York & New Haven Railroad, which runs along the river from Harlem to New Rochelle, and is familiarly known as the "flounder train," while another Sunday special runs down the Woodhaven & Rockaway road to the fishing stations along Jamaica Bay.

Goose Creek, the Raunt, Broad Channel and Beach Channel in Jamaica Bay, each has its regular patrons, with sundry and various quaint little fishing huts and more pretentious club houses, while the transient angler at either place need never want for tackle, bait and boat. Here, too, a little later in the season, the beautiful weakfish is taken in large numbers, and the same may be said of all the points along Staten Island reached by the Rapid Transit road—the angler's ideal highway. Newark Bay and the Kills, the Sound and the Great South Bay, Sheepshead Bay and the Shrewsbury river count their patrons by the hundred, and, indeed, every bay, river or pond around this city gives up finny game in no mean quantities, and no city in the world can begin to equal the metropolis in the varied quality of the sport afforded at our doors, or in the great number of anglers who daily seek this delightful recreation.

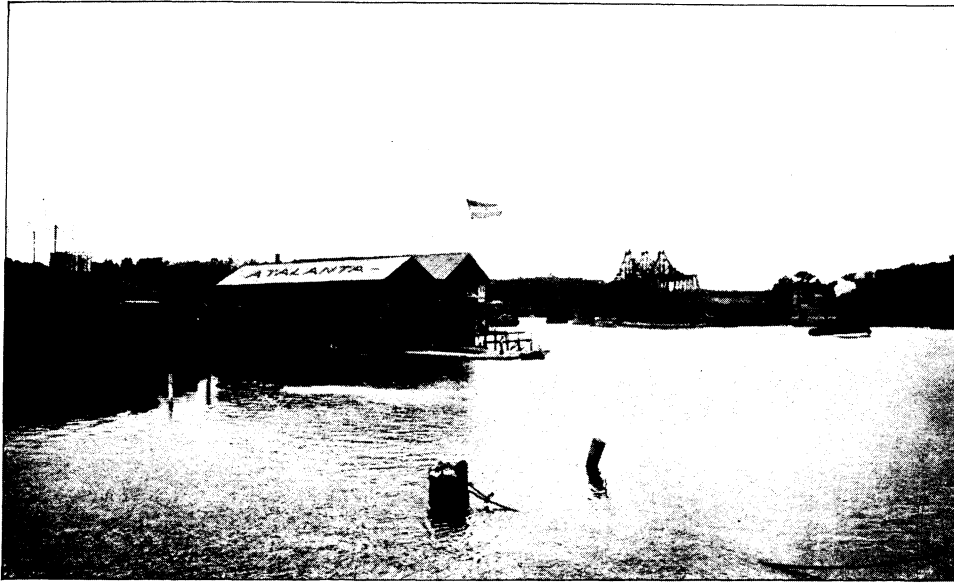
**The Great South Bay.**

The handsome little weakfish is taken by thousands along the Staten Island shore, from June to September. Rockfish and kingfish, and the noble striped bass are also plentiful. Sheepshead are taken in Jamaica Bay

and the waters about Coney Island. For the glorious bluefish, one must go to the great South Bay, and hire a cat-boat; or if you want the finest sport of all, go clear outside to the open ocean. You charter a thirty-foot cat-boat, of the extreme "skimming dish" model, with one huge sail, and with a crew of a man and a boy; the former to manage the boat, the latter to comment sarcastically upon the fish you do not catch. You "pole" down the creek two miles to the bay, through clouds of mosquitoes and green-headed flies; then seven miles across the bay, and through the inlet to the open sea. The breeze freshens into a gale, the green and white waves break clear over the boat, the big canvas bellies and strains at the mast, and while one gunwale is under water, by looking over the other you can almost see the centreboard. A mile to northward gulls are making fierce plunges into the water. That means a shoal of menhaden; and a shoal of menhaden means a hungry, devouring legion of bluefish in close pursuit. Head toward them, and out with the lines; and the foaming water hisses past more fiercely, the twenty fathoms of line are taut as a bowstring, and the heavy squid hook skims the surface like the dorsal fin of a shark. Now the gulls are close at hand. Swish! The line is jerked from your nervous fingers and runs out like mad until brought up by the cleat to which, luckily, you fastened it. Hand over hand you haul in. You don't care that the spray is ruining your clothes. There's a fish on the line! No matter if the straining whipcord cuts your fingers to the bone. There's a fish on the line! When



**Dauntless.**



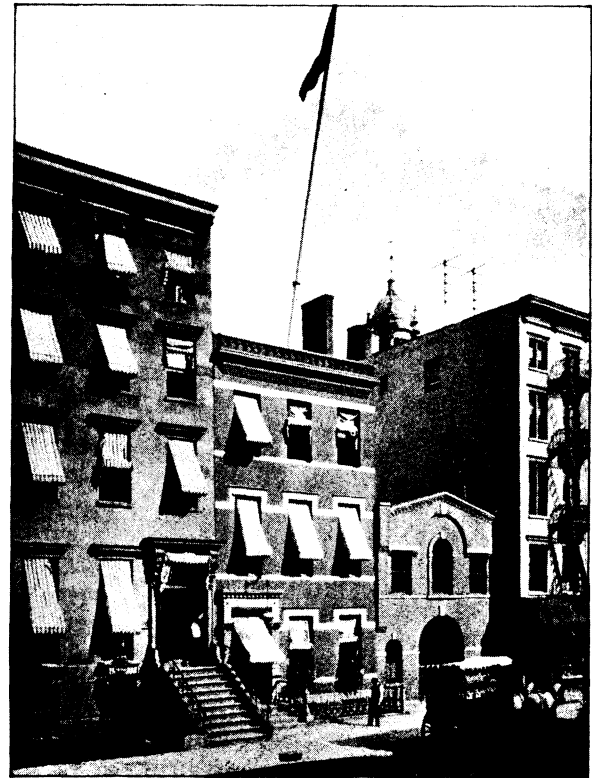
**Atlanta Boat House and Float.**

with a swish and a flop over the gunwale, your miserable spring-balance showed him to be only a bare seven-pounder. Never mind; you have him anyway. Better a mummychug in the boat than a whale in the sea. Again the line goes over, and is tightened by a something that pulls and whirls and plunges, and finally comes panting and snapping into the boat, until you stand knee deep in a scaly, glittering mass, and reluctantly, though with blistered neck, aching arms and bleeding hands, turn toward the inlet, the creek and home.

#### **Horse-Racing.**

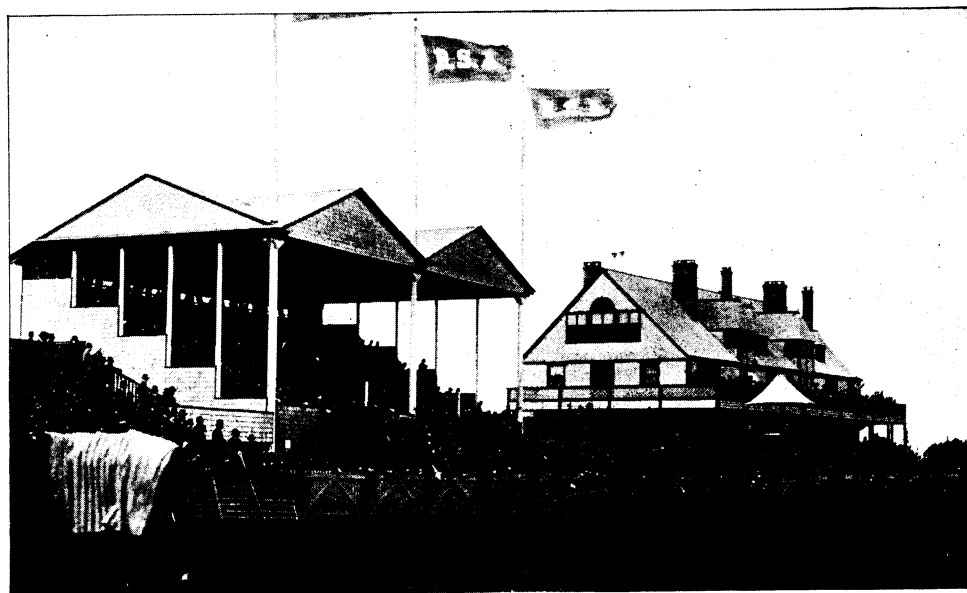
Horse-racing, both in harness and under saddle, has long been one of the leading summer sports of New York. The chief running

he grabbed the hook and jerked the line from your fingers, he weighed a hundred pounds. When you got him hauled half way to the boat he weighed a thousand. When he was within a boat's length your aching muscles and bleeding fingers were sure he weighed a ton. But when he came



**New York Yacht Club.**

race-tracks in this vicinity are at Sheepshead Bay, in Brooklyn, where the Coney Island Jockey Club has a fine course; at Gravesend, also in Brooklyn, where is the course of the Brooklyn Jockey Club; and at Morris Park, in Westchester county, where the New York Jockey Club has a course, ground and club-house costing more than \$2,000,000 and reckoned one of the finest in the world. There are also race-tracks at Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, and at several places in New Jersey not far from this city. These tracks are in



**Suburban Day.**

use daily during the season, and are patronized by vast crowds of people of all classes and conditions. On the days of great races such as the Suburban, the Futurity, etc., it is no uncommon thing for twenty-five or thirty thousand people to attend. The grand stand is thronged with fashionable people, including hundreds of ladies in elaborate costumes designed for the occasion, and the whole scene is one of great brilliancy. How largely the race-tracks are patronized may be seen from the fact that at the Sheepshead Bay course, in 1890, the receipts of admission fees amounted to more than \$206,000, in thirty days; and at Gravesend and Morris Park, for the same length of time, to more than \$136,000 each.

Trotting is not nearly so popular a form of racing as is running. The only track devoted to it in or near New York is that at Fleetwood in the upper part of the city. The great driveways, however, such as Seventh avenue, Riverside Drive, etc., are frequented daily by hundreds of horsemen driving blooded trotters; and a broad speedway, two miles long, is being constructed on the bank of the Harlem river for their special

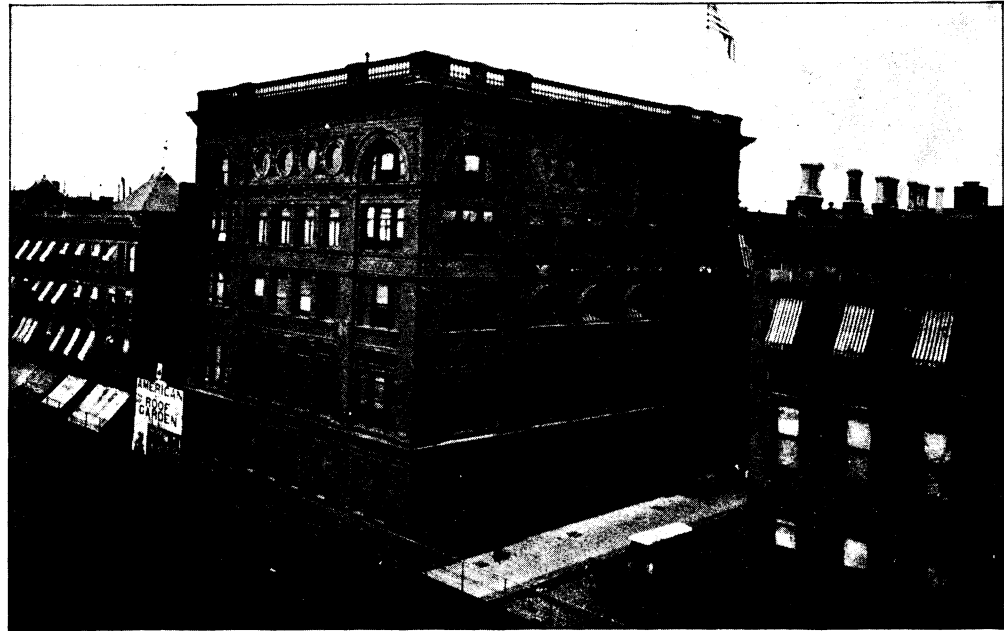
use where they may drive as fast as they please, and indulge in informal races. Probably in no other city are there owned so many fine and speedy trotting horses as in New York.

Riding for pleasure is also an exceedingly popular diversion, and there are numerous riding-schools, riding-clubs, etc., in the city.

#### **Riding-Schools.**

The most exclusive association of riders is the New York Riding Club. Members are elected as in any social organization of high degree, and though many persons apply, "few are chosen."

The club-house is a large and handsome building in Fifty-eighth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues. There are a ring, a refreshment-room, galleries for invited guests, and dressing-rooms for members. Ample accommodations for horses are provided, and



**New York Athletic Club.**

nearly all the members board their mounts at the club. Ladies are not eligible for actual membership, but club privileges are extended to the families of all members, and in consequence there are generally more women than men in daily attendance. The initiation fee, dues, and necessary expenses of each man belonging to the club, place membership beyond the reach of any but the very wealthy. A famous and peculiar figure at the clubhouse is the doortender. His costume of brilliant hue and 16th century cut is the delight of the street gamins, knee-breeches and gay coats being a rare sight in New York.

**Coaching.**

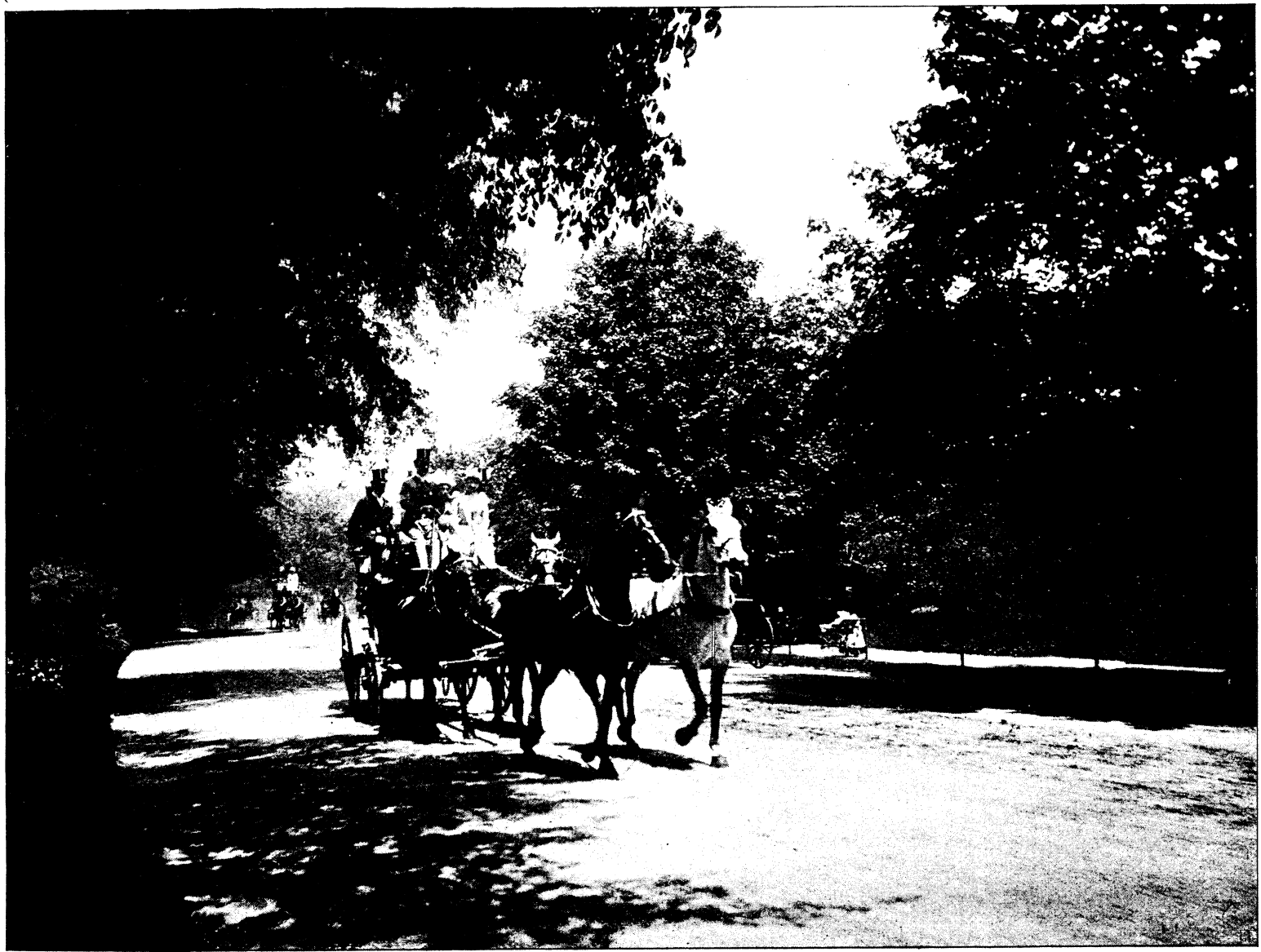
Coaching is necessarily a very expensive and therefore exclusive sport. The New York Coaching Club is an organization of wealthy gentlemen, who find pleasure in driving teams of four horses, attached to large "tally-ho" coaches. The story of its origin has been related as follows: In 1874 Colonel William Jay, not long then from his gallant service in the war, and Thomas Newbold, fresh from the classic shades of Trinity College, Cambridge, were sauntering past a carriage repository in Fourth avenue when they espied an old English road coach, weather-beaten and rickety, but still suggestive of the delights of the road. They stopped and looked hard. Then they went in and bargained hard. The coach became theirs. Jay had a saddle horse. Newbold borrowed his mother's carriage horses. Nicholson Kane hired another leader, and lo! the first four-in-hand ever turned out in English fashion in New York, one day made its appearance on Fifth avenue, and nearly paralyzed the dudes who used to look out of the old Knickerbocker Club windows, on the corner of the avenue and Twenty-eighth street.

Around that old coach all the sporting blood of the day immediately rallied. Colonel Kane was then abroad driving the Brighton or some other famous coach, but he sent home words of encouragement and good cheer. Nicholson Kane, his brother, immediately sat down and wrote a charming lyric upon coaching. Other gentlemen busied themselves in other ways to promote the new idea, until at last a meeting was held, a club formed and a constitution drawn up, of which this was the first article:

"This club shall be called the Coaching Club and its object shall be to encourage four-in-hand driving in America. The club shall consist of the following members: Frederic Bronson, James Gordon Bennett, William P. Douglas, Leonard W. Jerome, William Jay, De Lancey Kane, S. Nicholson Kane, Thomas Newbold, A. Thorndike Rice, and such others as may be elected."

It is also interesting to note the second article of the constitution, which reads as follows: "No one shall be eligible for membership unless the candidate shall exhibit to the officers of the club satisfactory evidence





Coaching in the Park.

both of his ability to drive four horses, and of his actual ownership of a drag in America, in whole or in part, to the extent at least of one-fourth of a drag."

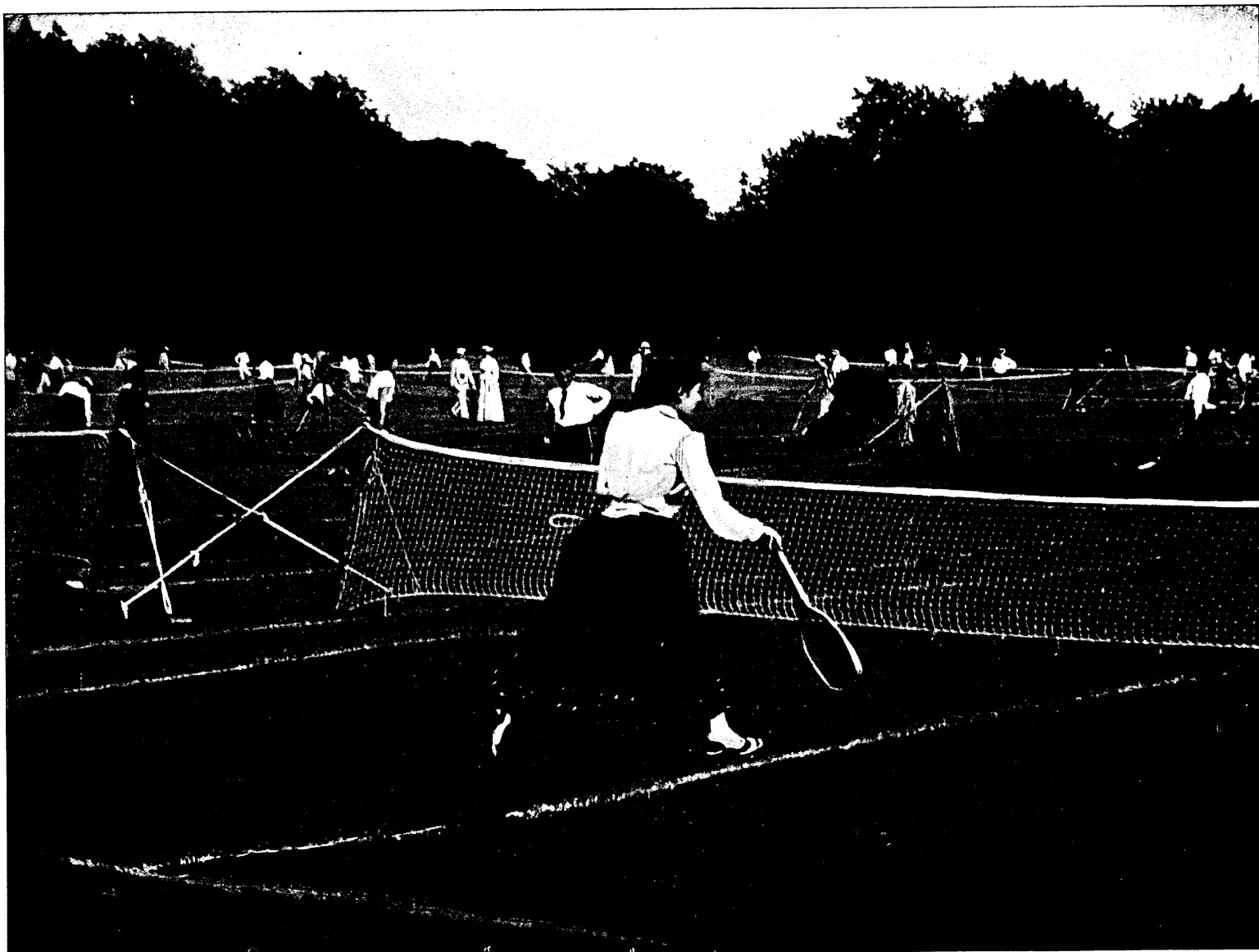
This latter clause was evidently intended to cover the part ownership of Messrs. Jay, Newbold, Kane and Bronson in the original coach. All this, however, was quickly smoothed out, for the founders of the club soon imported or gave orders here for coaches, so that by the time the first coach parade was held there were some eight coaches in line, and the membership of the club had increased to nearly fifteen. To-day the Coaching Club, with its green uniform and brass buttons, is known and respected the world over.

The headquarters of the club have always been at the Brunswick Hotel, and on the day of the annual parade of the club, when a dozen four-in-hand teams and coaches are drawn up in Fifth avenue at that point, the coaches crowded with pretty women in brilliant costumes, the scene is one of uncommon attractiveness. Practically, the club has done much good in encouraging and promoting the building of coaches, and the breeding of fine horses. As a result of its efforts, long coaching tours, from New York to places hundreds of miles away, are now events of frequent occurrence.

Polo, the famous horseback game of India, was introduced into New York twenty odd years ago, and was played on grounds on One Hundred and Tenth street. The grounds were afterward used as a base-ball field, but always retained the name of the Polo Grounds. When at last they were abandoned and a new ball field was established in another part of the city, the same name was given to it, though a game of polo never has been played there. There are several polo clubs in New York and its suburbs, such as the Westchester, the Morris county, the Essex county, and the Rockaway.

#### **Cricket.**

In the category of American sports few games appeal more strongly to the amateur than the great English ball game, cricket. In fact the assertion has often been made that it is the only sport left in which the thirst for gain has not made large encroachments upon the amateur standing of its followers.



Lawn Tennis.

The active cricketer buys his own outfit, pays his own traveling and other expenses, and never gives a thought to that most important question in all other branches of athletics—gate money. The players participate in the various games for the simple enjoyment and exercise to be derived therefrom, and the prizes which reward individual feats of prowess are few and far between, and if a club offers a prize for the best record of the whole season for batting and bowling it is as far as they go in that respect.

Cricket, too, is an expensive game to play, for outside the club dues, which alone amount to a fair outlay, the active player usually provides himself with a private set of implements, including bats, which cost \$6 or \$7 each. In this country it has come to be known as a gentleman's pastime, and this alone should hinder its popularity among the masses.

But cricket has been gaining slowly in popularity for the past five years, and each season sees the number of its votaries increased. The chief organization in the vicinity of New York is the Staten Island Cricket Club, which has a fine house and grounds at Livingston, Staten Island, and whose games always attract large and fashionable gatherings.

#### **Lacrosse.**

The Canadian national game, lacrosse, has also been naturalized to some extent in and about New York, and the city now boasts several excellent teams. The games take place on Travers Island, in Central Park, and on various other grounds, and are exciting and brilliant spectacles.

Lawn tennis is now probably the most popular out-door game for both sexes, having largely supplanted croquet. Much ground is devoted to it in Central Park, and every private lawn that is large enough has a court laid out upon it. The New York, Lenox, Hamilton, West Side, and Knickerbocker are among the chief clubs in the city.

Bicycling is a sport to which tens of thousands of men and women are enthusiastically devoted. There are numerous large clubs of wheelmen, and the roads in the Park, and such thoroughfares as Eighth avenue and the Boulevard, which have smooth pavements, are much frequented by them. The riders usually



Base-Ball—Before the Game.

wear picturesque uniforms, the men generally having knee-breeches, long stockings, sweaters and caps, while the women wear short skirts, jackets and caps, and some of the more courageous assume suits almost exactly like those worn by the men.

#### **Foot-Ball and Base-Ball.**

Foot-ball is played in the fall, chiefly by teams of college students. Many of their games are held in New York, on the grounds on which base-ball is played in summer. Here on Thanksgiving Day of every year is played the great annual match between Yale and Princeton. A crowd of thirty or forty thousand people fills every available seat and bit of standing-room. Most of them are adorned with ribbons, displaying the colors of various colleges, the dark blue of Yale and the orange and black of Princeton predominating, while the blue and white of Columbia, the violet of New York University, and others are numerous. Hundreds of flags, of corresponding colors, are waved, and the air is vocal with college cheers and songs. This is the great athletic event of the year, and incomparably the most brilliant and inspiring spectacle.

Base-ball is the great American national game, and is by far the most popular athletic sport in New York. The city is represented by a club popularly termed "The Giants," which is a member of the National League of twelve clubs. This League plays daily contests during the summer for the championship. The New York club has fine grounds at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, and its games are attended by great crowds, sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty thousand persons. There are hundreds of minor clubs in and about the city, and on Saturday afternoons and Sundays during the summer, matches are in progress on almost every vacant lot and open field. A large meadow in Central Park is set aside exclusively for this game.

General athletics, running, jumping, etc., are extensively practiced by numerous clubs, on grounds at Mott Haven, Travers Island, and elsewhere. Rifle-shooting is conducted by the militia regiments at Creedmoor, Long Island.



**Base-Ball, the Game.**

**Exercising on Brooklyn Bridge.**

A novel scene of athletic exercise is found on the great East River Bridge, which has become a public sanitarium, so to speak. It is no uncommon thing for physicians to prescribe for dyspeptic patients, or for loss of appetite, a walk back and forth, at least once in the twenty-four hours, as an infallible remedy, and at certain hours of the day there is abundant evidence that the prescription is acted upon. A veteran policeman who has had his beat on the New York side ever since the structure was thrown open to the public, and who is evidently a close observer of men and manners, as well as a philosopher in his way, says:

“You can easily tell ’em by their quick and jerky gait and their pale faces. They don’t walk leisurely, like folks that are in robust health, but spin along as if their lives depended on making fast time. Here comes one of them now.”

At that moment a nervous-looking individual spun past with chest expanded, both arms going like a windmill, his eyes looking upward, evidently resolved upon making the most of his time and getting out of the bridge all the exercise it could be worked for.

“He has been doing this thing for a year or more, now, and I think it’s doing him a heap of good. At first he was awful dismal, and looked as if he hadn’t a friend in the whole world, but now, as you see, he nods as he passes, and has a pleasant smile on his face. If he keeps on, I guess another year’s practice will cure him.”

The thing, however, it would appear, sometimes works the wrong way. “An old lady that lives on Brooklyn Heights, not far from Plymouth Church, over there,” the informant went on to say, “tried the long walk twice a day for something that ailed her, and as she went along she always had a pleasant ‘good morning’ or ‘good afternoon.’ She said she thought it was better than the mind cure, and it didn’t cost anything. But I am sorry to say one day she was caught by a sudden fall of rain right in the middle of the bridge (it is a mile and an eighth long, you know), and as she had no umbrella and there was no shelter handy, she got wet through and that was the last of her. I was told afterwards that she had a chill when she reached home, and it ran into pneumonia, concluding with a funeral at Plymouth, in less than a week from the time I last saw her. If she had stayed away from the bridge I dare say she would have been living yet.”

But there is another class of pedestrians who do not belong to the dyspeptics, nor to the valetudinarians, but who have become quite an attractive feature of these New York and Brooklyn walking matches. These are the fashionable young ladies’ boarding-schools, who give their pupils, fifteen or twenty at a time, a “constitutional” across the bridge, usually just after breakfast every Saturday morning.

#### **In the Parks.**

The parks of the city, which we have enumerated elsewhere, play a very important part in the outdoor life and diversions of the people. Even the smallest of these squares are thronged in summer time by those





Children in Central Park.

to whom a patch of lawn and a few trees convey the only idea practically obtainable of rural scenes and pleasures. Two parks are almost exclusively occupied by the poor of the city. One of these, Tompkins Square, is situated in the very heart of the crowded East Side, in that portion of the city whose teeming population is almost exclusively German in origin. One may visit this park and stroll about among the thousands who frequent it without hearing a word of English spoken, or seeing a countenance that is not unmistakably Teutonic. The Square has had a varied history, at times being entirely bereft of grass and trees, and used as a military parade ground.

Fronting on the East river and extending from Eighty-sixth to Eighty-ninth streets, is a large open space known as East River Park. It contains grass and trees, summer-houses and benches, and is a favorite resort for the crowded population of the adjacent city blocks. On summer afternoons it literally swarms with women and children from tenement houses and the homes of the working people, and in the evenings, especially those on which concerts are given by a brass band, young and old gather there by thousands for rest and recreation. Its situation, directly on the bank of the river, makes it cool in summer and gives it a certain picturesque beauty. It is indeed one of the most attractive spots in the city, if the visitor to it does not object to an occasional whiff of the unpleasant odors from the factories on the other side of the river.

In the upper part of the city are the great expanses of Bronx, Van Cortlandt, and other parks. In these comparatively little has been done by art to improve upon, or to detract from, the beauties of nature. There are few paths save those worn by the footsteps of visitors, and there are no signs commanding people to "keep off the grass." They are simply bits of natural woodland and meadow, lake and stream, through which one may roam at his own sweet will.

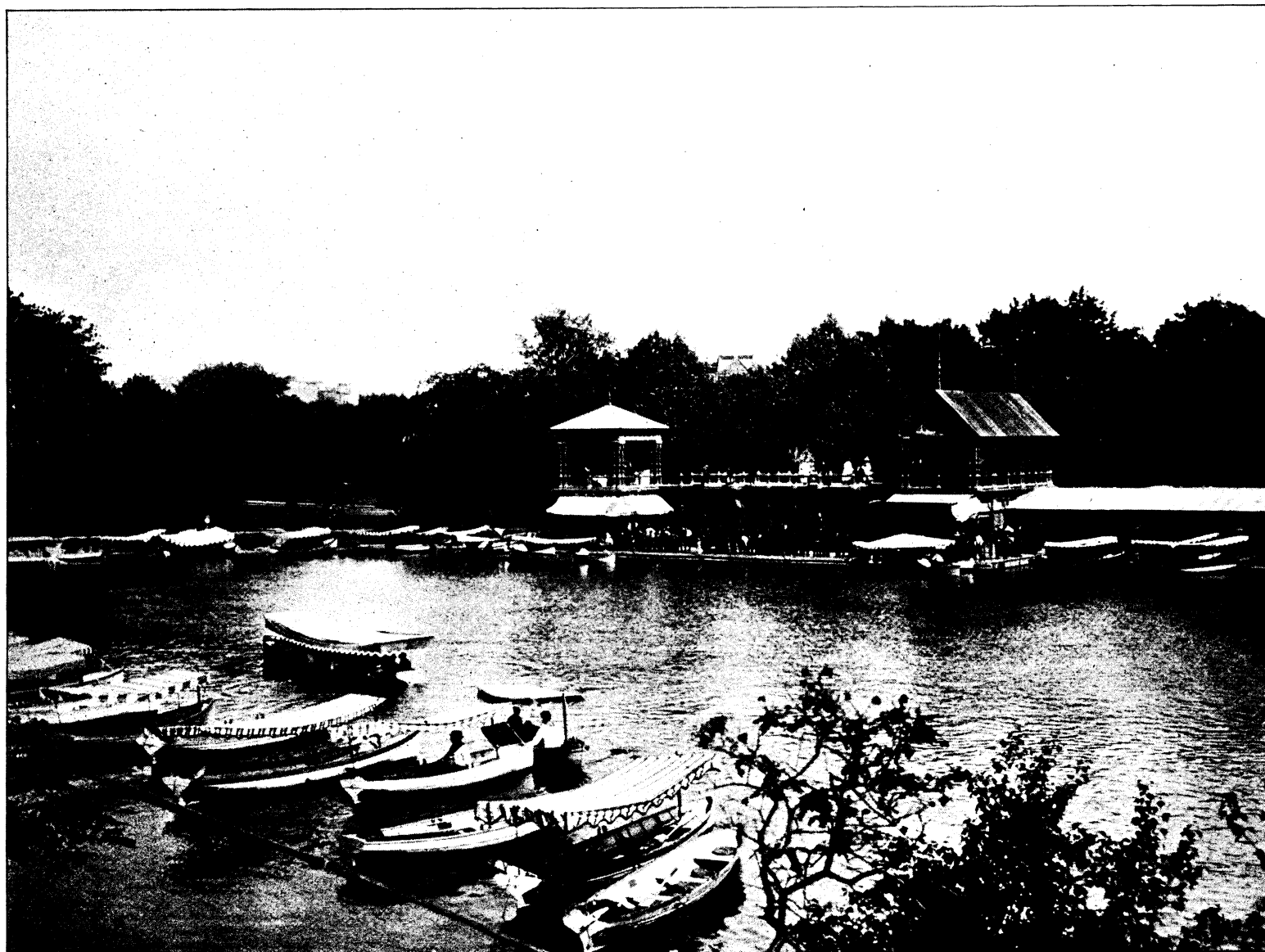
The great park of the city, however, and the one which is always meant by the simple term "The Park," is Central Park. This great pleasure ground was, within the memory of men now living, a dreary expanse of swamps and woodland, in which could be seen scarcely a hint of its present charm. In 1857, however,

engineers took hold of it under the general direction of Frederick L. Olmstead, Calvert Vaux, and J. W. Mould. Since that date about \$15,000,000 have been spent upon the Park, with the result that it is now probably, all things considered, the most attractive pleasure ground in the world. It is bounded on the south by Fifty-ninth street, on the north by One Hundred and Tenth street, on the east by Fifth avenue, and on the west by Eighth avenue. It is thus more than half a mile wide, and two and one half miles long, and contains an area of about eight hundred and forty acres. Within its borders are to be found nine miles of carriage roads, six miles of bridle-paths, and thirty miles of walks. There are more than thirty buildings of various kinds in the Park, and seats for more than ten thousand persons. One-half of the Park is covered by trees and shrubs, of which fully half a million have been planted since work on the Park was begun. In the centre of the Park lie the great Croton reservoirs, through which flows nearly the entire water supply of the city. These divide the Park into two portions, known as the North Park and the South Park. Scattered in various parts of the Park are about fifty bridges and arches, variously constructed of stone, brick, iron and wood, all highly ornamental and no two alike.

In the southwest corner of the Park is the Ball Ground, a fine stretch of ten acres of lawn for the use of those who wish to play base-ball, cricket, tennis, or croquet. The Belvidere is a picturesque stone observatory



May Party, Central Park.



Boat House on Lake.

perched on a rock which forms the highest point in the Park, on the southern edge of the Croton reservoir. From its tower may be obtained one of the finest possible views of the Park, the city, the North and East rivers, and much of the surrounding country. The Bethesda Fountain is one of the chief architectural ornaments of the Park. It is in the plaza at the foot of the Grand Terrace. It comprises the figure of an angel standing on a mass of rock, from which the water gushes in a natural manner into a large circular basin. The angel bends over as if blessing the water, according to the Biblical story. The figure of the angel and other details of the fountain were designed and executed in Rome, by Miss Emma Stebbins. The Carrousel is a play-ground for children adjoining the ball-ground. It contains a merry-go-round, swings, etc.

The Casino is a picturesque stone cottage, containing an excellent restaurant, standing just east from the Terrace. Cleopatra's Needle, or the Egyptian obelisk, stands on a small hill near the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This famous monument of ancient Egypt was presented to the city of New York, in 1877, by Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, and was brought to this city and put in place at the expense of William H. Vanderbilt. It is covered from top to bottom with Egyptian hieroglyphs, most of which are plainly visible at a considerable distance. The obelisk is believed to have been made about 933 B. C. The Green, or Common, is a fine open meadow of about sixteen acres, just north of the ball-ground and west of the Mall. A fine flock of sheep are pastured here. The lakes in the Park cover about forty-three acres, not including the reservoirs. They are provided with fleets of pretty row-boats, and their winding and irregular shores are exceedingly picturesque. The lily pond is a small sheet of water, covering less than an acre, containing a large and particularly fine collection of water-lilies and other aquatic plants.

The Mall is one of the most conspicuous features of the Park. It is a broad pathway shaded by rows of stately elms, extending from the Marble Arch to the Terrace, a distance of about one-third of a mile. Numerous statues of famous men are scattered along the Mall, and at the upper end, near the Terrace, is the music stand. Here a band plays on Saturday and Sunday afternoons during the summer and early fall, and on



Skating in Central Park.

such occasions the Mall is thronged sometimes with tens of thousands of people, and presents one of the most brilliant and animated spectacles imaginable. The Marble Arch at the southern end of the Mall is a tunnel, by means of which the walk is continued underneath the carriage road. It is constructed entirely of pure white marble, whence its name. At the northern end of the Mall is the Terrace, a magnificent structure of yellow sandstone, with broad stairways and enormous panels, elaborately carved with figures of vines and flowers and birds.

The Menagerie is located in and about the old Arsenal, in the southeast corner of the Park. Here is a large and interesting collection of birds and animals, which attracts thousands of visitors every pleasant day. On the top floor of the Arsenal is a large and important meteorological observatory. The Ramble is one of the most delightful parts of the Park. It is an extensive bit of rocky and picturesque wildwood, lying just south of the Belvidere.

The carriage roads in the Park furnish the favorite drives for fashionable equipages. They are also traversed by Park carriages which convey visitors over the entire circuit of the Park for a small fee. No business vehicles of any kind are allowed to enter the Park. For their accommodation, however, four transverse roads have been constructed across the Park from east to west. These pass most of the way through deep cuts, skillfully concealed by trees and shrubbery, so that they are scarcely ever to be seen from the Park itself, and few visitors are even aware of their existence.

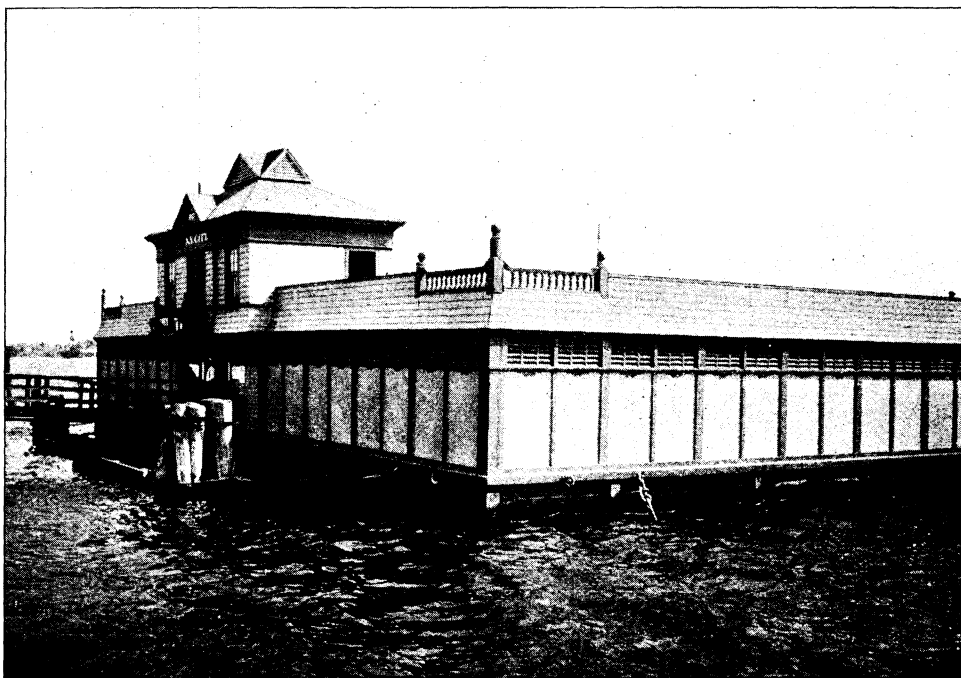
#### **Public Baths.**

The public baths of the city, which have already been referred to, also furnish an important part of the outdoor life of the people. The best known of these is at the Battery, but besides it there are eight on the east side of the city, and six on the west side. Their locations are as follows: North river, at the foot of Horatio street, Duane street, Twentieth street, Thirty-fourth street, Fiftieth street, and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street. East river, at the foot of Market street, Grand street, Fifth street, Eighteenth street, Forty-sixth street, Fifty-first street, Ninety-fourth street, and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street.

All of these baths are open throughout the season, which lasts from the middle of June until early in October, from five o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, every day in the week except Sunday, when they are open until midday. "Ladies' Days" occur on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On these days only women and girls are admitted, while on all the other days in the week the baths are open to boys and men. All of the women and girls are required to wear bathing suits of some kind, while on men's days the grown-up bathers must wear tights, and the boys under fifteen may or may not, as they choose. Most of the youngsters don't choose.

The Battery bath is probably the best patronized of the whole outfit. During the warm days there is a steady stream of applicants waiting for a chance for a bath. So many more want to go in than the bath can accommodate that a system of "trips," as they are called, has been inaugurated. All are allowed to go in until the place is full. There are sixty-eight rooms, and nearly two hundred bathers in each "trip." Then the

gate is closed and no more are admitted until the first batch have been bathed. After fifteen or twenty minutes the keepers tell them all to hustle out, and another lot are admitted. Frequently a long line of boys and men are waiting outside when the time is nearly up for a "trip," and they rush in like a pent-up river suddenly let loose when the officer opens the gate.



Swimming Bath—Exterior.



Once in, the boys make a grand rush for the rooms, and, hurrying inside, strip off their few clothes in less time than it would take to describe the operation. There is always a keen rivalry to see who will get into the water first, and he who succeeds in capturing the honor invariably makes the fact known by a war-whoop that would turn the wildest Indian on the whole Sioux reservation green with envy. Like so many little bull-frogs on the banks of a marsh, the boys spring in one after another in quick succession as fast as they can undress.

Many of them are excellent swimmers, and dive and swim and float and tread water as well as the most orthodox dock rat; but for those who cannot swim, and to prevent the possibility of any drowning accidents, the water in the main tank is only four feet six inches deep. There is a long, narrow side of the tank railed off in which the water is even more shallow yet, for here the very smallest of the bath's patrons paddle about and splash one another in their play.

The water is only two and a half feet deep, and those who cannot swim or do not want to be annoyed by the more boisterous boys in the main tank bathe over there in quiet—that is, of course, comparative quiet, for the whole bath simply resounds with the cries of the youngsters from the time it is opened in the morning until the last of them is turned out and the place closed for the night. They play leapfrog in the water and many other kinds of water games. They also hold all sorts of impromptu swimming races and diving matches. Even the smallest boys over in the shallow part of the tank, who are looked down upon wonderfully by their older brothers in the deep water, shout loud enough for a whole pack of Comanche Indians as they amuse themselves in the water. They hold all kinds of sea fights and splashing matches of the most extravagant order.

There are many older men, too, who use the privilege of a free bath every other day. They come there for the enjoyment of a dip in the cool salt water in the hot weather, and they enjoy their short swim and then go away and about their business. Tramps, who are popularly supposed to be opposed to water in

any form, occasionally appear for a bath, but the officer in charge of the Battery bath generally turns them away for the sake of the other bathers. The companionship of the uncouth, unkempt, unshaven and dirty vagrants of mature years is not attractive even to the street arabs.

The policeman who has charge of the Battery bath is evidently a believer in the old proverb of "spoil the rod and spare the child," for he carries around with him a formidable switch with which he emphasizes his orders to the unruly boys. Although one of their best friends at heart, this officer seems to be regarded by them as their deadly enemy, and they fear his careful scrutiny of them as they pass down the

long gangplank which leads into the bath as the criminal fears the photographer of the "Rogues' Gallery."

This officer seems to have some intuitive way of knowing if a boy has been in before that day, and seldom has to resort to the test of feeling the back of the boy's head for proof. He simply shakes his head and waves his switch toward the shore if he does not think the boy needs a second bath, and the lad with the guilty conscience—that is, supposing for the sake of argument, that he has any conscience at all—turns sadly back and perspires on the hot shore. The officer has had a long experience at the Battery bath, and he seldom makes a mistake.



**Swimming Bath—Interior.**

## CHAPTER XXII.

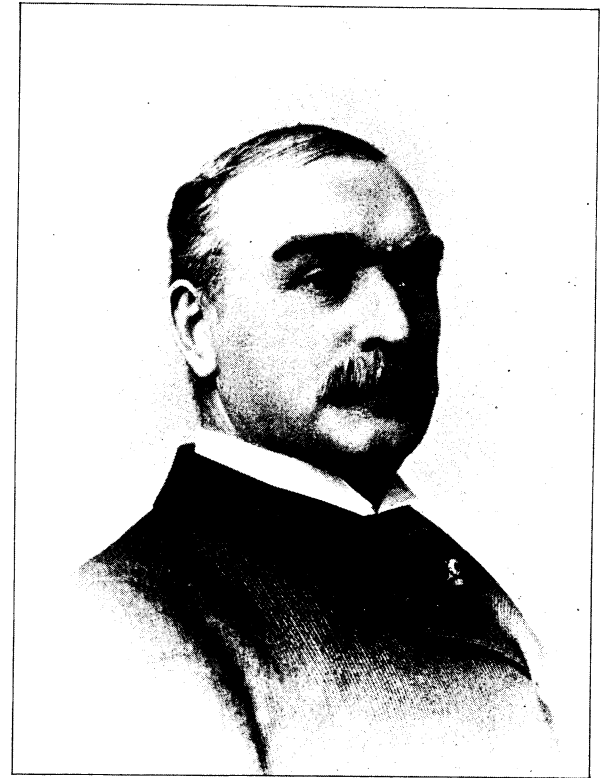
### HOW THE CITY IS GOVERNED.



UNDER THE PROVISIONS of a Charter adopted in April, 1873, the corporate powers of New York City are vested in the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen.

#### **The Mayor.**

The former officer, the chief executive of the city, is elected at a general election in November, for a term of two years, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. When, at any time or for any reason, he is unable to perform the duties of his office, the President of the Board of Aldermen acts as Mayor with full powers. This latter officer is accordingly elected in the same manner as the Mayor independently of the remainder of the Board. The Mayor appoints the heads of the various city departments and can himself be removed from office only by the Governor of the State. His office is in the City Hall, in a large and stately apartment in the southwest corner of that building.



**Mayor Gilroy.**



**City Hall.**

January following their election. They meet usually once a week in a room in the City Hall, but sometimes meet at irregular intervals according to their own pleasure. There have been instances in the history of the city when they have held secret meetings at extraordinary hours for the purpose of consummating various "deals" and bargains by which they have been personally enriched at the city's expense, and to the great scandal of the local government. As a rule,

**The Board of Aldermen.**

The Board of Aldermen is the legislative body of the city, although its powers are greatly limited under the Charter, and most of the really important municipal legislation is performed by the State government at Albany. Besides the President of the Board, there are now thirty aldermen, one elected from each Assembly District for a term of two years, at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. They, as do the other elected city officers, take office on the first day of



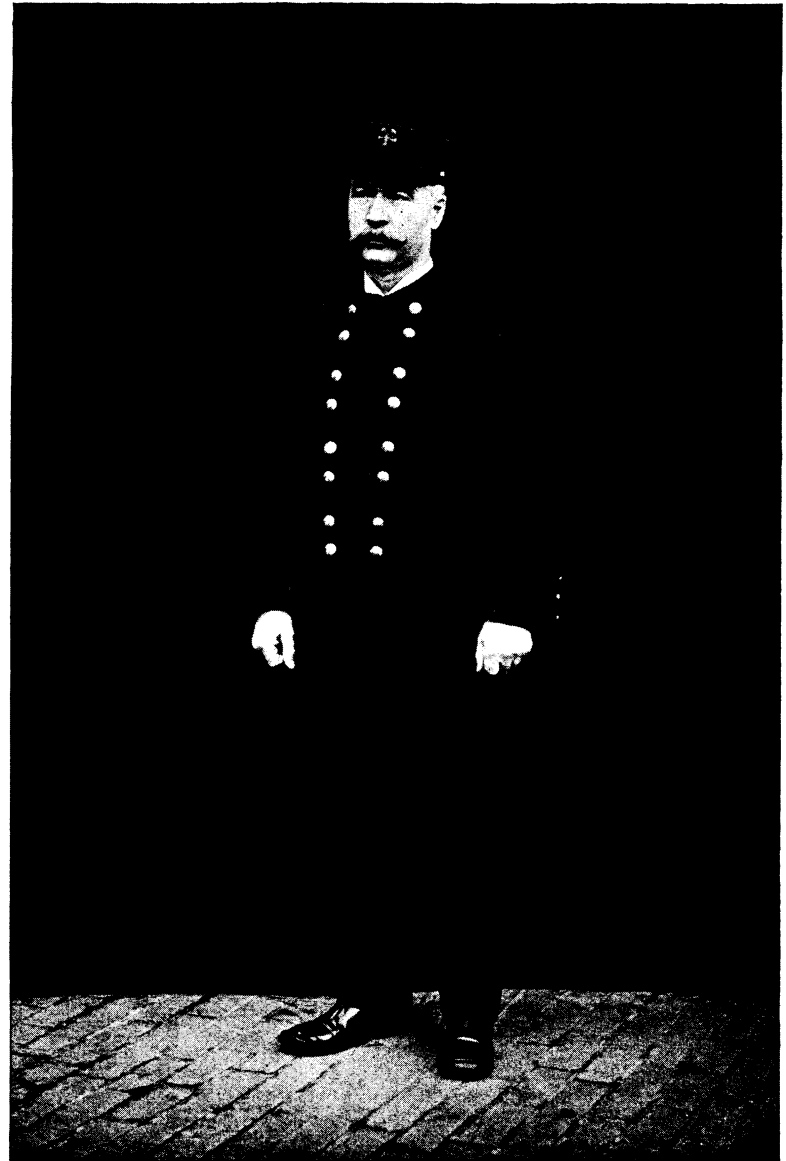
**Chambers Street Courthouse.**

the aldermen are local politicians of little learning and no more character. Liquor dealers and bar-keepers often form the majority of the Board. All their legislative acts are subject to the approval or the veto of the Mayor, and it requires a three-quarters vote of the Board to pass any measure over his veto.

#### **City Departments.**

The chief departments of the city government are those of Finance, Law, Police, Public Works, Parks, Docks, Charities and Corrections, Fire, Health, Taxes and Assessments, Buildings, and Street Cleaning. The work of these departments is pretty accurately indicated by their names. The Department of Finance has charge of all the fiscal affairs of the city. Its head is called the Comptroller, and he occupies one of the most desirable places in the entire city government. There is also an officer known as the City Chamberlain, whose duties are simply those of a treasurer. He is appointed by the Mayor and receives a salary of \$25,000 a year. The sums of money annually received by the Chamberlain from taxes and other sources amount to from forty to seventy million dollars a year.

The Law Department is under the general charge of the Corporation Counsel, who is appointed by the Mayor.

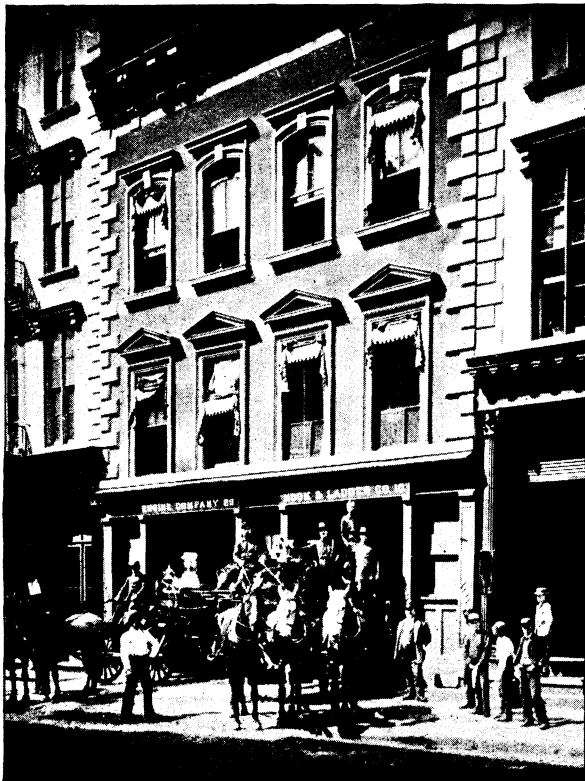


**Chief Bonner.**

There are two Bureaus in this department; one, which is under the direction of the Corporation Attorney, takes charge of all prosecutions for violation of city ordinances. The second, the head of which is the Public Administrator, takes charge of, and administers upon, the estates of foreigners and of all other persons who die without making wills or without legal heirs.

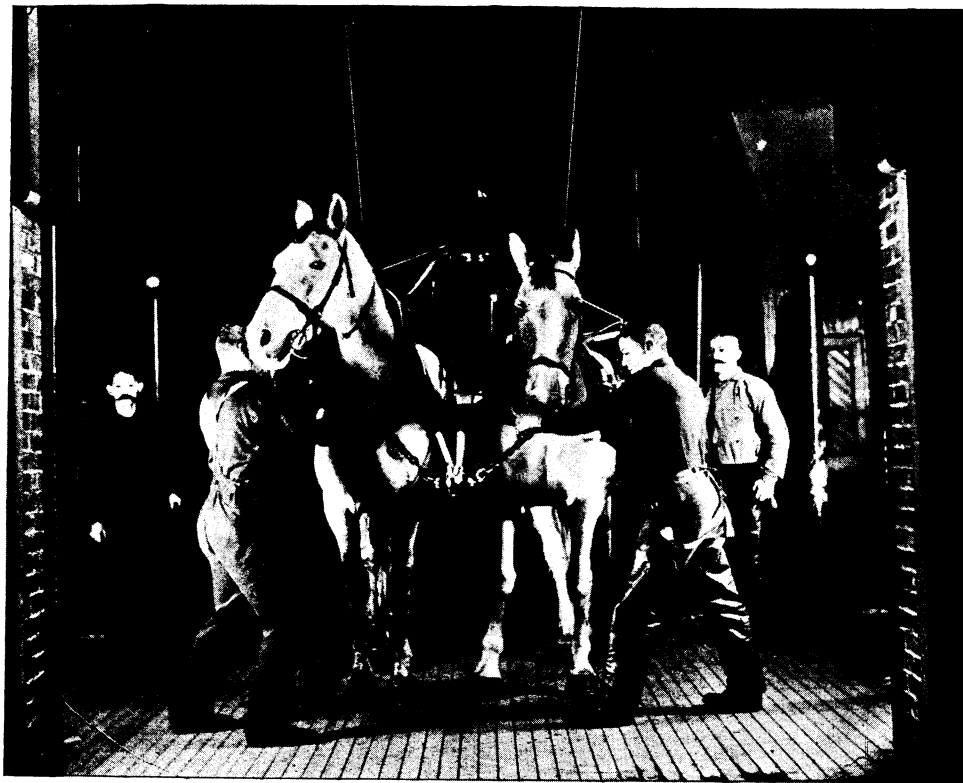
#### **Department of Public Works.**

The Department of Public Works is one of the largest and most important in the city, and, because of the number of men it employs, exercises much political influence. Its head is a Commissioner appointed by



**Engine House, Exterior.**

the Mayor, and it is divided into no less than nine Bureaus with a special officer at the head of each. The Water Purveyor attends to laying water-pipes, constructing sewers and placing hydrants. The Water Register has charge of the collection of revenue from the sale and use of water, the amount of water disposed of being determined by the use of water-meters. The Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct has care of all property connected with the aqueduct and its sources of supply. The Superintendent of Street Improvements attends to grading, paving and otherwise improving streets. The Superintendent of Lamps and Gas has charge of lighting the streets. The Superintendent of Streets and Roads looks after the surveying and laying out of such thoroughfares. The Superintendent of Repairs and Supplies keeps the public buildings in order and provides them with coal and other needed articles. The Superintendent of Incumbrances removes incumbrances and nuisances from streets and other public places. The Engineer of Sewers has general charge of the drainage of the city.



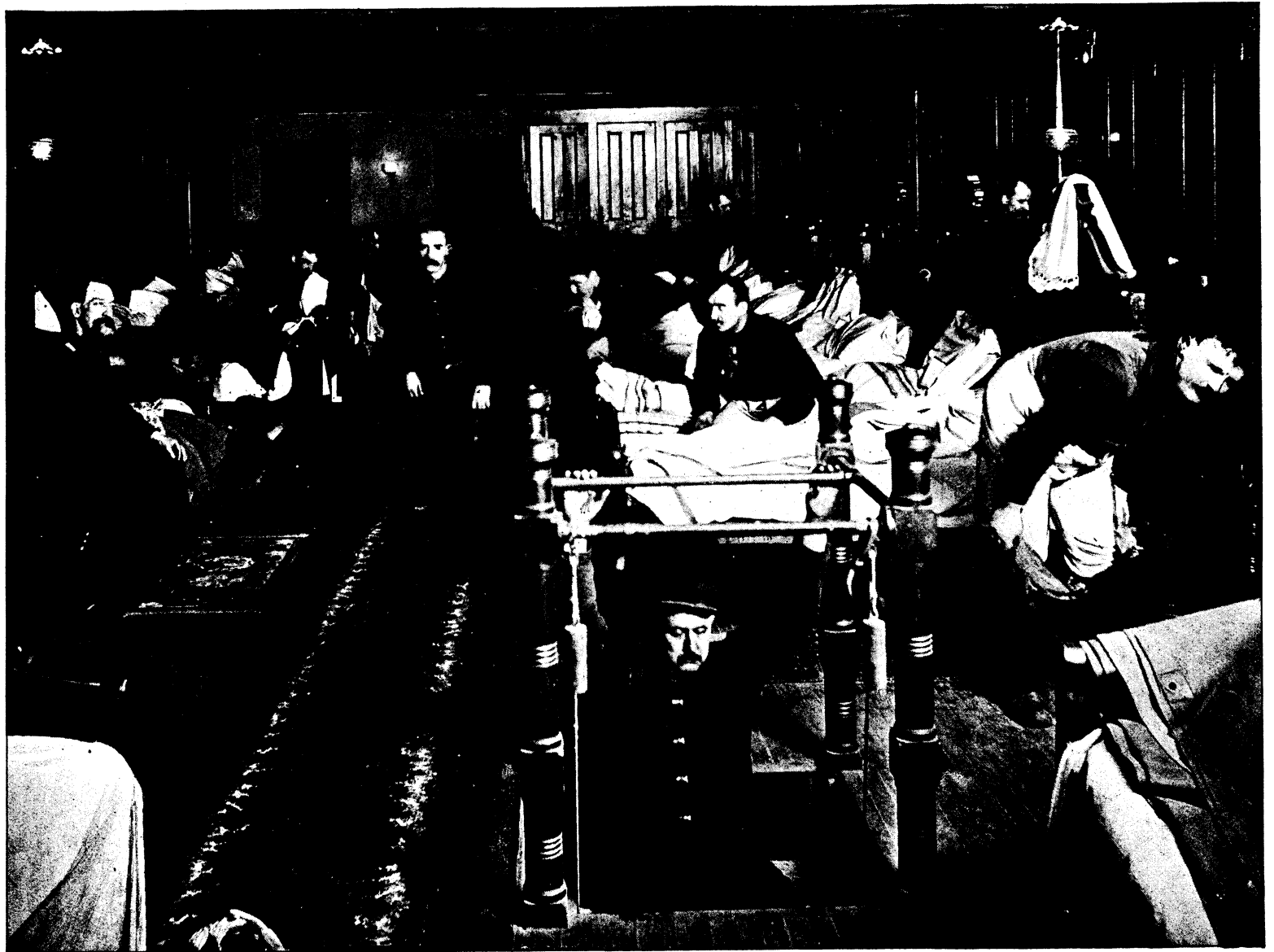
**Hitch-up at Night.**

This department spends between three and four million dollars annually, and is responsible for the welfare of six hundred miles of streets, thirty thousand street lamps, several miles of piers and bridges, and nearly a hundred acres of public parks, and other open places not under charge of the Park Department.

The Department of Parks is managed by a Board of four Commissioners appointed by the Mayor, and in the discharge of their duties these gentlemen contrive to spend between one and two million dollars a year. The Department of Police we have considered elsewhere in this volume, in a separate chapter. The Department of Docks consists

of three Commissioners and a small army of subordinates. It has control of the piers and bulkheads along the water front, and is responsible for the building, repairing and renting thereof. The water front is divided into twelve districts, each district being under the special charge of a Dockmaster.

The great Department of Charities and Corrections is managed by three Commissioners appointed by the Mayor. It comprises the hospitals, almshouses, nurseries and workhouses of the city, the asylums for the insane and the city penitentiary. It also has a great work for the relief of the poor, who apply at its office by thousands and tens of thousands every year. The office of the Board is at 66 Third avenue, but most of



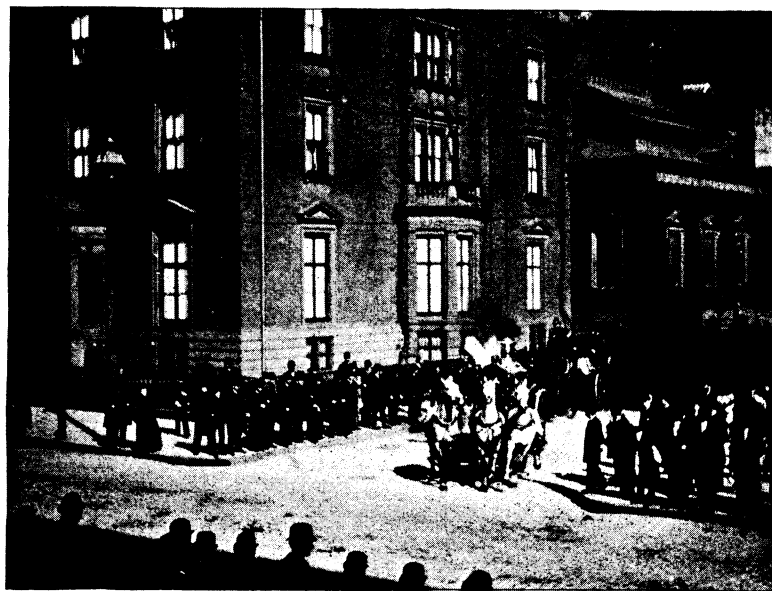
Night Alarm.



the institutions under its control are located on various islands in the East river, the most prominent of them being Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and Hart's Island.

#### **The Fire Department.**

The Fire Department of New York, which is managed by three Commissioners appointed by the Mayor, in headquarters on East Sixty-seventh street, has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most efficient in the world. The heads of the Fire Departments of nearly all the great cities of the world have visited New York for the purpose of inspecting its operation. Nowhere is there a Fire Department equipped with more perfect apparatus, or manned by a more competent and courageous body of men. The various engine houses are models of neatness and of perpetual readiness for service. The big fire engine stands with steam up, night and day. A crew of men sufficient to man it are always in waiting. The moment the gong sounds, being rung up from any one of the thousands of alarm boxes scattered all over the city, the men spring to their places on the engine; the horses, released from their stalls by the same current of electricity that rings the gong, rush by instinct to their places; the harness, which hangs above, is released by electricity, drops into place upon the horses and is secured in an instant; within a second or two before the last stroke on the gong has sounded, the engine is ready to rush from the house and tear through the streets at full gallop for the scene of action. Besides the engines, there are hook-and-ladder trucks, water-towers and floating engines carried in powerful tug-boats for use along the water front. The ladders in use range from fifty to seventy-five feet in length. The water-

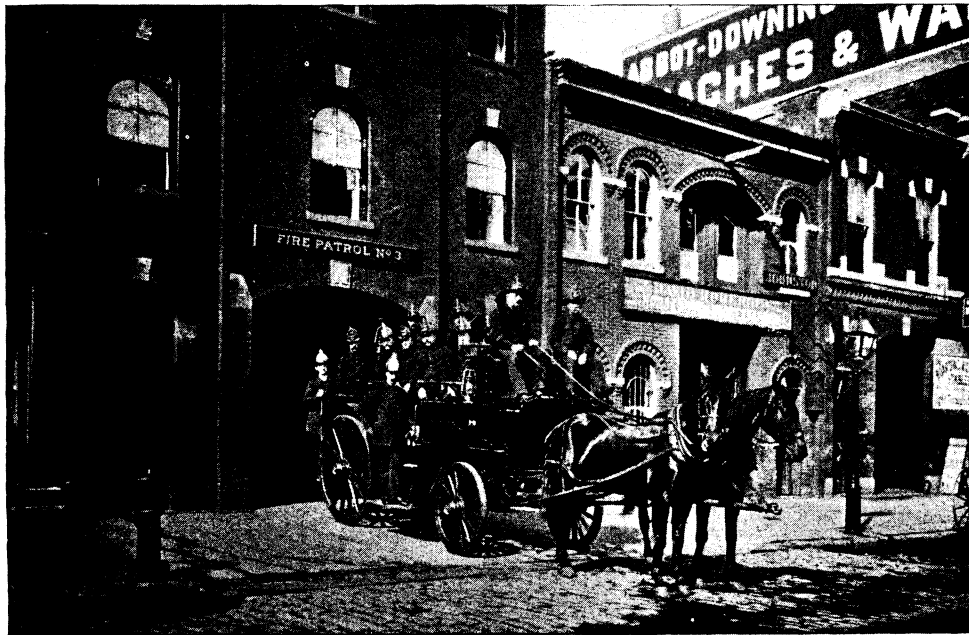


**Going to the Fire.**

towers are movable stand-pipes, from the top of which powerful streams are thrown into the upper stories of high buildings. There are also various life-saving appliances, such as net-works, into which people may leap from windows with perfect safety. The firemen are all trained very thoroughly in the use of all these appliances, and are so skilled that in the vast majority of cases they speedily quench the most threatening fires.

The Department is divided into three Bureaus. One is devoted to the extinguishing of fires and comprises seventy-six companies located in the engine and hook-and-ladder houses throughout the city, manned by something more than a thousand officers and men. Its equipment includes between eighty and ninety fire engines and an equal number of hose carriages, half as many hook-and-ladder trucks, three hundred and fifty horses and more than two hundred thousand feet of hose.

Another Bureau, the head of which is the Inspector of Combustibles, has charge of the prevention of fires,



**Fire Patrol.**

and the enforcement of laws relating thereto. The third, directed by the Fire Marshal, investigates the origin and cause of fires, the losses caused by them, and the detection of incendiaries. There are in New York annually between four and five thousand fires, with an average loss in each of less than two thousand dollars, and the cost of the whole department to the city is about two and a half million dollars.

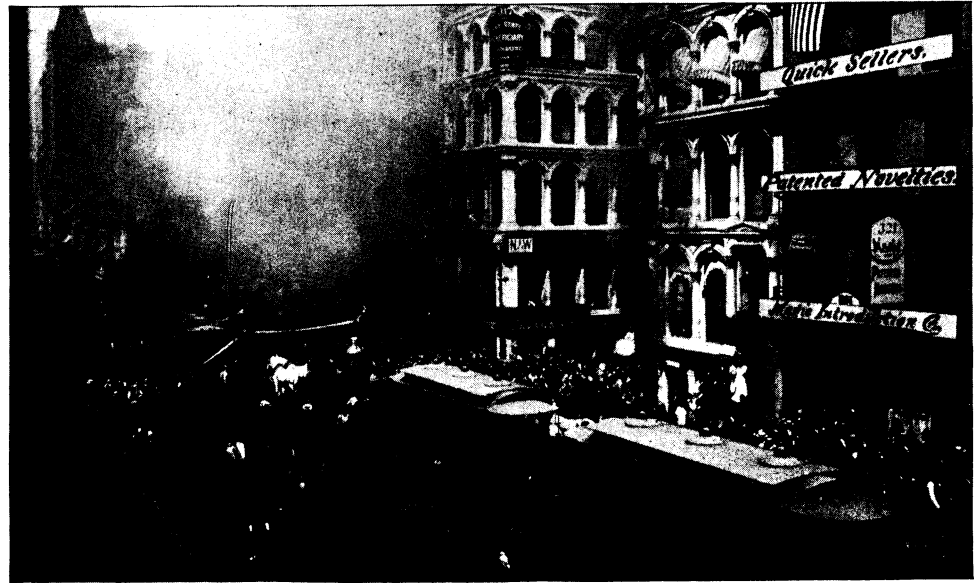
#### **Board of Health.**

The Health Department consists of the President of the Board of Police, the Health

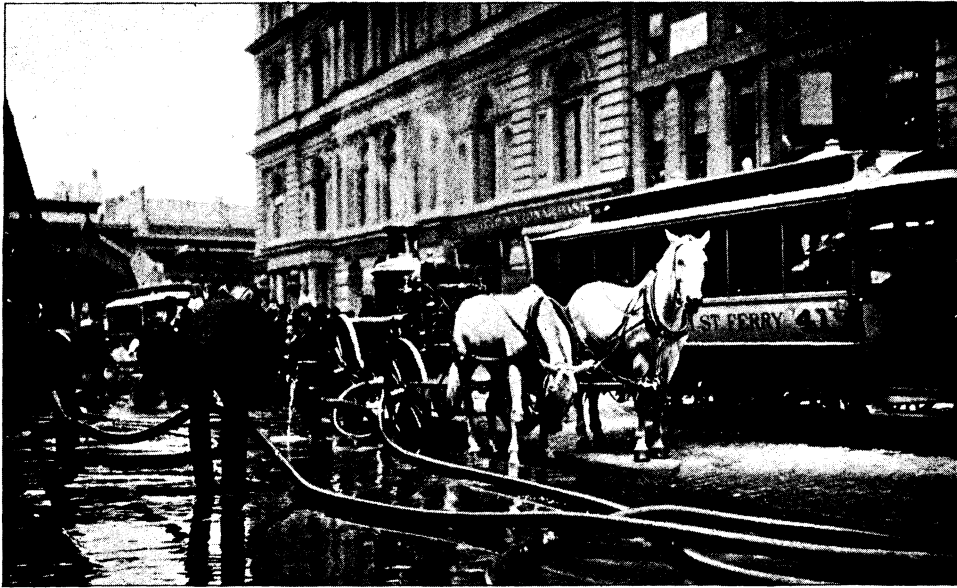
Officer of the Court, and two Commissioners appointed by the Mayor. One of these Commissioners must be a practising physician, and the other, who is a layman, is the President of the Board. This Department has charge of the recording of all marriages, births and deaths occurring in the city, the inspection of tenement houses and other dwellings, the general enforcement of sanitary laws, the inspection of milk, meat, and other articles of food, and numerous other details relating to the welfare of the public health. The Department of Buildings was formerly a Bureau of the Fire Department, but is now independent. At the head of it is a superintendent appointed by the Mayor. No building of any kind may be erected in the city until its plans have been approved by this Department, which is also empowered to examine buildings for the purpose of determining their safety, and to order them to be strengthened or pulled down if necessary. It also has supervision of plumbing and ventilation in all buildings.

No department of the City Government has been the object of more criticism than that of Street Cleaning. Almost every year

some change is made in the manner of its operation, in the apparently vain hope of thus getting the work done more satisfactorily. At present the Department is managed by a Commissioner appointed by the Mayor. He divides the city into districts and sub-districts, each under the charge of an officer who is held responsible for its condition. The streets are swept by an army of laborers in uniform, some of them using brooms and shovels, and others operating sweeping-machines. The principal thoroughfares are swept daily, and the less



**The Fire.**



**Engine after the Fire.**

in various parts of the city and along the water front. In winter the Department also undertakes the clearing of snow from the principal streets, the snow being loaded into carts and dumped into the rivers. The expenditures of the Department are more than a million and a half dollars a year, and more than two million cart loads of dirt, garbage and snow are annually removed from the streets.

The Department of Taxes and Assessments consists of three Commissioners appointed by the Mayor, whose duty it is to levy taxes and assessments on real and personal property, the collection of the same being entrusted to the Finance Department.

#### **Courts of Justice.**

The Courts of Justice of New York are of ancient origin. The first was established as early as 1626. Since that time there have of course been innumerable changes in the judicial system, and it is probable that still further changes will be made in the not distant future. At present the courts may be divided into three

frequented streets at longer intervals. The street sweepings, and the ashes and garbage which are placed in receptacles in front of each house, are loaded into carts and taken to what are called the dumps, which are situated along the water front. At these places large scows are moored and into them the contents of the carts are dumped. Then the scows are towed out to sea, a distance of several miles and the refuse matter thrown overboard. A large quantity of ashes and other matter is used for filling in low ground,

general classes, namely, Federal, State, and City. Of the first named there are three. The highest of these is the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which stands midway between the Supreme Court and the Circuit Court. It consists of the Supreme Court Justice of this Circuit and the two Circuit Judges. Sometimes a District Judge is called on to assist. Some of its cases may be appealed to the Supreme Court, but three important classes of Federal litigation, namely, Patents, Admiralty, and Revenue Suits, have as a rule their final settlement in the Court of Appeals. The Circuit Court consists of the Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to this Circuit and two Circuit Judges. It has jurisdiction of all suits of a civil nature at law or in equity, in which the sum involved is more than five hundred dollars, and in which the United States Government is plaintiff, or an alien is a party, or the suit is between two citizens of different states. It also determines suits arising under the revenue, copyright, and patent laws, and has power to issue writs of habeas corpus. The District Court has jurisdiction in admiralty and maritime causes, actions by and against foreign Consuls, and a host of other matters. The sessions of all these courts are held in the Federal Building, which is more familiarly known as the General Post Office Building.

#### **Court of Appeals.**

The highest of the State courts is the Court of Appeals which meets at the State Capital. Next to it stands the Supreme Court whose jurisdiction is both original and appellate, and embraces the entire State. For the purposes of this Court, the State is divided into four departments, in each of which are three judges. New York City is the first of these depart-



**Engine on Duty.**

ments. The sessions of the court are held in the County Court House, in the City Hall Park. Next to this stands the Court of Common Pleas, the oldest court in the state. Its jurisdiction is limited to the City and County of New York, but otherwise it is about equal to that of the Supreme Court. Its judgments can be reversed only by the Court of Appeals. Its sessions are also held in the County Court House. Next below this is the Superior Court whose jurisdiction is also confined to the city. The City Court was formerly known as the Marine Court. It has no jurisdiction in equity nor in any case involving a greater sum than two thousand dollars. Its sessions are held in the City Hall. The Surrogate's Court has power to pass upon the validity of wills, to grant letters of administration upon estates, to enforce the payments of debts and legacies, to appoint and remove guardians for minors, and in general to direct and control all matters relating to the estates of deceased persons. It is constantly in session in the County Court House. There is also a Court of Arbitration whose sessions are held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Its head is an Arbitrator appointed by the Governor of the State, and its jurisdiction depends entirely upon the voluntary sub-



**Water-Tower at Work.**

mission of both parties to the suit, and extends to any controversy whatever within the Court of New York, involving any mercantile or commercial matter. The judgments of this court have the same effect as those of the Supreme Court.

#### **Criminal Courts.**

The Criminal Courts of the city are housed in a huge new building on Centre street adjoining the Tombs, or City Prison. The chief of these is the Court of Oyer and Terminer which has jurisdiction in all cases of crime and misdemeanor, and in all indictments sent to it by the Court of Sessions. The latter, the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, is presided over by the Recorder, and the City Judge, and a third Judge known as the Judge of the Court of General Sessions. Its jurisdiction extends over all crimes and misdemeanors, including capital crimes, but its judgments may be reviewed by the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals. The Court of Special Sessions is presided over by three Police Justices, and has jurisdiction

only over misdemeanors, and usually deals with such cases as are sent to it by the Police Courts. There is no trial by jury in this court, but the prisoner has the right to choose between trial before the three judges and being sent to the General Sessions before a jury. This court meets at the Tombs every day except Saturday. There are a number of Police Courts scattered over the city, each presided over by a Police Justice appointed by the Mayor, who is usually a local politician with little fitness for the bench either in ability or character. These courts have jurisdiction only in cases of misdemeanor. The lowest order of Civil Courts is that of the District Courts, of which there are a dozen scattered over the city. These correspond to the Courts of Justices

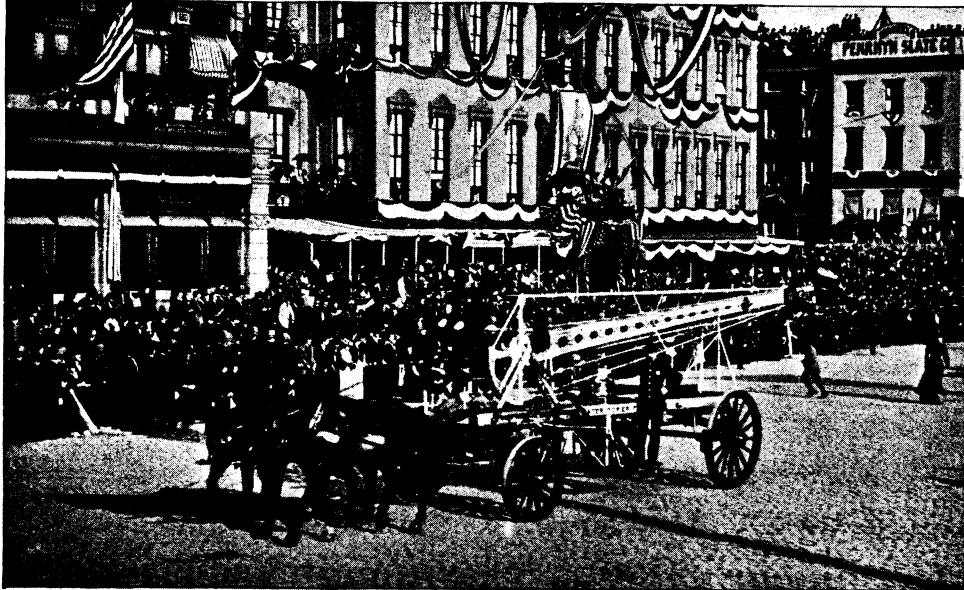


**Ruins of the Fire.**

of the Peace in towns and villages. Their jurisdiction is confined principally to cases in which the amount involved is not more than two hundred and fifty dollars.

#### Police Courts.

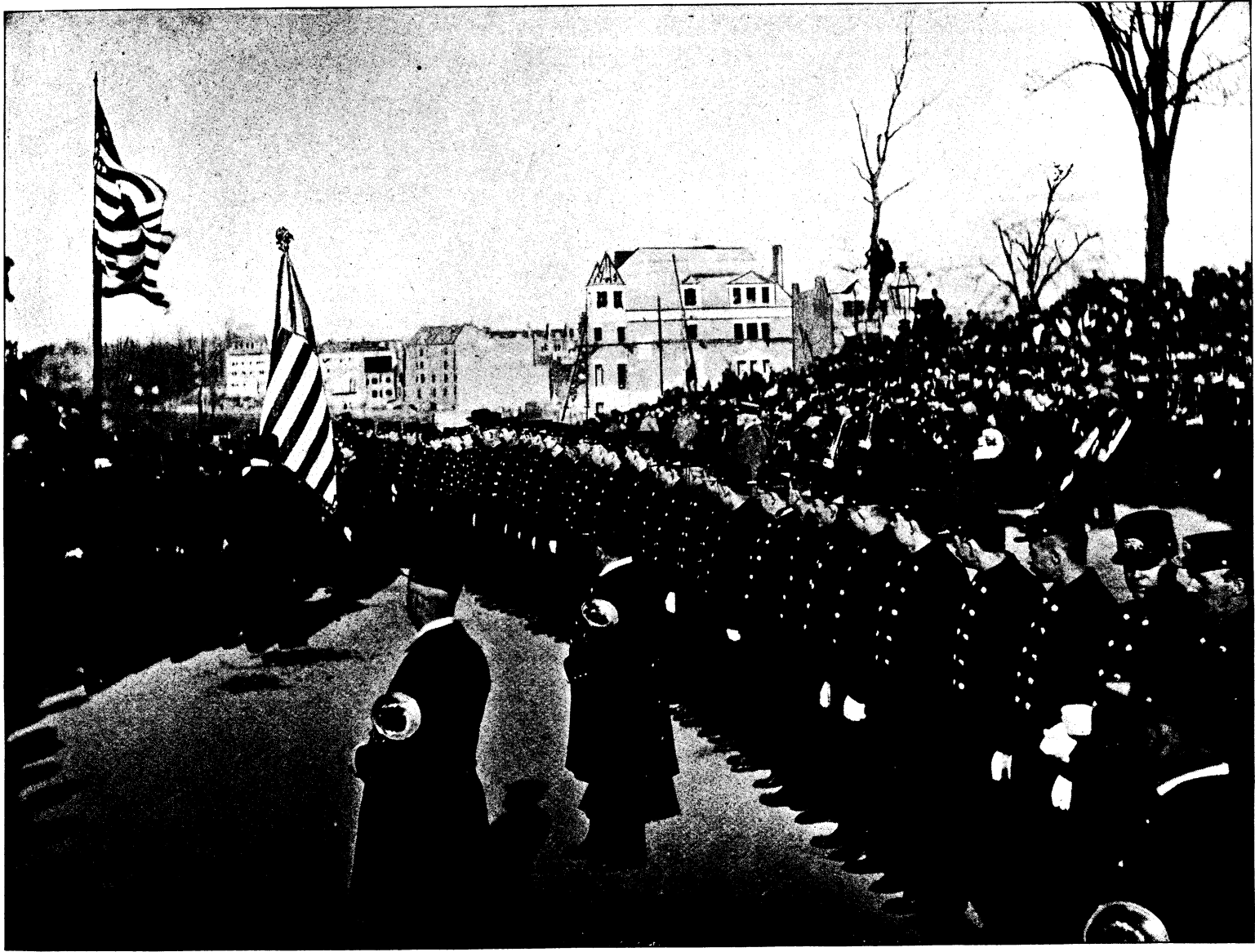
The daily sessions of the Police Courts are ranked among the amusing and entertaining sights of the city; they begin at eight o'clock in the morning. The prisoners are brought in from the various police stations and are arraigned by the officers who have arrested them. Nearly all of them have been locked up in the crowded and filthy cells of the police stations since the evening before. They are a motley crowd of both sexes and all ages. The majority of them were arrested for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. Among them may be some fashionably dressed and wealthy men about town. Professional gamblers and the inmates of all sorts of disreputable establishments are numerous. Pickpockets and sneak-thieves and street rowdies are largely represented. There are many, very many, tramps and waifs from the slums, most of them habitual drunkards.



Water-Tower on Parade.

There may also be some children of tender years, guilty of petty thieving or other mischievous conduct. These are all passed in rapid review before the Justice who listens to the complaint made by the officer, asks the culprit what he or she has to say in defence, and then pronounces sentence off-hand. Some are discharged at once, the arrest and imprisonment over night being deemed sufficient punishment. Others get off with a light fine or a few days' imprisonment. Old offenders and those guilty of





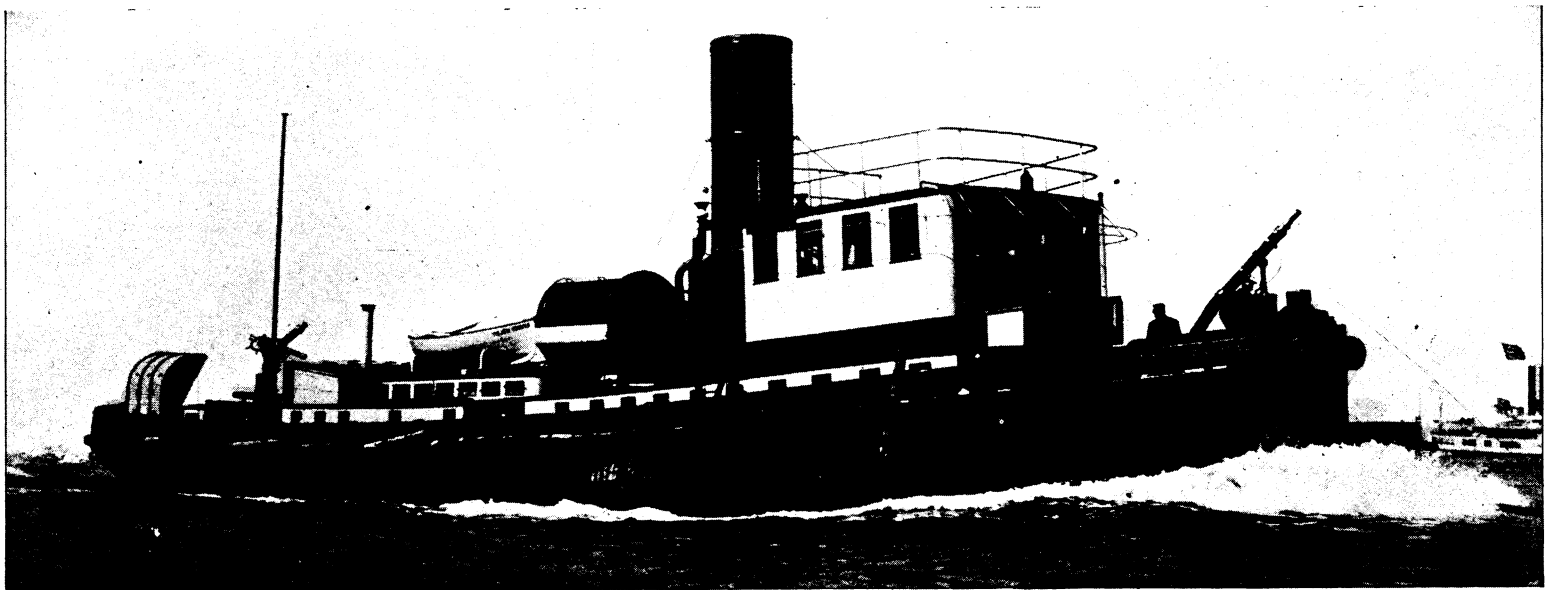
Presentation of Medals for Bravery.

serious misdemeanors are more heavily fined or are sent to "The Island," meaning the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, for a term of weeks or months. "Ten dollars or ten days" is a sentence pronounced many times each day.

The Police force we have treated at length elsewhere. The regiments of the National Guard are under state control, but have on many occasions contributed most important aid to the city government. Such was the case notably during the "Draft riots" in 1863, the "Orange riots" in 1871, and the labor troubles of 1877. The simple fact of their existence and their instant readiness to aid the civil authorities in preserving peace and suppressing disorder exercises a powerfully restraining influence over the criminal classes.

#### **Military Organizations.**

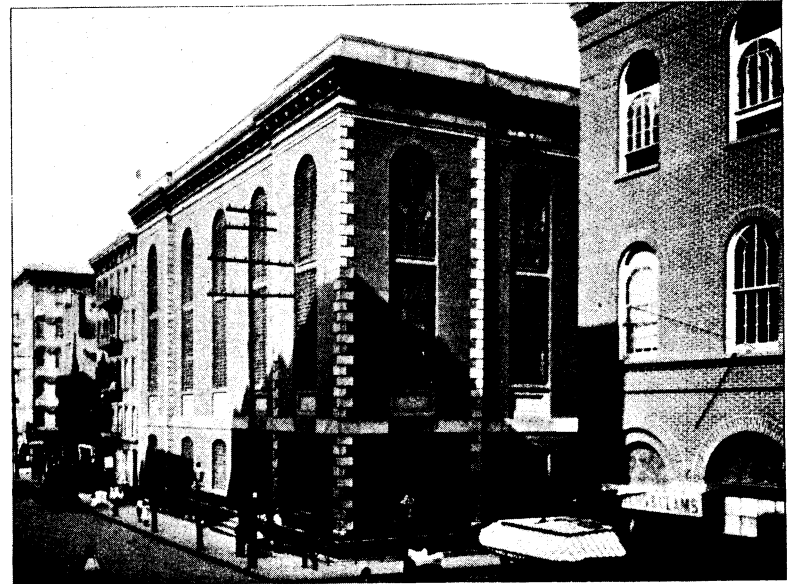
The military organizations of New York city compose the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York. They are as follows: First Battery, Troop A, and Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-



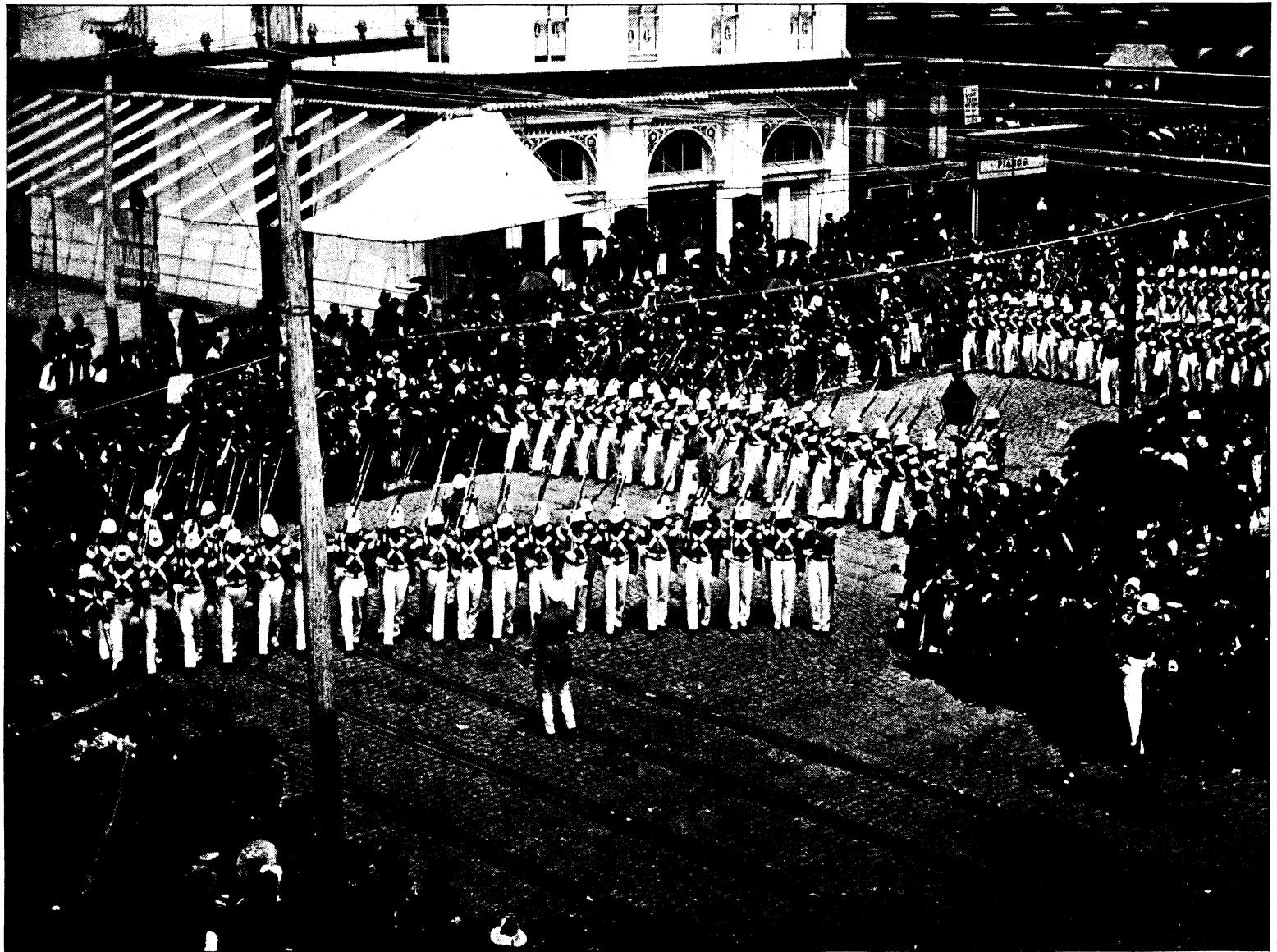
**Fire-Boat New Yorker.**

second, Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Regiments. Their total strength is about five thousand men. The men partly pay for their own uniforms. Arms, ammunition, etc., are furnished by the state, as are also the armories in which the regiments make their headquarters. The term of service in each regiment is five years, but many men remain in much longer. The regiments usually parade in public on Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, and on some other occasions, and annually have field drills and sham battles in Van Cortlandt Park.

Most famous of all these regiments is the Seventh. It is, indeed, perhaps the best-known, best-drilled and most efficient body of citizen soldiers in America. It is composed chiefly of educated, well-to-do and aristocratic men, and the perfection of its discipline and superb appearance have long been matters of pride to the city. At the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, the Seventh Regiment instantly offered its services to the National Government and hastened to the front. It had the honor of being the first volunteer regiment called into service. General Scott assigned to it the task of defending the city of Washington from attack, and that was its work during most of the war. More than once the security of the National capital depended solely upon it. When the "draft riots" in 1863 gave the criminal classes of New York a chance to rise, to plunder, burn and kill at pleasure, and the police, brave and efficient as they were, could not fully cope with them, the Seventh was hastily recalled. It came, and swiftly and sternly restored order to the troubled city, and taught the ruffians and criminals a lesson they have never since forgotten. This regiment has a superb armory, covering the block bounded by Fourth and Lexington avenues and Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets.



**Ludlow Street Jail.**

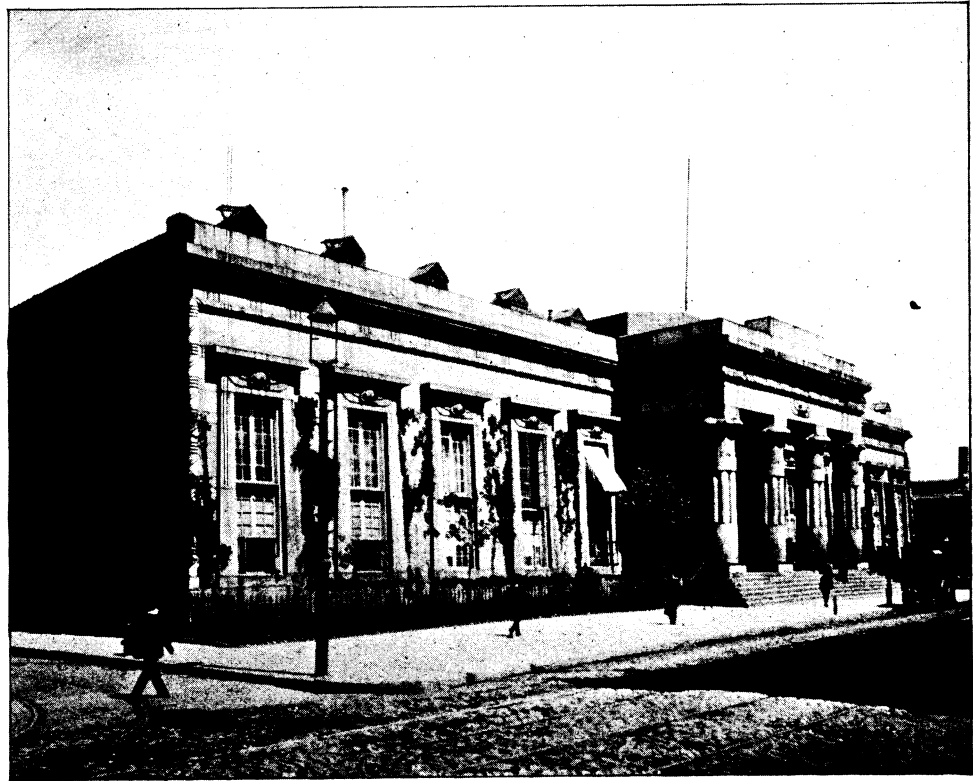


Seventh Regiment Parade.

It is of brick and granite, and contains an enormous drill hall, ten large company rooms, a rifle range, gymnasium and library.

The Eighth Regiment has an armory at Park avenue and Ninety-fourth street, and the Twelfth has one at Ninth avenue and Sixty-second street. The Twenty-second is one of the foremost regiments in the state. It has a fine armory at the Boulevard and Sixty-seventh street, and in drill and appearance on parade is almost a rival of the Seventh. The Seventy-first is also a popular organization, and its new armory at Fourth avenue and Thirty-third street is one of the most imposing in the city. The Sixty-ninth regiment, with its armory over Tompkins Market, is an organization of Irishmen.

The First Battery is an artillery organization, composed of Germans. Its armory is at 340 West Forty-fourth street. The Second Battery is armed with Gatling guns, and has an armory on Seventh avenue at Fifty-second street. Troop A, whose armory is at Madison avenue and Eighty-fourth street, is a fine body of cavalry, composed of much the same class of men as the members of the Seventh Regiment. There is also a volunteer naval organization, known as the Naval Reserve, which does drill and practice duty for some time every summer on some of the United States ships of war.



**The Tombs.**

The Post Office is not exactly a part of the city government, but it is one of the most important government institutions that serve the city's wants. It is housed in a huge granite building at the southern end of City Hall Park, which cost nearly \$7,000,000, and was first occupied in 1875. Here nearly three thousand men are employed, and they handle each year considerably more than a billion pieces of mail matter. The postal money order business amounts to more than \$100,000,000 a year; and the total expenses of the whole office are more than \$2,500,000, and the receipts more than \$6,500,000 a year, giving the government an annual profit of more than \$4,000,000.

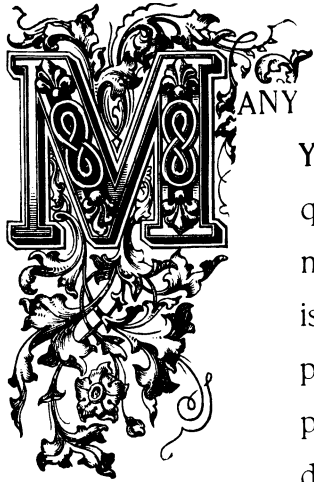
Besides this general office there are more than forty branch offices and sub-stations scattered about the city, and a hundred or more agencies for the sale of stamps. There are nearly two thousand boxes for receipt of letters, mostly affixed to lamp-posts at street corners. In the large business buildings such a box is placed in the main hallway, and a tube connected with it extends to the top of the building, with an opening on each floor, for the receipt of mail matter from the tenants of the various offices. An army of messengers, in bluish-gray uniforms, make collections from the boxes and deliver mail at houses and offices, from fifteen to twenty-five times a day. For conveying sacks of mail matter from and to the branch offices, and the railroad stations and steamships, wagons painted red, white and blue are used. Considering the vast volume of it, the work of the New York Post Office is generally done with marvelous speed and accuracy.



In Central Park.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



MANY YEARS AGO some one in a moment of enthusiasm pronounced the police force of New York "the finest in the world," and the tribute has been immortalized. To this day it is quoted whenever the guardians of the peace are mentioned, and the popular name for the force is simply "The Finest." How well this high praise is deserved may at times be matter for dispute. Undoubtedly there are serious faults in the department. Political influences have dominated it too much. Brutal men, bad men, criminal men, have secured places on the force. Members have connived at crime. Blackmail has been practiced. "Hush-money" has been collected from keepers of evil resorts as the price of immunity from being raided. How far the whole organization is affected by such practices is a matter for speculation and investigation.

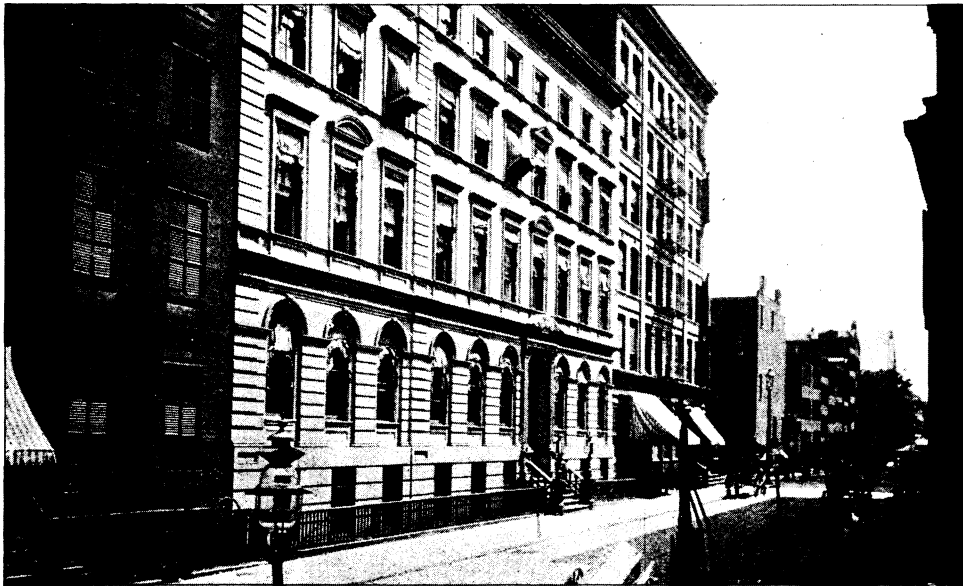
#### **The Finest in the World.**

But on the whole, the people of New York are justly proud of their stalwart, blue-coated guardians of the peace, and are inclined to



**Superintendent Byrnes.**

think they are indeed "the finest in the world." None could present a finer appearance, certainly, than they do on their annual parade. They march along Broadway in companies, like a regiment, a thousand strong. There is not the precision of drill one sees in the famous Seventh Regiment; they may not keep step perfectly, and the alignment may be a bit irregular; but there is a certain swing and momentum in the march of these uniformed giants that makes the beholder feel that it would take an army of common men to stand against them. And indeed it would. Riots are not common in New York, but when one does occur the police do

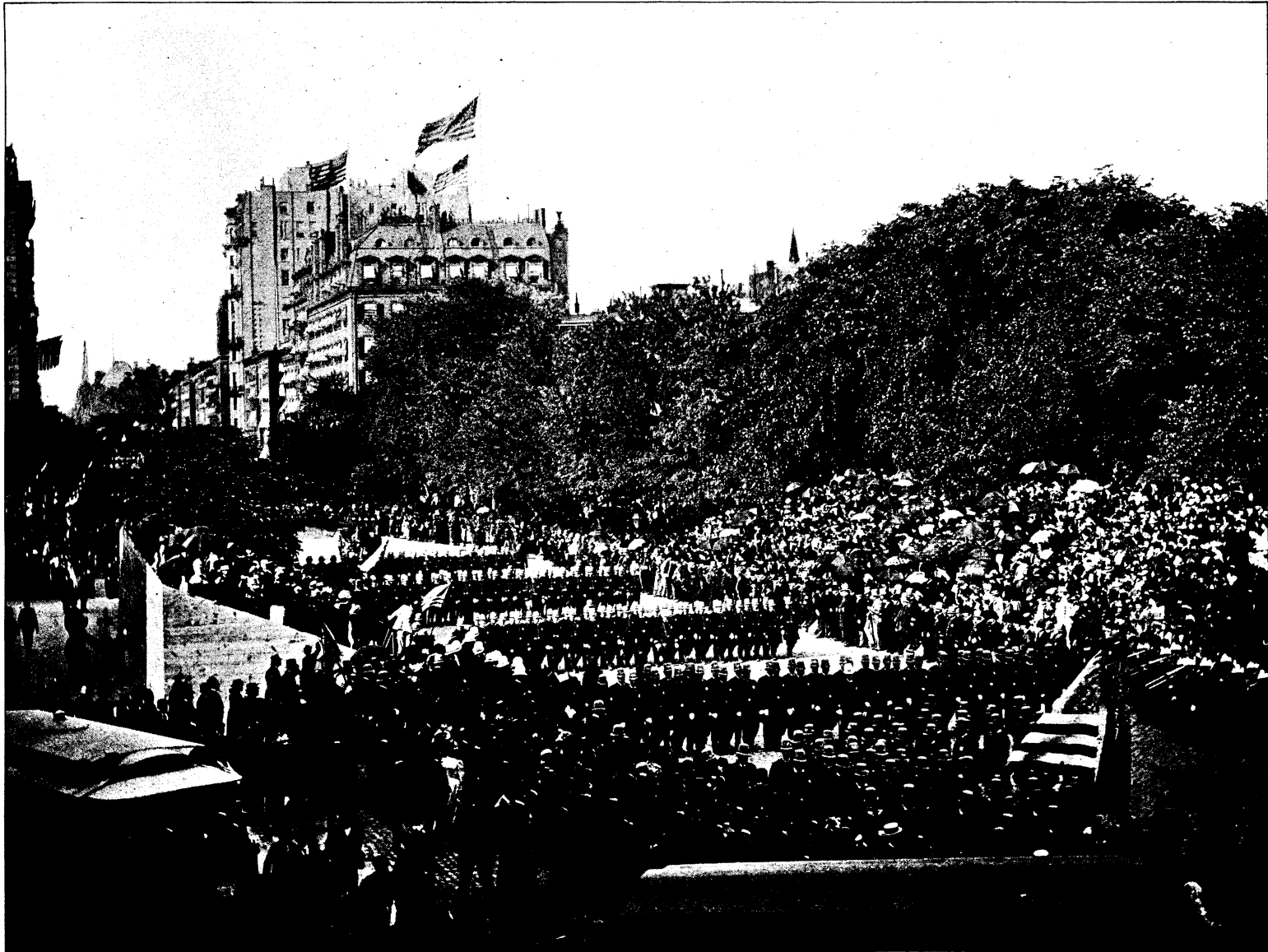


**Police Headquarters.**

mighty work. It may not be literally true that "one will chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," but it is pretty near it. The very sight of a squad of "the finest" awes a mob, and when they come on with their determined stride, with heavy batons raised, the mob is very apt to take to its heels. A single officer has often dispersed a crowd of scores intent on bloodshed, and a dozen or two have cut a swath resistlessly through a whole street-full of raging rioters. Not only in such emergencies

however, do the policemen show their value. They are on duty day and night in every part of the city, and are called on for every imaginable service. The incidental street brawl, the runaway horse, the pocket-book snatcher, the mad dog, the midnight burglar, the helpless drunkard, the jam of vehicles in a crowded street, the fire, every one of the ten thousand mishaps of the day, must be attended to. Ninety thousand arrests in the course of the year indicate to some extent the arduous nature and wide scope of the policemen's work.





Police Parade.

**Superintendent of Police.**

At the head of this great department of city administration are four Police Commissioners, appointed by the Mayor. Under them is a Superintendent, who has general authority over all the force. Then there are four Inspectors, thirty-five Captains, and about thirty-six hundred men of various grades—detectives, sergeants, roundsmen and patrolmen. The city is divided into thirty-five precincts, with a Captain in command of each. There is also the harbor patrol, on the water, with a steamboat, while on the uptown avenues and drives there is a squad of mounted police, who display some of the finest horsemanship anywhere to be seen. One of the most interesting and important departments of police work, and the one that most appeals to popular interest and curiosity, is the Detective Bureau, now under the immediate direction of the Superintendent. The old idea of a detective as portrayed in romances, a man of innumerable disguises and inexhaustible resource is not realized here.

**Detectives.**

The New York detective is an ordinary, unpretentious policeman, with bright eyes, keen wit, courage and pertinacity. He does not, or very seldom does, resort to any disguises or subterfuges. His work is, when a crime has been committed, to follow up clues and discover the criminal.

But of more importance than this is what may be termed his preventive work.

**Police on Duty.**

That is to say the detectives learn to know by sight all the "crooks" and habitual criminals in the city, and keep constant surveillance over them. This fact has a powerfully deterrent effect upon the criminals. Then, whenever there is to be any great public gathering in the city, at which pickpockets would reap a harvest, the Superintendent sends out his men and arrests and locks up every "crook" in town. At first there was an outcry against this plan, which was for the first time adopted at the funeral of General Grant, when hundreds



**Mounted Policeman.**

of thousands of visitors were in the city. Some of the newspapers denounced it as illegal, and declared that if men were thus arrested they would be set free by the courts. The Superintendent declared that if the courts set them free, he would instantly arrest them over again. The result was that most of the criminals left the city for a time to avoid arrest. Those who remained were locked up, nearly two hundred of them, and kept where they could do no harm until the funeral was over and the multitude of visitors had left the city. As a result, not a single crime of the pickpocket class was reported in the city during the week of the funeral.

The men on the police force are appointed to their places by the Police Commissioners. It is often alleged that such appointments are made through personal influence, for political purposes, or in return for payment of money. Perhaps there are some such abuses. But at any rate the men are physically a fine lot,

and the careful medical examination they all undergo assures the maintenance of a high standard. There is a current idea that a man must be six feet tall to be eligible to a place on the force, but that is not so. If, says an expert writer in the "Herald," you stand five feet seven and one-half inches in your bare feet, weigh one hundred and thirty-three pounds and have a mean chest circumference of thirty-three and one-half inches you are, so far as the requirements of size and weight go, an eligible applicant. But it must not be inferred from this that "getting on the force" is as simple a matter as it is commonly supposed to be. In truth, it is easier for a camel to crawl through the eye of a needle than for an average man who doesn't know the ropes and hasn't a pull to "arrive" as a patrolman.

**Must Have a Friend.**

The first and most necessary thing is, of course, a friend at court, or on the force, which is tantamount to the same thing. But even with this valuable possession there is yet a Jordan road for the candidate to travel, for although, if common report be true, the law has not yet succeeded in stopping the sale or purchase of positions on the force, the approaches thereto have been hedged about with all manner of restrictions that to look at are exceedingly imposing and formidable.

First of all an applicant receives a blank in which he tells as much about himself as the Board of Examiners are supposed to desire to know at this stage of the journey. This blank he may procure either from the chief examiner of the Municipal Civil Service Examining Board, or from one of the Board of Police Commissioners. Here is the very first question which stares the would-be patrolman in the face: "Have you paid or in any way promised to pay any money to any person whatsoever to aid or assist you in any way in obtaining a position as patrolman?" Of course the applicant hasn't. He wouldn't think of doing such a thing, for the law expressly forbids it as a penal offence. So the applicant writes briskly, in reply to the question, "No," and proceeds to tell the examiners among other things that he is less than thirty-five years old, that he is a citizen of the United States and has been so for more than one year, and that he has also been a resident



Police Boat.

of the State of New York for one year immediately preceding his application for appointment. It will be seen, therefore, that a man does not need to be a resident of the city. But he can, if he has a pull strong enough and long enough, and is able to pass the required examination, be appointed from Brooklyn or Buffalo or Canandaigua or anywhere else in the State. As a rule, however, the successful applicants are residents of New York, where they can be of immediate service to the political leaders to

whom they feel obligated by virtue of their appointment to office.

First comes the medical examination. Any man has a right, if he appears of the requisite height and build, and able to answer the preliminary questions, to be examined by the Board of Police Surgeons, which sit every Monday for this purpose. About twenty-five applicants on the average avail themselves of this privilege every Monday. If the candidate is not rejected he receives a printed blank, which is a petition to the Police Board for his appointment. This petition must be signed by five reputable citizens of New York who shall certify to the man's good moral character and fitness for the place. At least two of these signatures must be sworn affidavits from men who have known the candidate for five years or more.

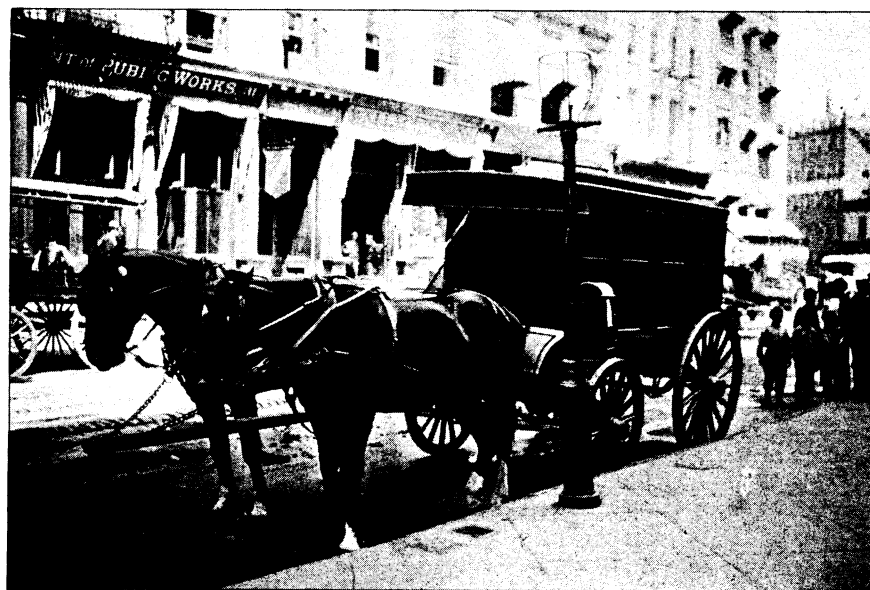
The recommendation being satisfactory, the applicant is then sent to the Civil Service Board, who examine him as to his education, experience, knowledge of the city and various other matters calculated to show whether or not he would make a good officer. He must know how to read and write, have a good enough memory

to write out the substance of a paragraph which has been read him; he is also required to have a fair knowledge of simple arithmetic, the various streets and public places of New York, and the examiners also take note of his intelligence and quickness and coolness.

**Passing the Examination.**

If the examination has been satisfactory, the applicant is now placed upon the eligible list. The value of a pull may be obscure up to this point. But if you have a friend who has been through the mill he will be apt to tell you in strict confidence that things are not always what they seem, and that a pull is a good thing to have anywhere along the way. Be this as it may, it is the pull henceforth which will determine whether the coveted position is after all to be gained.

On this eligible list there are always standing all the way from three hundred to a thousand names, with a usual average of five or six hundred. When there is a batch of vacancies for the Board of Police Commissioners to fill, a requisition is made by the secretary of the Board, on the Civil Service



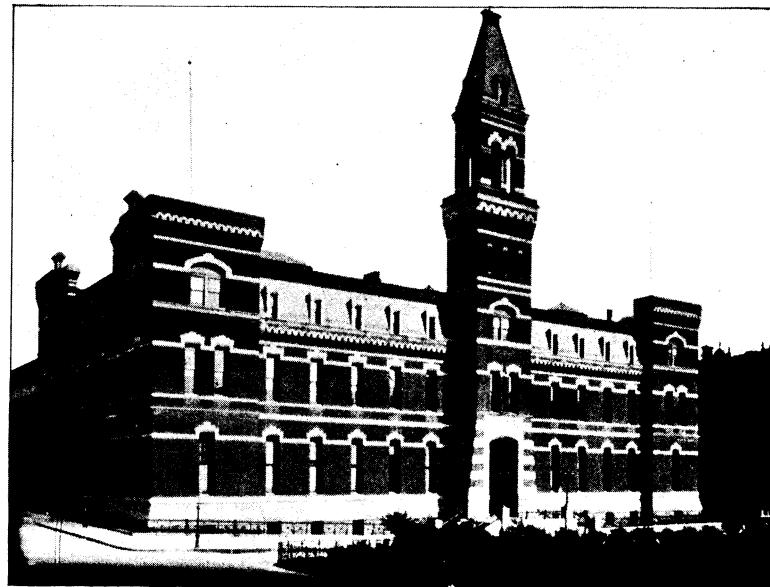
**Black Maria.**

Commission, for a list of eligible names. From this list all new appointments must, under the law, be made. The names thus furnished from this list are supposed to be those which stand highest. But a great many more names are furnished than there are vacancies to fill. As a rule there is about fifty per cent. more. Thus, if there are a hundred vacancies to fill, at least one hundred and fifty, and perhaps two hundred names are given to the Commissioners, and it is from this number that the Commissioners take their pick. It is easy to

see that unless a candidate happens to be "known" to one of the Commissioners he does not stand a very large show of getting on the force.

#### **Sergeant on Duty.**

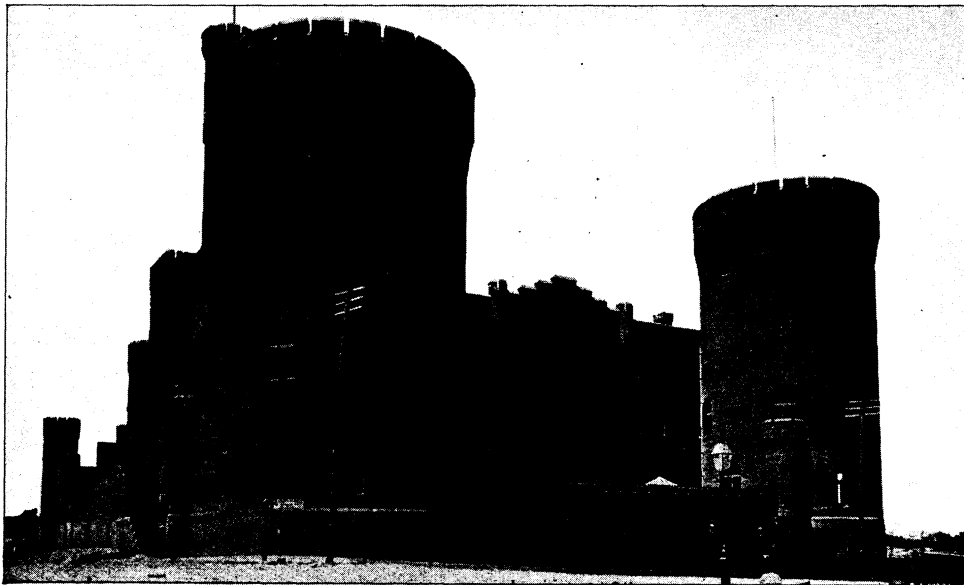
At each one of the police station houses a Captain is in supreme charge, but a Sergeant is usually the officer who sits behind the desk to attend to such matters as may, from hour to hour, demand attention. Some one must thus be on duty during every hour of the twenty-four, and it is probable that no man in all the city sees more of the dark side of life than the sergeant who is detailed for night duty. By virtue of his office he must receive all criminal charges made in his precinct, consign the offender to the cells, and enter the record in the blotter that lies on the desk in front of him. In all cases where the police of a precinct make an arrest he is the court of first resort. Before his eye pass all grades of offenders, from the murderer who shall ultimately expiate his crime in the electric chair to the wretched, shaking, whiskey-soaked heap of rags found lying "dead-drunk" on the sidewalk. On his judgment frequently depends the fate of the culprit brought before him, for in most petty offences the sergeant is invested with the power of dismissing the complaint, or detaining the prisoner for examination by the magistrate. The police sergeant must thus exercise the nicest judgment and tact and the firmest decision in dealing with the hundred varied cases that come before him in the course of a day. Oftener he has to exercise the quality of mercy. Hourly appeals are made to his pity, and if he be a kind-hearted man—and he generally is a kind-hearted man—his task becomes all the harder in his discrimination between those who are deserving of sympathy and those who are irreclaimable.



**Seventh Regiment Armory.**

**Inspector Williams.**

One of the most noted figures in the whole police force of New York is that of Inspector Alexander S. Williams, who achieved his greatest fame when he was Captain of the notorious "Tenderloin" precinct. He began as a common patrolman and has worked his way steadily upward to his present high rank. Physically, he is a man to be observed among ten thousand. Almost a giant in stature, perfectly proportioned, with the bearing of a trained athlete, and with indescribable resolution and mastership in every line of his stern but handsome face, he is instantly recognized as a born leader of men. Nor do his looks belie him. There are few athletes who would care to compete with him in a trial of strength; there are few boxers or wrestlers who would venture to try conclusions with him in a ring. And the criminal classes of New York have long known better than to defy his authority, either singly or collectively. Once, a great prize-fight, tolerated by law under the euphemism of "boxing-match," was to take place in the old Madison Square Garden. Captain



**Eighth Regiment Armory.**

Williams was on hand with a hundred men, to keep order. The place was crowded with all it could safely hold, and the doors were shut. But a crowd of several thousand ruffians, "toughs" and "plug-uglies" was outside, clamoring for admission. They threatened to burst in the big doors. A dozen policemen tried in vain to drive them back. By sheer physical weight they surged against the doors and almost broke them from their hinges. Captain Williams was inside, and was told the mob was breaking



in the doors. He went to the spot, and bade his men suddenly to open wide the big doors. They did so; as soon as the doors swung open the mob surged forward with a yell; and then stopped short, as though stricken by a thunderbolt. For there stood the mighty form of Captain Williams, with an awful frown upon his brow and with his terrible night-club raised. He was but one against thousands; but before his potent and minatory personality the thousands faltered, retreated, and slunk away like whipped curs.



**Twenty-second Regiment Armory.**

**Superintendent Byrnes.**

At the head of all the active force is Superintendent Thomas L. Byrnes, who won his fame as Inspector, in charge of the Detective Bureau, which he still makes his especial care. There is not, except among law-breakers, a more popular man in the city than the Superintendent. He is instantly recognized wherever he goes. His tall, heavy form looms up above all the other promenaders. With a large black cigar in his mouth, he walks all the way from his home in West Fifty-seventh street, to the central office in Mulberry street. Shortly after four in the afternoon his labors cease for the day, and he retraces his steps homeward.

Superintendent Byrnes entered the police force in 1867, as a common patrolman. In about a year he was promoted to be a roundsman, and a year later, in 1869, he was made a sergeant. His great ability then

showed itself, and the Commissioners, in 1870, appointed him captain. He was placed in charge of the Fifteenth Precinct, on Mercer street near West Third street. The district was infested with crooks and thieves, but he quickly cleaned them out. Murders and burglaries were of nightly occurrence, but Captain Byrnes always brought law-breakers to justice. It was while he was in charge of the precinct that the great Manhattan Bank burglary was committed by Jimmy Hope and his gang. New Yorkers were startled when the news of the robbery first became public. Byrnes then put into practice the great detective system which has made him famous, but which he refuses to divulge to the public. He took in Jimmy Hope, John Nugent and others for the job, and sent them all to State Prison. Considerable of the stolen property was recovered, but the majority of it has never been returned. The next case was the stealing of A. T. Stewart's body from the vault of St. Mark's Church, and although he worked assiduously on the case he was unable to catch the perpetrators of the act, and doubts very much to-day if the body was ever recovered. A year later, in 1879, Mrs. De Barry, while walking down Fifth avenue on the afternoon of February 14, was robbed of a large quantity of diamonds by David Pender and Billy Flynn. Byrnes arrested the two thieves shortly afterward, and sent them to prison for twenty years.



Naval Brigade Parade.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.



N ANCIENT SAYING, that "God made the country and man made the town," contains perhaps less truth than it is commonly credited with. Externally, so far as mere material things are concerned, the city is unquestionably more artificial, and less natural than the country. But the real test is in man himself, and here little contrast is to be found. Human nature seems to be the same at all times and in all places. "They change their skies but not their minds, who travel round the world." Perhaps the dweller in a great city has his characteristics more strongly accentuated than his brother on the farm; concentration of life and action in the metropolis has this effect. Everything is more intense, more extreme; but the difference is in degree, not in kind. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still," whether he be an urban or a rural dweller.

These considerations should be kept in mind in taking a view of the criminal classes of New York.

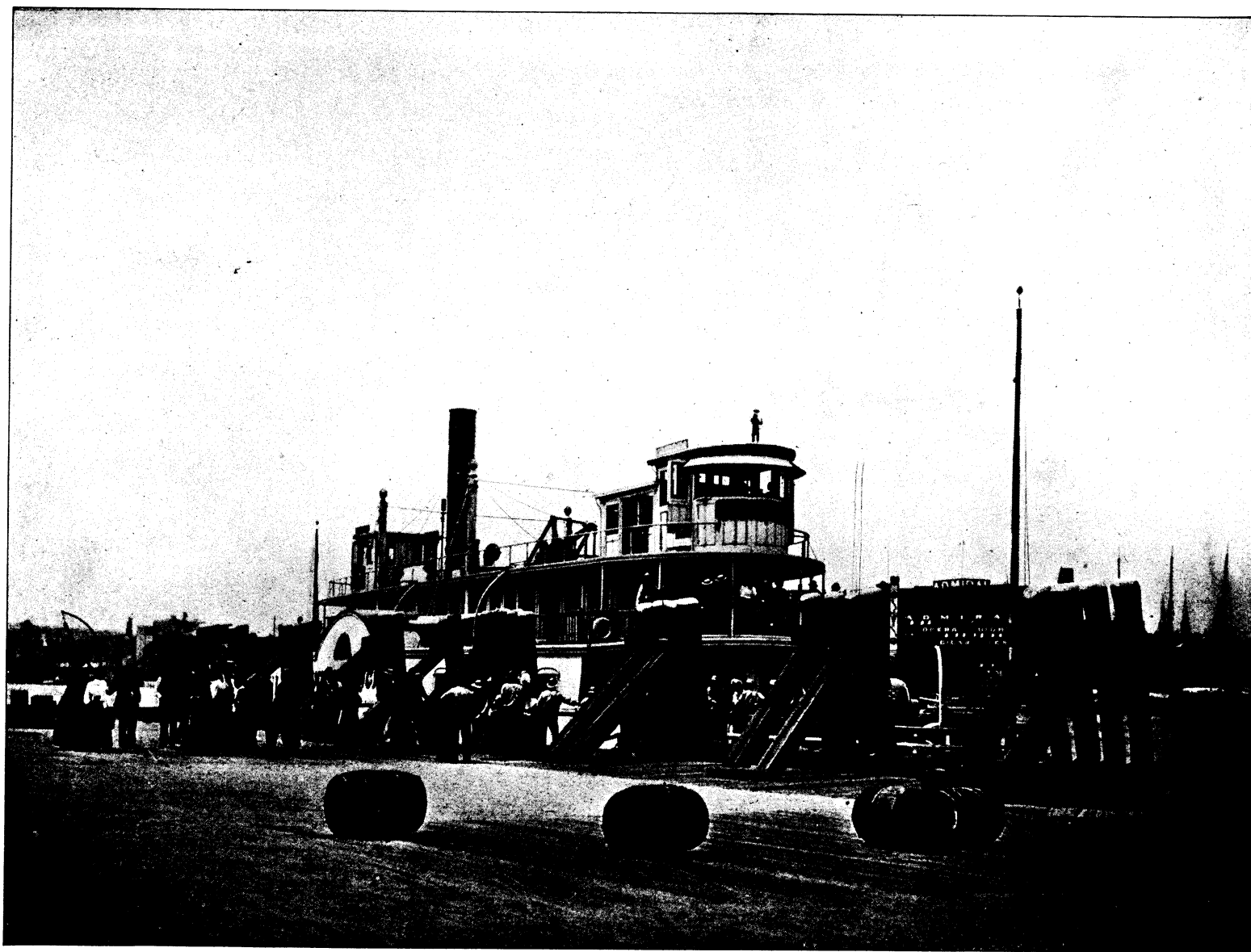


Street Beggars.

Some moralists never tire of expatiating upon the wickedness of the great city, its thousand and one pitfalls and snares, its army of habitual law-breakers. All of which is true enough. But where is there a community without sin? In the simplest country village there is now and then a bit of thieving, or arson, or other crime; perhaps even a murder, once in many years. And the village has only a thousand inhabitants all told. New York has eighteen hundred thousand. Suppose we multiply the small criminal calendar of the village eighteen hundred times; is it not possible that it will then rival that of New York? And if to this consideration we add the increased opportunity of committing crime, and the increased chances of escape from punishment, which the great city affords, the wonder will be, not that there is so much, but rather that there is not more evil-doing than there is in the metropolis.

**Crime Has Become a "Fine Art."**

Like the more honorable vocations, crime in New York is highly organized. Some departments of it have literally become fine arts. Criminals of various classes form what are practically trade-unions, with a certain code of ethics to which all are amenable. It is quite true that there is "honor among thieves." They work in harmony, each scrupulously respecting the rights of the others, and each ready to assist his fellows in any way they may desire. The gruesome picture of the Court of Miracles, set forth by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris," is no exaggeration. It has its counterpart in New York to-day, in exchanges, courts and parliaments of professional criminals. Nor did Dickens overdraw the portraits of Fagin and Bill Sykes. There are to-day just such men in New York. There are men who make a business of taking boys from the street, teaching them to pick pockets and, when they are sufficiently expert, sending them out to the street again to ply the trade. A man will thus have from three or four to a dozen or twenty boys under his direction. He sends them out each day to regularly assigned fields of enterprise, and they return at night with their booty. Sometimes the master and his thievish scholars share the plunder between them; sometimes he pays them a certain percentage of it, and sometimes fixed wages of so much a day or week. If one of these boys is



Landing Prisoners, Blackwell's Island.

caught by the police, the master engages a lawyer to defend him. If the boys are idle and bring home little plunder, the master punishes them. Sometimes such boys—and girls, too—secure places as cash-boys or errand-boys in shops and stores, where they exercise their perverted talents at the expense of their lawful employers and their patrons. As they grow older they become pickpockets, shoplifters and sneak-thieves on their own account, and then in turn become teachers and patrons of the next generation in crime.

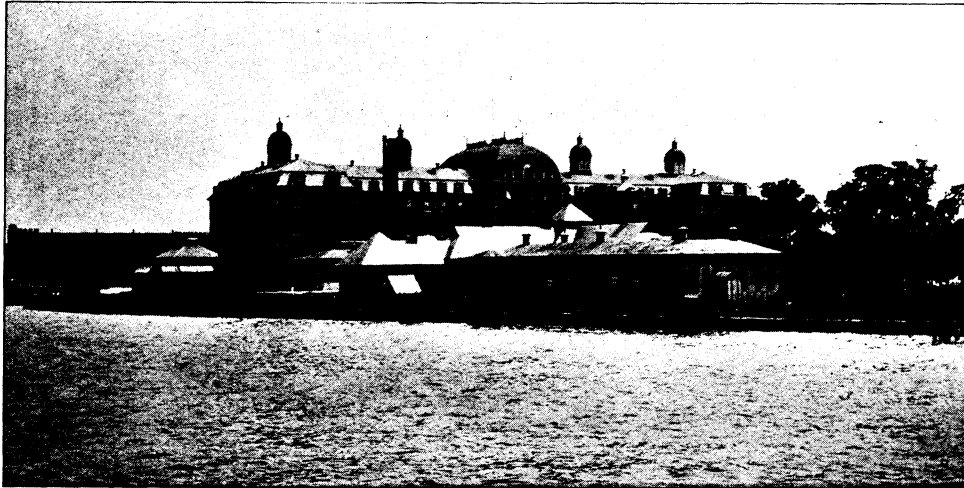
#### **Children Taught to Steal.**

Most deplorable of all, perhaps, are the cases, which are startlingly numerous, of parents thus training their own children to become thieves. Among the lower grades of law-breakers, the criminals of the slums, this is a common practice. But it is not unknown in what may be termed the upper circles of the criminal world. Instances are by no means lacking of men and women who bear the appearance of respectability, who live in good houses, dress well, and mingle in eminently respectable society, who train their children to steal, perhaps from their schoolmates, perhaps in stores and markets. It is on record that a number of the most notorious burglars and pickpockets of New York trace the origin of their misdoings to exactly such a source.

#### **The Bunco-Steerer.**

Of all the criminals of New York none is perhaps more notorious than the bunco-steerer. He is essentially a New York invention; he had his origin here, and here has reached his highest degree of pernicious skill. Almost invariably these gentry work in groups of three, and select for their victims strangers just arriving in town, preferably unsophisticated-looking old gentlemen from the country. Such a man, as he walks up the street from the ferry, is approached by Bunco-sharp Number One, who greets him courteously and says, "This is Mr. Blank, of Blankville, is it not?" "No, sir," responds the unsuspecting victim, "I'm John Smith, of Smithville." "Oh, I beg your pardon! I mistook you for my old friend Blank," says Number One; and vanishes from the scene. But Number One hastens across the street to Bunco-sharp Number Two, who has been watching him, and tells him, "That old goat is John Smith, of Smithville." So at the next corner the stranger

is effusively greeted by Number Two, with "Why, my dear Mr. Smith! How do you do? How are all the folks in Smithville?" Mr. Smith is pleased thus to be recognized in a strange city, and admits his identity, but doesn't recall the young man's name. "Don't you remember me? Why, I'm Jimmie Dash! Well, well! I didn't suppose I'd be forgotten so soon after I left dear old Smithville!" At this Mr. Smith imagines he does remember him; or out of sheer courtesy and kindness of heart pretends that he does. Besides, he's very glad to meet a friend in a strange city. So he accepts Number Two's invitation to lunch. There Number Three appears, and asks Number Two how soon he intends to pay that debt he owes him. Number Two is embar-



**Blackwell's Island from New York.**

assed, says "All I've got about me is a check for two hundred dollars, and it's after banking hours now." "Check won't suit me," says Number Three, "and anyway I haven't got the change for it." Then Number Two asks Mr. Smith if he can't cash it for him, "And I'll come to your hotel in the morning and take you to the bank with it." Of course Mr. Smith is only too happy to do it. He hands out the cash and pockets the check. Soon Number Two leaves him "till to-morrow morning." But when the morning comes, Mr. Smith waits for him in vain. And when Mr. Smith finally hunts up the bank and presents the check, he finds it worth only the paper on which it is written.

This plan of campaign is varied in a thousand ways, but its aim and its result are almost invariably and unerringly the same. The unwary visitor finds a friend to-day, and to-morrow finds that he himself is "buncoed."

## THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

**The Green-Goods Game.**

The "green-goods" game is one of the most famous forms of rascality, and is peculiar to New York. It was invented in this city, and has scarcely if ever been practiced elsewhere. Its magnitude may be estimated from the fact that a million circulars are known to have been sent out by one gang in the course of a year. These circulars are intended to decoy victims to their ruin. They comprise what purports to be a typewritten letter, written expressly and exclusively to the man to whom it is addressed. As a matter of fact, it is only one of a million, sent to people in all parts of the country. This letter states that the writer has "green goods"—meaning counterfeit money—to dispose of—\$50,000 of it for \$500. Enclosed is a scrap of paper ostensibly clipped from a New York newspaper, but really manufactured for the purpose, bearing an item telling how certain bank-note plates were stolen from the United States Treasury at Washington, and that men are printing from them counterfeit money which no expert can tell from genuine; of course there is no truth in this, but unsuspecting people in the country suppose it to be true, and think they have a chance to get rich at a single stroke. The circular also encloses a telegraphic address, to which the victim sends a dispatch, saying he is coming to the city for the "goods." He comes. The swindlers, generally two or three of them, meet him at the ferry or station.

**Almshouse, Blackwell's Island.**



They take him to some out-of-the-way room, show him a small box, which they say contains \$50,000 in counterfeit bills. They tear off the wrapper at one corner and give him a glimpse of the big wad of bills inside. They look to be good. In fact, they are just ordinary good money. The victim is completely fooled. He pays over his \$500. The swindlers wrap up the box again, shove it into his pocket or satchel, warn him not to look at it until he gets home, lest the police should suspect him, and then bid him good-day and disappear. And when finally he opens his precious box, he finds it full of sawdust!

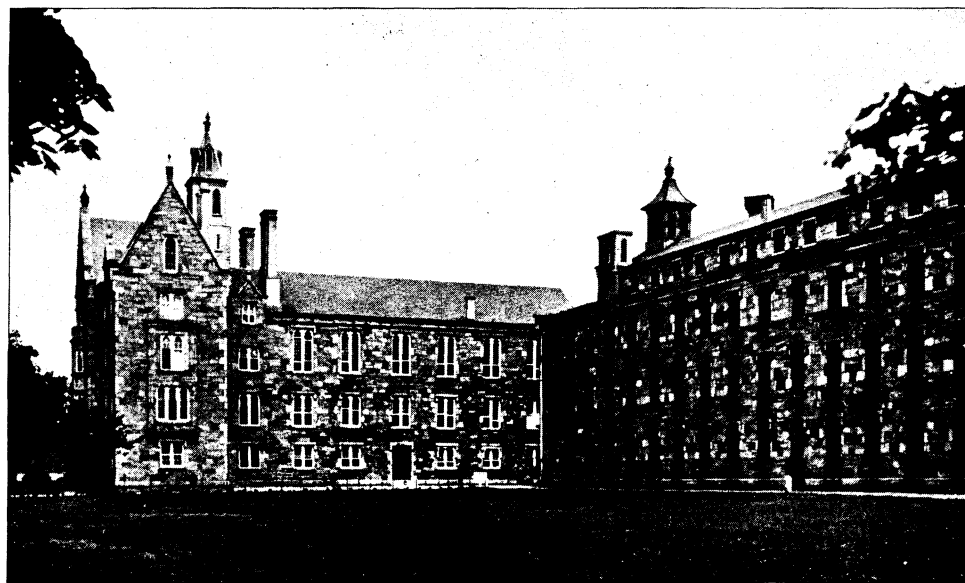
#### **A Famous Confidence Man.**

The most famous of all bunco and green-goods men was Tom Davis, who was finally shot dead by a man whom he was trying to swindle. Nobody ever accused Davis of "robbing" a man. He always buncoed them, and he did it in a manner to win the admiration of his imitators, and the friendship of the police. Nobody was ever beaten or stabbed in Davis's place, and nobody ever "squealed" within its shadow. He not only lured his victims to his side with the smoothest phrased letters ever concocted, but he sent them away with the hope that if they played fair with him he would put them "onto" something that would beat green goods all hollow. Davis was as gentlemanly a man as ever robbed a fellow-creature. There was nothing of the bluster or bully about him, and while he nearly always had a revolver handy he was without it once, and he was a dead man before he was afforded an opportunity to lament his neglect. It was this carelessness, perhaps, that cost him his life and made the sensation of the day.

#### **Burglary.**

The palmy days of burglary are past. The time was when skilled cracksmen were forever robbing the vaults of banks and the safes of business offices. Now and then such attempts are still made, but the number of them in New York is small. Safes are now made so strong and are so well guarded that the labor and risk of "cracking" them are too great. For such work, however, special tools are made, of the finest steel, with all the careful workmanship of the best scientific instruments, so that a complete "kit" of burglars' tools

is a costly possession. Jewelry stores have been a favorite object of attention from this gentry, but they, too, as a rule, are now too well guarded. In the "jewelry district," on Maiden Lane and John street, there is a special police force, and nearly all important stores elsewhere have special guards. Now and then a daring rascal smashes a window with a stone, snatches a handful of diamonds, and takes to his heels; and some have thus made good their escape with their booty. As a rule the burglar nowadays confines his attention to private dwelling-houses and flats, and is apt to enter them in summer, when the occupants are out of town.



**Workhouse, Blackwell's Island.**

In a great proportion of such cases his success is greatly facilitated by the carelessness of his victims, in leaving their property unguarded. It is surprising to consider the great number of New Yorkers who simply lock their flat doors and depart for the summer and, taking no other precaution, expect to find everything unmolested upon their return. No wonder that the sneak-thief reaps rich rewards. All he needs is a fine knitting-needle or a skeleton-key, and if he have neither of these, a small piece of wire

will do just as well. The locks for all these flats are furnished under contract, and the showiest and securest-looking of them are of the simplest mechanism inside, seldom having more than one, or, at the most, two tumblers. These tumblers are lifted with no difficulty and the bolt drawn back.

The sneak is fondest of the flat; for there he may enter unchallenged, and roam through the halls till he finds a lock to his liking. The locks that he finds, once inside, on closets and drawers, are usually of the

same simple manufacture. What is the use, people will say, of putting a decent lock on that old chest of drawers, when it's only wood? And yet, the time it would take a burglar to pry such a lock open may be sufficient to attract some one's attention to him, and lead to his detection.

**Private Houses Carefully Guarded.**

The burglar has to work harder for his spoils where the private house is concerned. When this has been closed for the summer he finds it far more difficult to effect an entrance unobserved. He carefully selects his houses with a view to the vacant lots that may be at the back of them or in the near vicinity; for any open space affords him opportunity for observation and inspection, as well as a surer means of escape. He prefers to enter, in humble and unobtrusive fashion, by the rear entrance; the handsome portals in front have no attraction for him. Sometimes he takes into his confidence the solitary girl that is left in charge; but if she repels his advances there is nothing left him but the back door or window.

More than a thousand of the large residences on Fifth and Madison avenues and the cross streets between, take the precaution of having their houses wired for the summer months. The work is done the day of their departure, that no opportunity may be given the burglar. Fine wire, so fine that it is difficult to detect it, is carefully run all through the



**Interior of Workhouse.**

house. Up the staircases, across the rooms, on the floor, in the halls and cellar—in every available spot—the fine wire is run. The instant any portion of the wire breaks, the alarm is given at headquarters. And it is impossible to open a door or window or walk across any room without severing a wire—so fine is the thread.

At the Rogues' Gallery they show the pictures of the most famous sneak-thieves and burglars of the city. Most of them were young, with bright-looking faces. One had been caught wearing a steel pouch that he declared absolutely burglar-proof, with a lock that he defied any one, burglar or not, to open. Another fellow, that was caught and imprisoned, amused himself in prison by making a clever set of skeleton-keys. A unique device for detecting a burglar was recently employed by a large firm who were being systematically robbed of cash taken from the money drawer. Both electricity and photography were employed to detect the thief. A camera was so placed as to get a front view exposure of a person standing before the money drawer, and electric connection was made to operate the device. A burglar alarm was fitted on the money drawer, so that when the drawer was opened the shutter of the camera operated, exposing the lens, and at the same instant setting off a flash light. The next morning a splendid photograph was developed, but the thief, unfortunately, was not in it. To prevent his being seen from the street he had placed himself under the desk and pulled the drawer out over his head. Incidentally, however, the experiment was successful, for the suspected man was informed that a photograph had been secured of him when the light flashed in his face. As a result of this surprising announcement he immediately confessed to the crime.

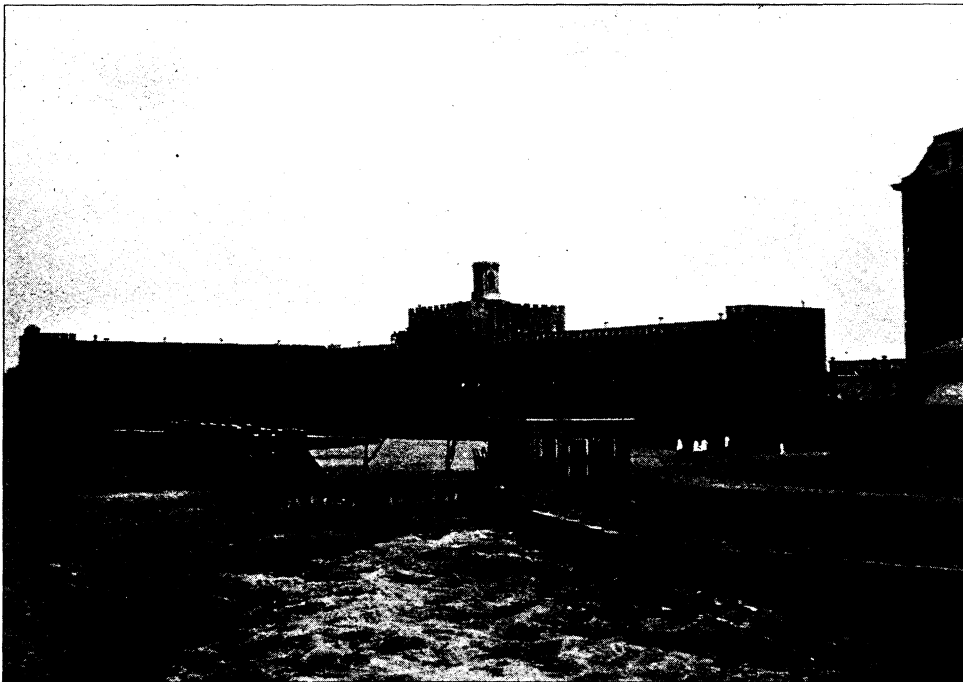
#### **Shoplifting.**

Shoplifting is a painfully common form of crime, practiced chiefly by women and children. The great dry-goods shops, on "bargain day," are the field of operation. The thief goes in, as if to purchase goods, and wanders about from counter to counter, stealing gloves, handkerchiefs, lace, and other small articles, and slipping them into large pockets made for the purpose. Almost every shop of importance now employs a detective to watch for such people. Sometimes the thief is, to all appearances, a lady of the best society; she is richly

clad, and even comes to the store in a carriage. Sometimes the woman is accompanied by a little girl, who does the actual stealing while hidden behind the woman's ample skirts and wrap.

The use of children in crime, already referred to, is one of the most deplorable features of New York villainy. It was startlingly brought to notice in the spring of 1894, by the arrest of two lads, who were plying their art in Central Park. The officer saw the one steal a handkerchief from a woman in the monkey-house

and hand it to the other. There was a dollar tied in the handkerchief. When taken to the Arsenal and searched, false pockets filled with five handkerchiefs and purses were discovered. The younger, who was thirteen, said he never before saw the elder, who was fourteen. When the elder showed signs of weakening, the younger pinched his leg, unobserved by the policeman. Finally he was detected, and taken away. The elder then admitted he was "working" the Park with the other, and that they had had a fairly successful day until intercepted by a policeman. When



**Penitentiary, Blackwell's Island.**

taken before the Justice at the Yorkville Police Court, the elder said that he was new in the business of stealing, but that the younger had made as much as a hundred dollars in a single day's thievery among the crowds in Central Park. When taken to the Gerry Society rooms the elder made this statement, and it was seconded after persuasion by his companion in crime:

**A Modern Fagin.**

"Our master, who lives on Essex street, between Grand and Hester, taught me to steal. He's been teaching boys for three or four years. I've always 'worked' Grand street before this. My companion took me there first. My father did not know I was stealing. He believed I was attending school."

Here is the other's statement: "I've nearly always 'worked' Grand street before this. I've been in the business about six months, but was never caught before. I was in a class of about a dozen boys about my own age. The master would compel us to pick his pockets until we had it down fine, and then he would start us in on Grand street. We would be promoted if we did well. That is, we would get better places to work, like the Bridge entrance, or Central Park. Central Park was always considered the best place to make money."

The method of training these boys is simple enough. First they are taught to pick pockets, then to go for "nipping" watches by skillfully cutting the chains without detection, and then comes burglary and safe-cracking for the boldest of the gangs. The "backer" picks out his pupils first and takes great care in doing so. He finds out from other boys the habits and inclinations for wrong-doing of his intended scholar. The first bait that is offered the pupil is a promise that he won't have to attend school. The boy is delighted at this. He is given spending-money besides. Then begins the work of training the lad to pick pockets. The instructor compels his scholars to pick his own pockets until a good degree of efficiency is arrived at. Then each pupil is handed over to a graduate and sent out on the street at night to get the necessary practical experience. The graduate and the pupil always go to some crowded thoroughfare, generally the Bowery at first. The graduate picks out the victim at this stage in the training of the pupil.

If the scholar made a blunder his instructor would join him at once and help him out of the trouble. Then he would tell him wherein he had made his mistake, and show him how he could improve in his business. In this way the boys are trained and drilled night after night for fully six months. If the scholar is arrested often and is clumsy he is thrown over, for it is too costly and too dangerous to keep him in the

school. It isn't a bit of exaggeration to say though that some of the boys average as high as one hundred dollars a day. At the end of a year the young thieves are at liberty to work for themselves. Up to that time, though, they have to turn in their receipts each night. Some of the teachers of the boys never let them go, but by threats of having them sent to the Island, keep them at work right along. The boys in cases like that are given a few dollars each day. All the plunder taken is easily disposed of by the teacher in the fences that abound in the Tenth ward. The watches, rings, and everything made of gold or silver are melted up at once. The bosses of these training schools for boy criminals get the best of everything. They are very rich and seem to have a "pull," for they are never arrested themselves.

**Recorder Smyth.**

Few men in New York have had more opportunity for observing the progress of criminology in the metropolis than Recorder Frederick Smyth, the presiding judge of the chief criminal court. He recently had an interesting conversation with a "Herald" reporter on the subject, in which he expressed the belief that crime in New York is diminishing, especially the graver forms of crime.



**Interior of Penitentiary.**

"There are," he said, "fewer cases of homicide. Fewer burglaries are perpetrated, and the crime of robbery, which was frequent, has largely decreased. I can recollect when in Wall Street and the streets contiguous to it, in which the offices of large merchants and banks are located, the crime of robbery was frequently committed, and sums of money, to a very large amount, were stolen. That class of crime in that locality has ceased since the present Superintendent of Police reorganized the Detective Bureau, which was then first placed under his charge, and since that time there have been very few cases of either robbery or larceny committed in that vicinity.

"It is a difficult thing, at this time, to find any professional thief doing business south of Fulton street, in this city. The class of crimes that are now perpetrated are committed mostly by sneak-thieves and small burglars, generally perpetrated on the extreme east and west sides of the city. It appears to me that all the great burglars and bank robbers are either in the prisons of this state, or driven out of the city of New York." "Do you believe that long sentences are more efficacious than short ones?" "I do not believe in the imposition of long sentences, but there are cases which frequently come to the attention of the justices of the criminal courts where the person is convicted upon investigation of the record of that person." "Do you ever entertain a fear that a prisoner will go to prison, serve his sentence and regain his liberty with a long-harbored feeling of revenge?" "So far as I am personally concerned I never entertained any idea that any person whom I sentenced to prison harbored any ill-feeling or resentment against me," the Recorder replied. "I have been for years connected with the Court of General Sessions, and during that time I have passed sentence upon thousands of prisoners, and I have never had a disrespectful word said to me, although I have met men whom I have sentenced and who have since been released from prison. I have passed among these men at all hours of the day and sometimes at all hours of the night, and I have never had even an impolite expression applied to me." "Do you believe that the lecture administered to criminals just previous to the passing of sentence has any effect whatever on them?" "The remarks the judge feels called upon to make is not done with the intention that these remarks will make an impression upon the person sentenced.

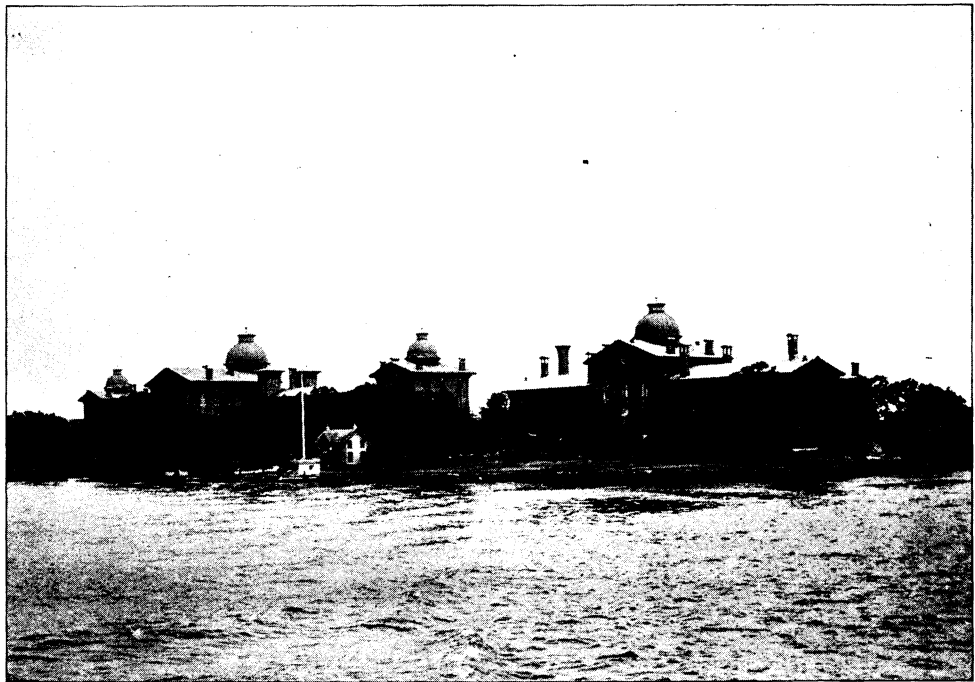


**Object of Criminal Punishment.**

“The object of criminal punishment is two-fold. It is not only to punish the person who commits the crime, but it is mainly intended for deterring others from the commission of a like offence, and in a court of criminal jurisprudence, where sentence is to be imposed, there are always a number of friends, acquaintances and associates of the prisoner in court. Many of them are young men who are about taking their first step in crime, and the remarks that are made in passing sentence are intended for the purpose of letting them distinctly understand what the consequences were of the commission of the crime.

**The Jury System.**

“Now, as to juries. I have always been a firm believer in the trial of criminal cases before a jury, and my belief has been strengthened every year since it became my duty to try that class of cases. I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion, in from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the criminal cases which are tried by juries,



**House of Refuge, Randall's Island.**

proper verdicts are rendered. It is in the interest of the juror, in the first place, if he is a good citizen, to assist the court of which the juror is a part, in maintaining and upholding the laws of the state, which are enacted for the protection of life and property. Once in a while, but rarely, jurors render illogical verdicts where they have a right to render one of several verdicts on the same indictment, but, on the whole, I am

entirely satisfied that there is no better tribunal for the trial and disposition of cases than a jury of twelve men.” “Why is it that so many jurors, as has been demonstrated of late, are averse to circumstantial evidence?” “There is undoubtedly a manifest dislike in the minds of many people summoned as jurors to circumstantial evidence. That arises out of the fact, I believe, that their business and their occupations are of such a character that they really don’t have time to consider what circumstantial evidence really is. But when the real meaning of circumstantial evidence is clearly submitted to a jury, the dislike to that class of evidence gives way, and they are ready to give it all the weight that the law says it is properly entitled to.

“There is also a very strong dislike to expert testimony, so called, and that arises also in a great measure from the fact that the ordinary-minded business man doesn’t exactly understand what expert testimony is, and so much has been also written about it that it is no wonder that the minds of the ordinary class of jurors are opposed to that kind of evidence. But when it is made to appear, as it generally is, in a case where expert testimony has to be relied upon, that without expert testimony a large number of criminal cases could not be disposed of—and indeed, in the affairs of the ordinary, everyday business man, I have shown to jurors that they have to rely and do rely to a very great extent upon expert evidence—their dislike to it is very generally removed. For instance, when a juror sees that without expert evidence in a case of poison there can be no such thing as a conviction, or the person administering the poison be punished, or also in the ordinary case of a business merchant or mechanic, expert testimony has to be relied upon to a very great extent. Then, again, if a contract is made for the erection of a building according to certain plans and specifications, where one part of the work is done by a carpenter, another by a mason, another by a plumber and so on, and a dispute arises between the builder and the owner as to whether the work is in conformity with the plans and specifications under which the building is erected, the question thus arising must necessarily be settled by expert testimony of the plumbers and carpenters employed on that contract. So it is with mercantile transactions. “Take the familiar case of a manufacturer selling a certain article, such as cloth, for instance, by sample, and when the

cloth is delivered to the persons purchasing, the purchaser insists that it doesn't come up to the requirements of the sample upon which he purchased. A dispute arises, one party claiming that it does and the other that it does not. This is another case where expert testimony has to be relied upon. The duties of a criminal judge are not always along pleasant and sunny pathways," the Recorder said in conclusion, "but are not irksome to one who prefers the work. It certainly affords an opportunity to study different men and their characteristics."

#### **Crime and Criminals.**

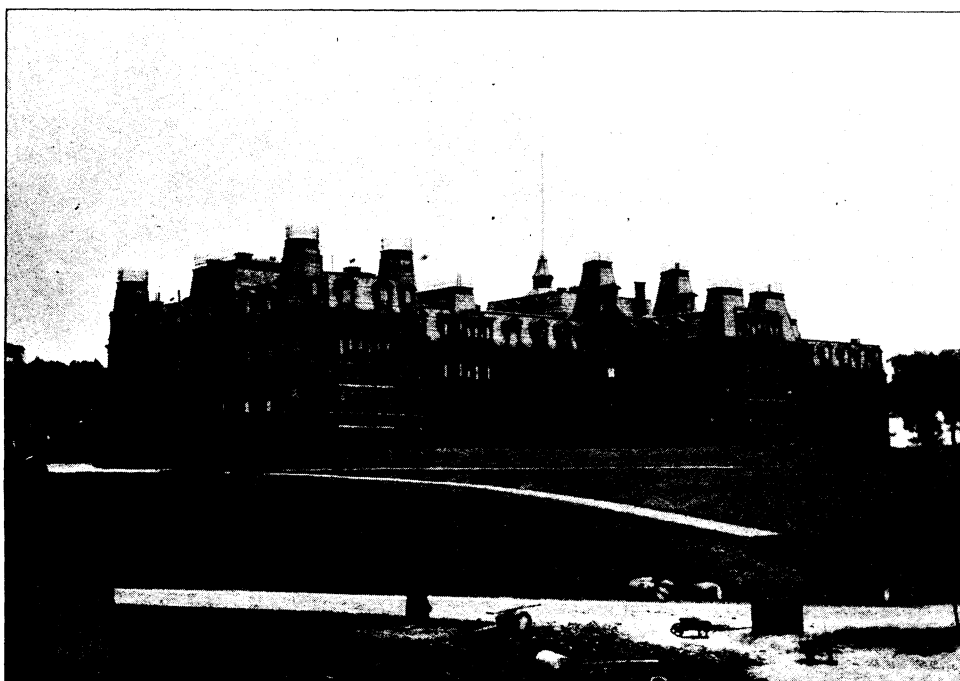
Have you ever had your watch stolen? If you have, then you have experienced the peculiar sensation which creeps over you when the hand is carelessly dropped to take the watch out, and only a dangling chain is found. No one ever had a watch stolen who did not begin to meditate on the way it was done, and usually no satisfactory conclusion is reached.

An old man came into the city one day from Paterson. He has an interest in one of the big silk mills there and is wealthy. His visit was for the purpose of buying Christmas presents, and he had several hundred dollars in bills besides a gold watch and a diamond scarf pin. He is naturally a timid man, and had his weather eye open for thieves. His pocketbook was in his left trousers pocket, and his watch was in his waistcoat on the same side. His coat was buttoned up close to his chin, so that none of the light-fingered fellows could get a chance at his property. He walked through Fourteenth street from the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road to Broadway, made a purchase, and when he looked for his money, found nothing; his watch and pin were also gone and only the dangling chain remained. There was never a more surprised man in this world, and all that he could tell Superintendent Byrnes about the robbery was that he had been jostled by several men in Fourteenth street soon after leaving the train, but he had not seen them do anything.

#### **How Thieves Work.**

In the pickpockets' vocabulary he had been put through the "push and pull" game. To do this requires a "mob" of four or five men, besides the "wire," which is the term applied to the man who does the "trick."

One of the "mob" is selected to do the "touching;" this consists of passing the fingers gently over a person's pockets to determine if he is worth robbing. It is always done in a crowd. If everything is all right, the "toucher" gives a signal, and indicates by signs where the property is. The "mob" passes in front of the victim, and the "wire" and "fence" come up from behind. At a signal one of the "mob" stumbles and falls on the victim, who is nearly thrown off his feet. The "mob" grab the victim, ostensibly to keep him



**Infants' Hospital, Randall's Island.**

from falling, and then the "wire's" hands do the work. Whatever property is secured is given to the "fence," who goes off like a flash. The job is done at high speed, and when it is over the thieves depart in different directions. The most famous thief in this line of work is "Poodle" Murphy. He has great nerve, and a hand that moves more quickly than the eye can well follow it. "Poodle" stole ex-Secretary Robeson's watch in this way, in Philadelphia, and is said to have committed more robberies than any two pickpockets in the country. He is usually heard from during the holiday

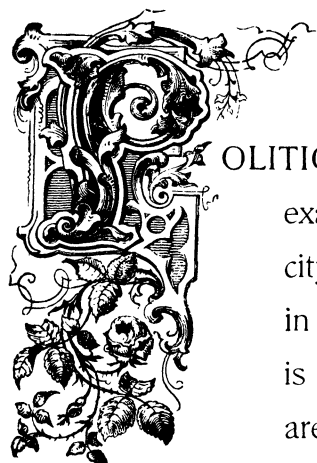
season, when the pickpockets try to lay in stock enough to carry them over to the opening of the summer resorts.

Pickpockets cannot be recognized by their appearance. They dress well but never so as to attract attention, are quiet and unassuming in manner and their hands are not soiled by work. They are quick-witted and always play the innocent when caught.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### POLITICS.

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POLITICS HAS BEEN DECLARED to be the chief business of New York. The statement is an exaggeration. But it is indisputable that politics is an important branch of business in this city; and that, moreover, it is reduced to business principles, and conducted as a business in New York far more thoroughly and persistently than anywhere else in the country. Nor is the reason for this hard to find. Perhaps it would be better to say, the reasons, for there are several. One is the general principle that wherever population is most densely aggregated, all things are intensified. Another is, that by virtue of its great size and therefore heavy vote, New York has often held, or been supposed to hold, the balance of power in national elections. One of the first questions asked concerning a Presidential candidate is, and long has been, Can he carry New York State? Well, so large a proportion of the vote of the whole state is cast in New York city that the result depends upon the majority that is rolled up by the dominant party in the city. A third reason is, that there is in New York an enormous foreign population, largely ignorant and poor. Such men are the natural prey of the professional politician, who in one way or another gets control of them, and makes them, for all political purposes, far more his serfs than they ever were to land-holding lords in the old country. The manipulation of the votes of these men is a chief source of political power in New York. If we looked for a fourth reason, we might readily find it in the importance of the New York newspaper press. It largely shapes the

political thought of the whole nation. Naturally, therefore, the scene of its issuance is a political centre, in a great measure surpassing all others in influence and importance.

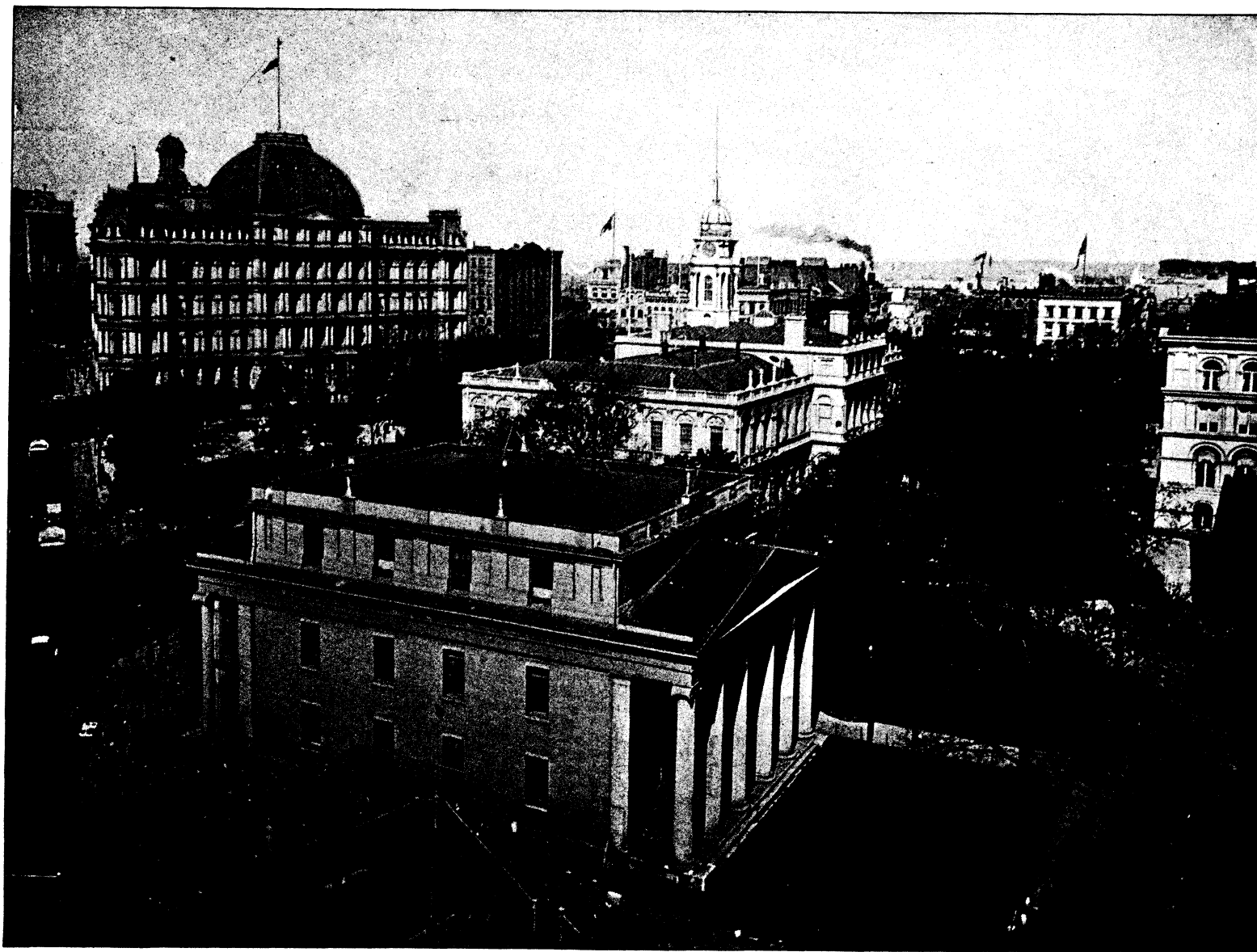
#### **Tammany Hall.**

Leaving out of the question all the political history of earlier years, it may be observed that at the present day the most conspicuous political factor in New York is that known as Tammany Hall. This institution has world-wide fame, and deserves it. Yet its actual character is known to but a small fraction of those to whom its name is familiar. "The Tammany Society, or Columbian Order" was founded in 1789, not at all as a political but as a secret, fraternal and benevolent organization. It got its name from Tammany or Tamenund, a great chief of the Delaware Indians, who lived to an extraordinary age, and who was renowned for his valor, sagacity, virtue and friendliness toward the white settlers. Cooper, in one of his "Leather-Stocking Tales," gives a not altogether fanciful picture of this much venerated man. At the close of the Revolutionary War the relations of New York and vicinity with the Indians were still close and strong enough to lead men to adopt Indian names and ceremonies in such a society as this. Accordingly the members were, and are, divided into two classes, known as Braves and Sachems, and the various officers are known by purely Indian titles, such as Sagamore and Wiskinskie. In the meetings of the society tomahawks and other Indian paraphernalia are employed, and certain Indian cries are used, notably in the chorus of certain songs in the ritual.

Early in its history, however, the Tammany Society became intimately associated with the Democratic party, and dominated its councils in this city; so that Tammany and Democracy have been almost synonymous terms in local politics. The members of the Tammany Society are almost invariably members also of the Tammany Hall General Committee, and the latter is a purely political concern, commonly called, for short, Tammany Hall.

#### **A Perfect Political Machine.**

This organization is probably the most carefully constructed and completely equipped political machine in existence, and for many years has practically been the governing power of New York city. Its candidates poll



Bird's-Eye View of City Hall.

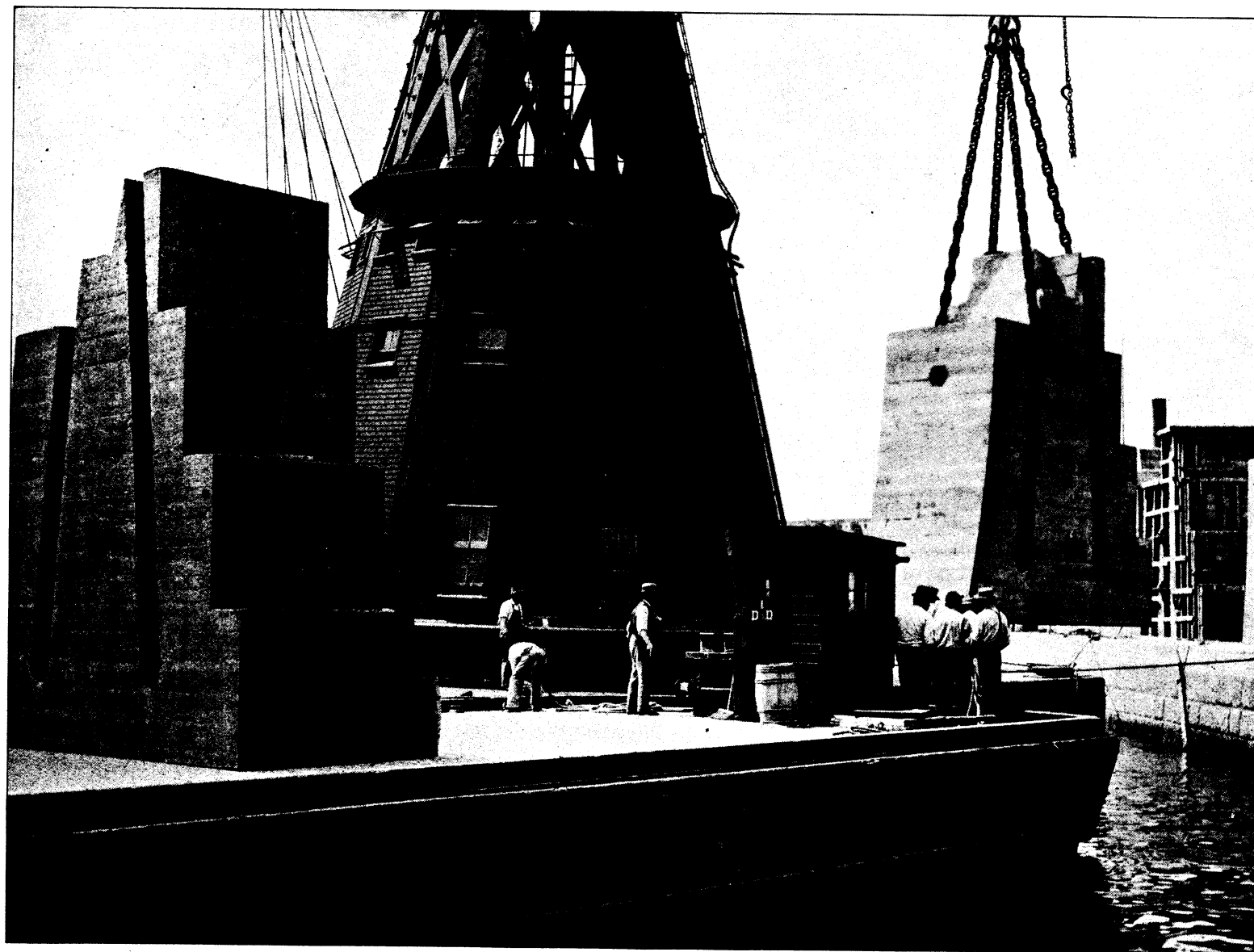
about half the vote of the city, and the opposition is always divided between several tickets, so that Tammany is almost sure to win. Its central governing body is the General Committee, with more than twelve thousand members. There is a subordinate committee in every Assembly district, and also one man known as district leader, or captain, who is held responsible for the result of every election there. The districts are also subdivided, and there is scarcely a voter in the city whose name is not recorded on Tammany's books, either as a friend or a foe. There is, of course, always some one man who dominates the General Committee, and is therefore the head of the whole organization. He is popularly known as the "Boss of Tammany Hall." He may hold no public office. But his actual political power has often been greater than that of almost any other man in America. Although commonly called a Democratic organization, Tammany Hall includes many Republicans, and has not hesitated at times to oppose the regular Democratic ticket. It is really an organization "sui generis," its object being to control the local government of the city and dispose of its vast patronage.

There have been various democratic bodies opposed to Tammany, the chief of them at present being known as the New York State Democracy. The Republican party has a strong organization, its controlling spirit being generally in the Union League and Republican clubs, and its rallying-place for mass-meetings is the great hall of the Cooper Union. It has also a State Club, which is a general headquarters for Republicans, both of the city and of the state at large. Other political parties of minor importance and with ardent adherents are the Prohibitionist, the Labor Union, and the Socialist.

#### **The Division of the City.**

The city is divided by law into various political divisions. There are nine Senatorial Districts, each of which elects a State Senator; thirty Assembly Districts, each of which elects a member of Assembly; and ten Congressional Districts, each of which elects a member of Congress. For electoral purposes the city is divided into about one thousand two hundred "election districts," in each of which is a polling-place. The boundaries of these districts and the exact location of the polling-places are advertised in the city papers in advance of





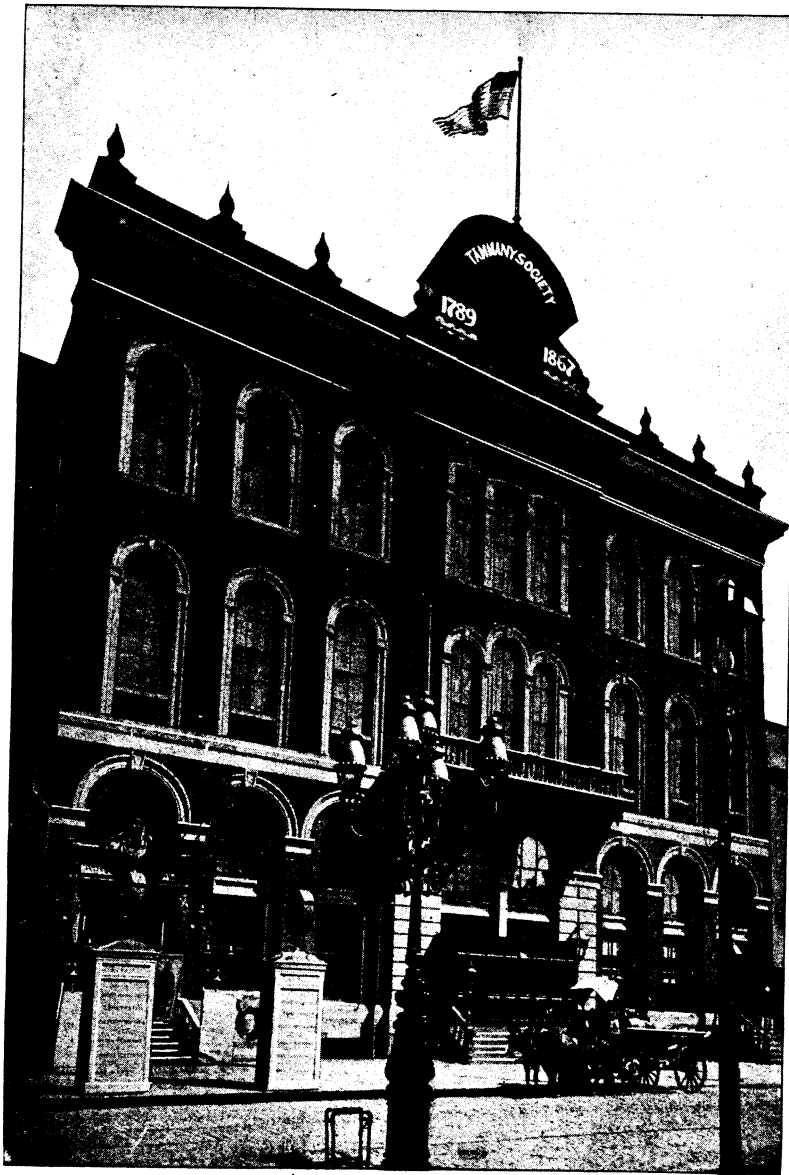
Department of Docks.

elections. On one of four designated days preceding election all voters who wish to exercise their privilege must go to the polling-places and have their names and qualifications for the suffrage recorded in a public register. To be entitled thus to register and vote, a man must be twenty-one years old and a citizen of the United States, either native or naturalized, at least ten days before the election. He must have lived in New York State at least one year, in New York County four months, and in his election district thirty days previous to the election. A person convicted of bribery or other felony cannot register or vote unless he has been restored to citizenship. A qualified voter has the right to challenge any person's right to register or vote if he believes that such person is not a legal voter.

Voting is conducted according to the "Australian" system. A voter on entering the polling-place gives his name and residence to the election officers; if his name is properly registered he receives a set of official ballots, one for each set of candidates to be voted for, each set of ballots being numbered on detachable stubs with a number placed against the voter's name on the registry-book, and each ballot bearing also on its stub the initials of the ballot clerks; the voter then enters a private booth and makes his choice of the ballots, altering them to suit him if necessary; he returns, hands the ballot chosen by him, properly folded, to the inspector, and announces his name; then he gives up the other ballots and goes his way. As a rule, about three-quarters of those registered actually vote. The heaviest vote ever cast in the city was that at the Presidential election of 1892, at which time the Democratic ticket had one hundred and seventy-five thousand two hundred and sixty-seven supporters; the Republican, ninety-eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven; the Prohibitionist, two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine; the "Populist," two thousand three hundred and sixty-six, and the Labor-Socialist, five thousand nine hundred and forty-five.

#### **Notorious Corruption.**

New York politics is notoriously corrupt, and for many years various forms of rascality have prevailed at the polls, to modify the actual electoral verdict of the people. Election frauds, says one of the best informed



Tammany Hall.

authorities on the subject, may be said to have taken origin half a century ago, when polling consumed three days—an incident in the exercise of the elective franchise doubtless unknown to the larger part of this generation. A canvass lasting through two nights favored chicanery over ballot-boxes. It was not difficult to tally the drift of the voting on the first and second days so as to instigate party pressure on the third day. The election statutes of that era were elastic, and were not, as now, ironclad as to procedures. Inspectors of election were then elected yearly at the various polling precincts, and these officers in localities were often wholly of either the Whig or the Democratic party, offering full facilities for legerdemain in taking and counting votes. Much of procedures was left to the discretion of the inspectors, and there was little statutory uniformity. Legal residence for a voter went by wards and not election districts, and the term of local residence was brief—thus affording scope for what became known as colonization. That is to say, voters could be transferred in residence and for a brief period from a Whig to a Democratic ward of certain majority to one that was in a party sense closely divided. It was therefore local, and not State or National, political

rivalry that stimulated fraud by colonization; and it was especially engaged in by partisans of the Alderman or his assistant, or of the Ward Assessor, Collector or Constable.

#### **Early Frauds.**

The Whigs, and not the Tammany party, really invented election frauds on a large scale, and for the first time extended them into National matters. This was on occasion of the Presidential contest between General Harrison the first, and Martin Van Buren. As was afterwards shown in legislative investigation and by a trial in the General Sessions, Whig leaders, taking advantage of possessing a Whig Mayor and Common Council, and of the initial process of introducing the Croton water that was under way, very extensively colonized voters from New Jersey and Philadelphia in the persons of ditch-diggers and workmen a few days before the election and furnished them with ballots. And, indeed, then was originated what are now called "repeaters." These raw levies of voters were set to work laying the Croton pipes, and at one time all the streets of the city were in that state of disorder which recently marked city highways in the laying of the railway cables or of the underground wires. That incident originated the phrase "pipe-laying," which is sometimes still illustratively in vogue. It was a phrase coined by Daniel E. Sickles in Tammany Hall, who was then a young law student and the Bourke Cockran of that period.

Another form of political corruption consists in "working for all they are worth" the various departments of municipal administration. The Department of Public Works has long been a favorite field for this sort of enterprise. Money is drawn from the city treasury for work that is never done at all; or for overpayment of work. Contracts are let at exorbitant prices to favored bidders, who share their dishonest profits with the corrupt officials. Men are put on the city's pay-roll who have absolutely no work to do save to draw their salaries, divide them with their official patrons, and vote the straight party ticket. These practices reached a climax under the rule of the famous Tweed Ring, when many millions of money were stolen from the city by the leaders of Tammany Hall. To a considerable extent they have prevailed during much of the time since.

**Accepting Bribes.**

The corruption of the Police Department is an even more serious matter. For years it has been believed that the police captains, or some of them, have been in the habit of accepting bribes from certain classes of evil-doers, in consideration of which the latter were allowed to pursue their nefarious callings undisturbed. This



**Richard Croker.**

was done especially in the case of houses of ill-fame, and of unlicensed liquor saloons, or those that wished to keep open on Sunday, contrary to law. In late years, however, it has been discovered that not only are such bribes accepted, but a regular system of taxation is levied upon and collected from a great number of businesses, legal and illegal. A police captain fixes a scale of prices which each individual wishing "police protection" must pay, weekly or monthly, and these are collected by a so-called "ward-man," who is the captain's confidential agent. Houses of ill-fame, liquor saloons, gambling dens, and even "bunco-sharps" and "green-goods" men have thus paid tribute to the police and, in consequence, been permitted to pursue their wicked callings unmolested. But reputable merchants, too, have in similar fashion been compelled to pay for the privilege of temporarily stacking goods upon sidewalks, and for ordinary police guardianship of their property. Of the enormous sums of money thus exacted from the people of New York, some has gone into the pockets of the police,

more into the pockets of the police captains and other high officials, but perhaps most of all into the treasury of the political ring that has ruled the city and maintained this infamous system. The subject was officially investigated in the summer of 1894 by the Lexow Committee—a committee of the State Senate—and some

startling revelations were made. It was found that the police, who legitimately cost the city more than \$5,000,000 a year, have had an additional income contributed by the keepers of disorderly houses, saloons, gambling houses, merchants and push-cart peddlers. This extra income is called paying for protection by those who pay. By the public it is sometimes called blackmail. The police call it perquisites. While an accurate estimate of the income of the police from these sources is impossible, enough facts have been made public to show that it was enormous, and approximately correct figures can be made.

The estimated total revenue is derived from the following sources: From the city, \$5,139,147.64; disorderly houses, \$8,120,000.00; saloons, \$1,820,000.00; gambling houses, \$165,000.00; merchants and peddlers, \$50,000.00; new members of the force, \$60,000.00; grand total income, \$15,354,147.64.

#### **Political Leaders.**

Turning from practical politics to the political leaders of New York, it is seen that they are largely professional politicians; that is, men whose chief or sole business is politics. They are, also, largely men of foreign birth, or at any rate foreign parentage, Ireland furnishing the majority.

Perhaps the most conspicuous figure in local politics at the present time is that of Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall from 1885 to 1894. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1843, and was brought to New York by his father three years later. He was educated in the public schools, and learned the trade of a railroad machinist. In 1867 he went into politics, securing in that year the nomination for Alderman to succeed James O'Brien, who had been elected Sheriff, and was returned by a large majority. He was re-elected in 1869, but served only five months of his second term, having been legislated out of office by the Tweed Ring, that found in Alderman Croker a uniform and persistent opponent. Mr. Croker's opposition to the corruption ring took the form of an agreement on the part of the majority of the board to oppose every measure brought forward by Tweed and his associates. Shortly after his retirement from the Board of Aldermen, Mayor Havemeyer appointed Mr. Croker marshal to collect the arrears of taxes. Mr. Croker went to work with his

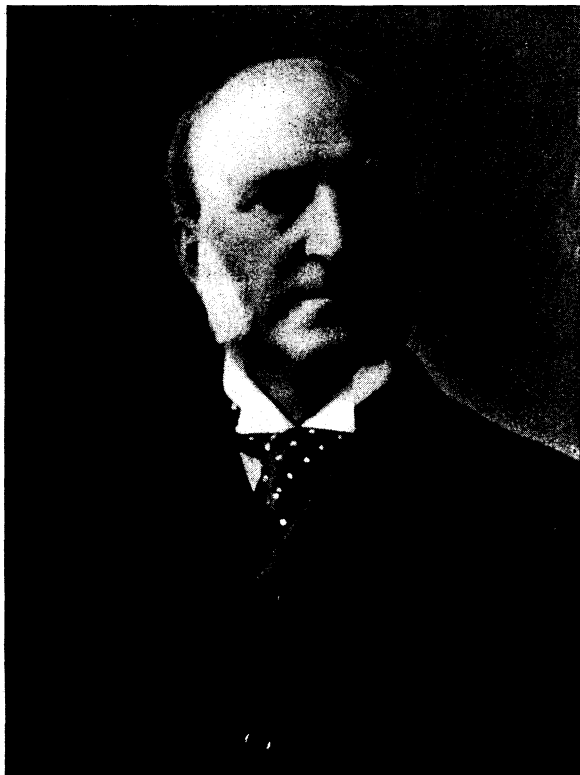
characteristic energy, and in the short space of four months had turned into the Tax Department \$500,000. The outstanding indebtedness to the city being thus wiped out, Mr. Croker, not wishing to draw a salary where there was no work to perform, resigned his position. Richard Croker joined John Kelly in the reorganization of Tammany Hall, and in 1873 was elected Coroner. That office was then of much greater political importance than at present. His first term as Coroner expired in 1876, and he was then re-elected Coroner for three years. At the request of Mayor Edson he became a candidate for Alderman in 1883 and was elected. The Mayor subsequently appointed him a Fire Commissioner, November 16, 1883, in the place of Justice Gorman, who had been appointed to a police justiceship. Mr. Croker was reappointed Fire Commissioner by Mayor Hewitt for the full term of six years. On May 9, 1889, Mayor Grant appointed Commissioner Croker Chamberlain of the City of New York, the richest prize in his gift. Mr. Croker is a man of vast wealth. He lives in a magnificent mansion, and is largely interested in horse-racing.

Thomas Gilroy is another conspicuous figure in Tammany Hall. He, too, was born in Ireland, in 1840, and was brought to New York when only six years old. He was educated in the public schools, and then learned the printer's trade. In 1864 he obtained a position in the Croton Aqueduct Board, where he remained nearly three years. At that period he married his present wife, who was a Miss Sheridan, and a distant relative of the late General Philip H. Sheridan. The wedding was solemnized in old St. Patrick's Church by the late Vicar-General Starr, and the remarkable fact is to be recorded that the same clergyman had baptized the bride when she was a baby and he was pastor of St. Mary's parish. The responsibilities of marriage and the fact that he soon saw a young family growing up around him, increased his ambition and aroused him to new endeavors. He succeeded in obtaining a lucrative position in the office of County Clerk Charles E. Loew, which he held until 1874, and thenceforward was always in some public office. In 1889 he became Commissioner of Public Works, and, a little later, was elected Mayor of the city. He has amassed a considerable fortune and lives in fine style in a stately dwelling on West One Hundred and Twenty-first street.

He has had twelve children, of whom six daughters and four sons are now living. These bright and happy young folks are the envy of the neighborhood, and it is a pretty sight to see them ranged in a line rising one above another like the steps of a stairs.

**William Bourke Cockran.**

William Bourke Cockran is one of the best-known Democratic leaders in New York, and has a great reputation as an eloquent orator. He was born in Ireland, in 1854, and did not come to this country until he was seventeen years old. Soon after his arrival in America he received the appointment of teacher in a



**Chauncey M. Depew.**

private academy, and subsequently he was made principal of a public school in Mount Vernon, Westchester county. During his leisure hours he studied law, and was given the free use of the library of ex-Judge Abram B. Tappan, now Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, and he then quit his suburban retreat and opened a little law office at 178 Broadway. In striking contrast with this den is the costly suite of offices which Mr. Cockran now occupies in the Equitable building.

Mr. Cockran has made his mark as a Representative in Congress, and ranks among the foremost lawyers in New York, where he has attained merited distinction.

**Republican Leaders.**

For many years the most conspicuous Republican leader in New York has been Thomas C. Platt, formerly of Tioga county, but now a resident of the city. He has lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel since he came to New York, and there is seldom an evening when he is in



the city that he does not make his appearance in the lobby, and take a seat on a settee and chat and swap stories with his acquaintances.

Mr. Platt is dignified and grave in serious affairs, but he is extremely democratic in his ways, and is approachable. His manner is cordial, and a man received by him discovers at once that the welcome is intended. Mr. Platt is very temperate in his criticisms of those with whom he differs, especially partisans of the Democracy, but he has no use for hypocrites and has no hesitation in denouncing them openly, although he, himself, has a peculiar gift of conveying the impression to several people with conflicting purposes that he



**Thomas H. Platt.**

is with each. This is not hypocrisy. It is really an outcome of his desire to be friendly and his dislike to take sides unless absolutely obliged to such action. Newspaper men are favorites of Mr. Platt, and he is generous and precise in imparting information. Singularly or naturally, he has a great dislike to be quoted, and his desires in this respect have only once or twice been disobeyed. When he has anything that is of real importance and should be made public, it is prepared and sent out at once under his own direction.

While Platt the politician is the one who attracts the attention of the public, Platt the business man is also a great figure. He has made the United States Express Company a powerful and wealthy corporation under his presidency, and he is also largely interested in iron, coal and other industries in the South. He is at the office of the express company every morning before 9.30 and seldom leaves before 4.30 in the afternoon. Politicians who wish to see him during the day call at the express office. His Democratic opponents rather

like Platt as a good fellow and a hard fighter, and his party friends would go through fire and water for him. On the other hand his Republican enemies and the Mugwumps look upon him as the possessor of a cloven hoof; a man who spends his waking hours arranging "deals" with Tammany and all other kinds of political crookedness. It can be set down that most of this talk is supremely silly. No sensible man with political knowledge believes that Thomas C. Platt ever did anything to injure the Republican party.

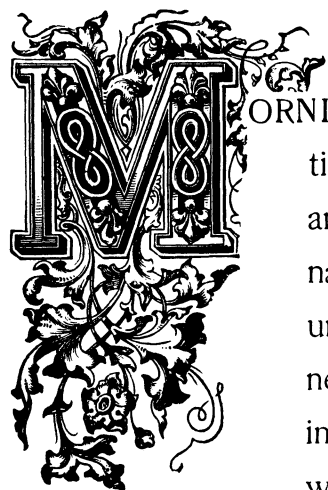
**Little Johnny Davenport.**

A unique figure in political life is that of John J. Davenport, or "Little Johnny Davenport" as he is familiarly called. He is a native of Brooklyn, and was in early life an errand boy, an insurance clerk, a law stenographer, and a newspaper correspondent and editor. In 1870 he was appointed Chief Supervisor of Federal Elections, and since that date has devoted his attention to preventing and punishing frauds upon the ballot. It is related of him that, when he was hunting down the registry frauds, he kept a series of insurance books of the atlas type, that is to say, books in which the city was entirely mapped off by houses. In these volumes he had chalked off all the bar-rooms, gambling hells, and resorts of a still more questionable character of which the metropolis boasts the possession. He was a nightly visitor at from twelve to fifty of these places, his object being to track down the people who were engaged as leaders in election swindles. All this involved the expenditure of very large sums of money, and Davenport found ready use of a good deal more cash than even his very large income warranted. But he was always a favorite with the flash people who lived by the various methods indicated, and he always succeeded, through the shrewdness acquired in his nightly rounds, in keeping a very close watch upon the political tricksters of the metropolis.

It is not to be supposed from the foregoing pages that there is nothing of merit in the political elements of New York city. Notwithstanding the great variety of nationalities represented, the great number of transient visitors, the immense variety of enterprises and industries, it is a source of surprise that the municipal affairs of the city are so ably and so successfully conducted.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

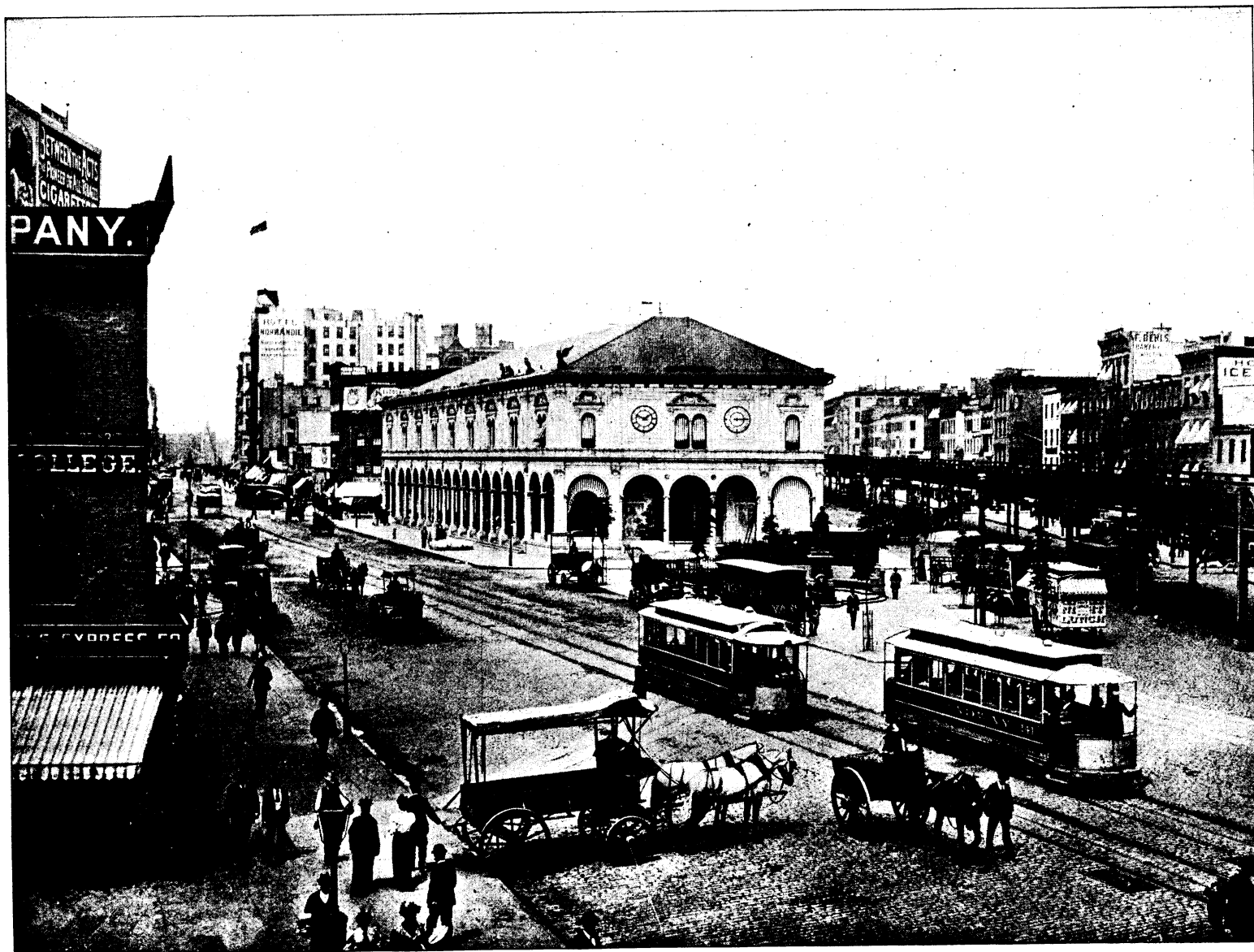
### MOULDING PUBLIC OPINION.



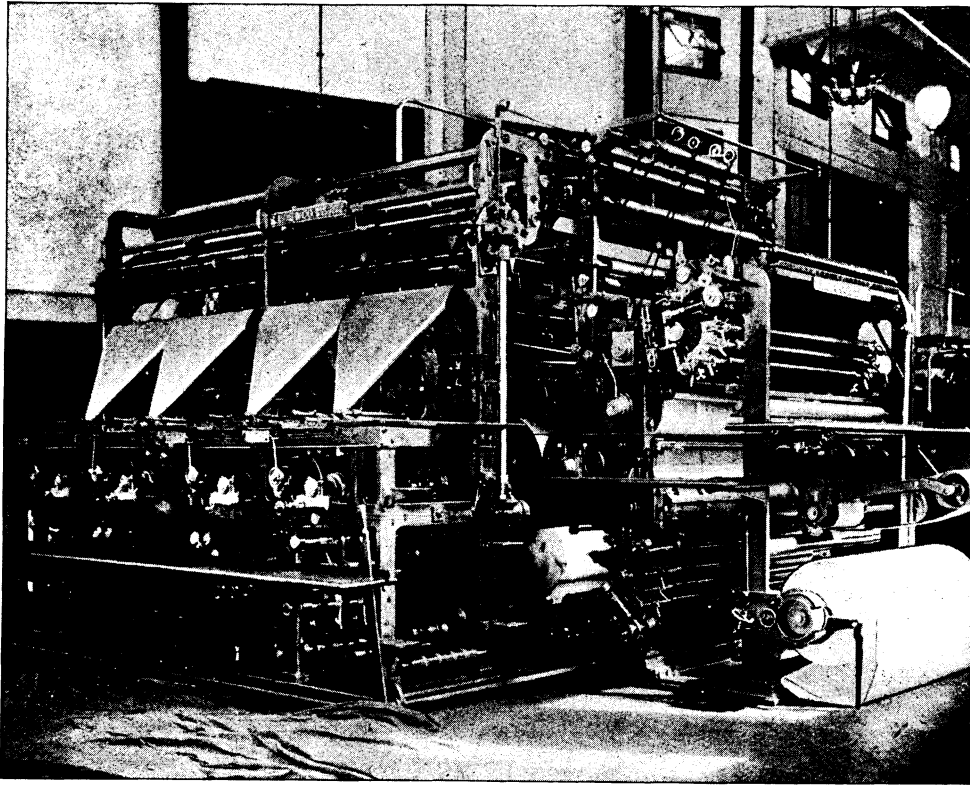
MORNIN' PAPERS! 'Herald!' 'Times!' 'Tribune!' 'Sun!' Have a pap'r, sir?" How many times has everyone heard that familiar cry! How many times has everyone purchased and perused his chosen paper! And yet how few there are who appreciate the real nature and purport of the newspaper press. There is, said the Preacher, nothing new under the sun. But that was before the days of newspapers. Whatever else may be new or old, the newspaper is a modern invention. It is a new thing. There was nothing in early ages that was a prototype of it, or corresponded in any way with it, or did the work it now is doing. It is one of the crowning novelties of modern civilization, and it embodies within itself all of that civilization in epitome—vices and virtues alike.

#### **Influential and Important Journals.**

Although the first newspaper in America was not published in New York, this city has for many years possessed the most influential and important journals of the whole country. It is to them that all papers elsewhere look for news and for keynotes of opinion. It is from them that other papers get much of their inspiration. The two incomparably great American journalists, who since Franklin, did more to shape and establish the American press than all others put together, were New York editors—Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett. The New York newspaper press of to-day is not, perhaps, more numerous in membership



“Herald” Office.



**Press-Room, Largest Printing Press in the World.**

than that of some other cities of smaller size. Certainly there are not so many daily papers, in proportion to the population, as some others can boast. Their aggregate circulation is, however, by far the largest; and it is, moreover, far more general throughout the country, and other countries; and it is this latter fact that chiefly differentiates the "metropolitan" from the "provincial" press. The great daily journals of Squedunk may, for example, rival those of New York in size, circulation and ability; but their circulation and influence are almost exclusively local. Everyone in Squedunk takes a Squedunk paper; and many of them take New York papers as

well; but whoever heard of a New Yorker taking a Squedunk paper?

**"The Herald."**

One of the oldest of the now existing morning newspapers of New York, is "The Herald," founded by the famous James Gordon Bennett, in 1835. The dominant note of Bennett's life was "news!" It was his aim to make "The Herald" the completest possible record of the day's occurrences in all parts of the world, and to invest the record with a sufficient amount of sensation to attract all classes of readers. What he made it, "The Herald" of to-day is, under the rule of his son and successor. Everything is subordinated to news-

giving. The moral or political influence it exerts is put forth, not through editorials or critical articles, but through its news columns. In politics it has always professed independence, supporting sometimes one party, sometimes another, as in its view the public interest was best to be served. No other paper, probably, is so widely known throughout the world, and no other is recognized as a greater advertising medium. For many years "The Herald" was published in a fine white marble building at the corner of Ann street and Broadway, on the spot where Barnum's Museum stood before. But now that building, small and antiquated in contrast with the great new edifices that tower about it, is only a branch office, the main publication office being in a superb new building, modeled after a Venetian palace, at the junction of Sixth avenue, Broadway and Thirty-fifth street.

Two years the senior of "The Herald" is "The Sun," at times a vigorous rival of the former, founded in 1833. Its earlier career was varied and not always prosperous. But in 1868 it passed under the control of its present editor, Charles Anderson Dana, and ever since that date has ranked as one of the most prosperous, influential and scholarly of New York papers. "'The Sun'—it shines for all," and "If you see it in 'The Sun,' it's so," are mottoes enunciated by this paper as typical of its character. To give all the news in terse, vigorous style, with dashes of humor and dramatic fire; to discuss the topics of the day editorially with fearlessness and scholarly authority; to review literary, musical and dramatic productions in the same manner; and to maintain always a robust independence—these are the chief aims of this powerful journal. No other is written in more delightful style, no other is more feared as a controversial foe. Alone among the great dailies, "The Sun" has not moved into a fine new building, but remains housed in a little, old-fashioned structure on Printing House Square, with the stately homes of its "esteemed contemporaries" rising many stories above it.

**"The Tribune."**

Third in chronological order is "The Tribune," founded by Horace Greeley in 1841, and now conducted by his friend and chosen successor, Whitelaw Reid. It was Greeley's aim to make his paper a great exponent



“ World ” and “ Tribune ” Buildings.

of thought, scholarship, freedom, progress, and moral power. Such he made it, and such it remains to-day. Many of the most eminent literati of America have been members of its staff, and it has always been in the front rank of authorities in all matters of moral and intellectual concern. It has also been, since the foundation of the Republican party, with the exception of a few years, the recognized national leader and organ of that party. "The Tribune" was the first newspaper to put up a mammoth building, and its famous "tall tower" on Printing House Square has long been one of the sights of the city.

**"The Times."**

Diagonally opposite "The Tribune's" home is the splendid edifice occupied by "The Times," which was founded in 1851 as a rival of "The Tribune." That rivalry was hotly and bitterly maintained for many years. "The Times" had the same dignified tone as "The Tribune," and appealed to the same intelligent constituency. It also for a time sought to be recognized as the journalistic leader of the Republican party. At last, however, it found itself entirely out of sympathy with that party and its principles, and so, about the time it put up its present home, it formally went over to the Democratic party, reserving for itself, of course, a goodly share of independence of expression.

The so-called "big five" of New York journalism is completed by "The World," founded in 1860 as a religious daily, but transformed into a leading organ of the Democratic party, which it still continues to be. It now occupies an enormous building adjoining Printing House Square, the gilded dome which surmounts it being one of the loftiest objects in the whole city.

The other morning dailies printed in English, all published at or near Printing House Square, are "The Journal," "The Press," "The Recorder," "The Advertiser," and "America." Each of these has its own characteristic style, and appeals to a certain individual clientele.

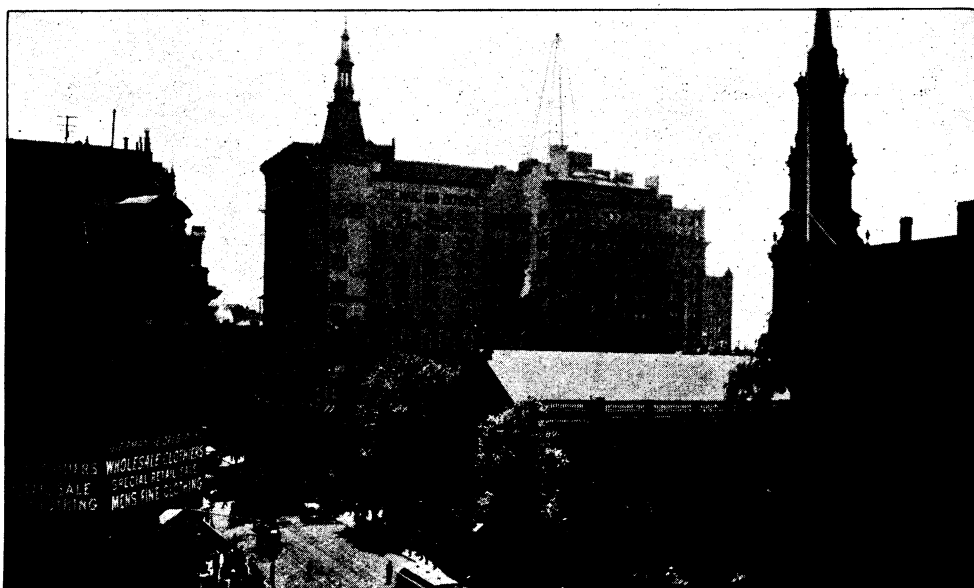
There are various other daily papers devoted to certain special topics. Several are given over entirely to commercial and financial news, and circulate chiefly on Wall Street and the adjacent quarter. One is filled



exclusively with railroad news. One or more print nothing but official news and announcements of the courts of law. Several are devoted solely to sporting matters. One is the official bulletin of the city government.

#### Foreign Journals.

Then there are the foreign papers printed; that is, in languages other than English. Some of these rank in importance and dignity with the great journals mentioned above. Such are the French "Courrier des Etats-Unis," the German "Staats Zeitung," the Italian "Il Progresso Italo-Americano," and others. There are

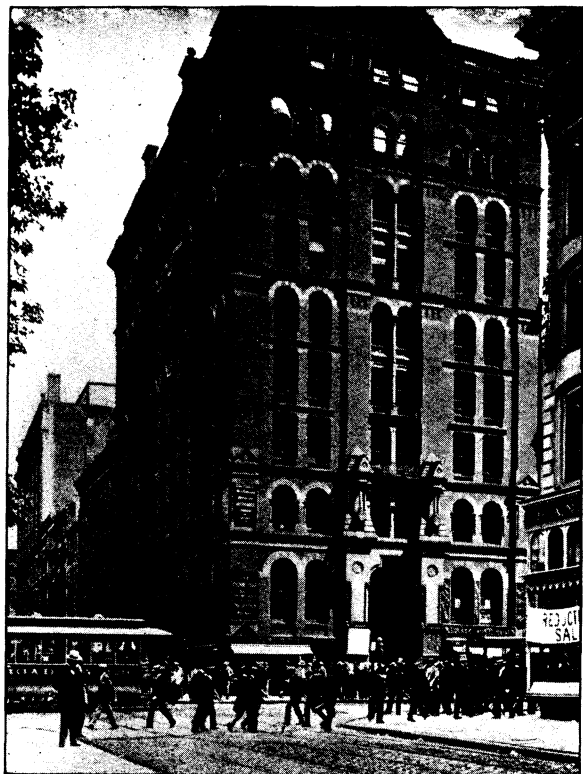


"Mail and Express" Building.

also "Las Novedades," in Spanish; the "New-Yorske Listy," and the "Hlas Lidu," Bohemian. And if we take into account the weekly and monthly publications, we find New York a veritable Babel of tongues, with papers in Russian, Swedish and Norwegian, Danish, Portuguese, Greek, Arabic, Chinese, Hebrew, and almost every language in the world.

#### Evening Papers.

The evening papers in English are not numerous, and some of them are merely evening editions of morning papers. Such are the "Evening Sun" and "Evening World." The "Telegram" is practically an evening edition of the "Herald." The "Commercial Advertiser" is an evening paper of great age, of which the "Morning Advertiser" is a morning edition of recent origin. The "Evening Post" is a paper of high scholarship and select patronage. The "Mail and Express," formed by the consolidation of two papers, is a popular family newspaper. The "News" is the penny paper, patronized by the multitude of the poor.



"Evening Post" Building.

#### Other Leading Journals.

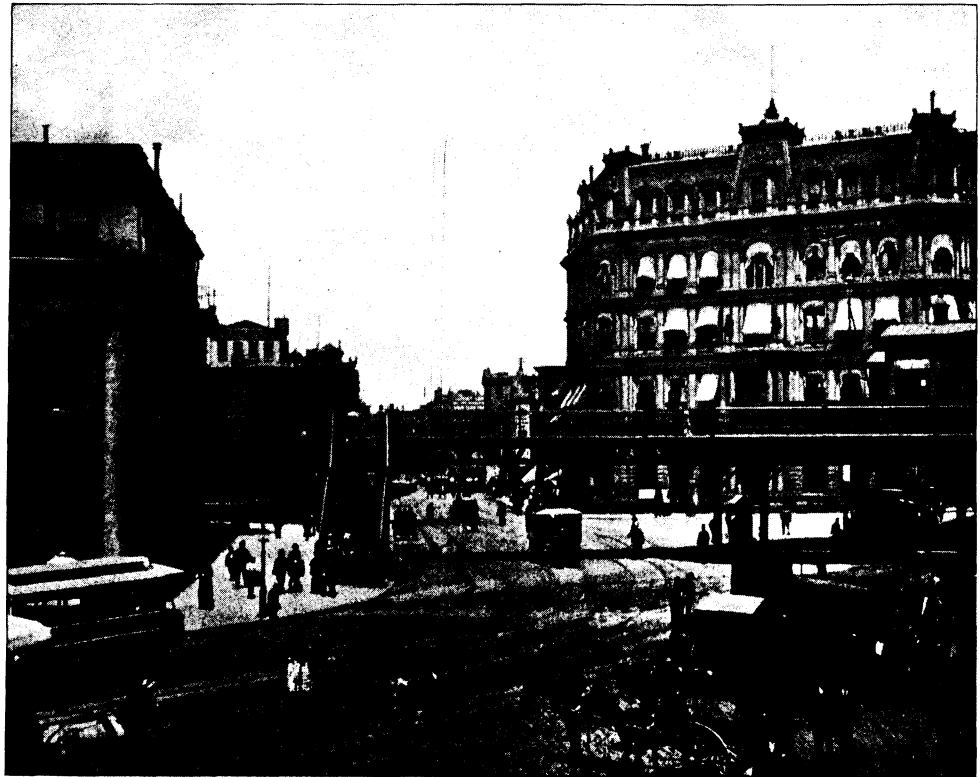
Nearly all the important daily papers print also weekly editions, which circulate chiefly out of town. There are, however, numerous purely weekly periodicals for general reading, of vast circulation and commanding rank. Such are "Harper's Weekly" and "Leslie's Illustrated Weekly," equally admirable for their pictures and reading matter. The "Outlook," the "Independent," the "Christian Work," the "Evangelist," the "Christian Advocate," the "Examiner," the "Churchman," and others are important religious and literary journals of general interest. Almost every religious denomination has an organ or journal in New York, some of them two or three or more. There are various comic illustrated weeklies, such as "Life," "Puck," "Judge," "Truth," and "Hallo;" others devoted to social news, like "Town Topics" and the "Home Journal;" some given to dramatic topics, like the "Mirror;" some to sporting, like the "Clipper," "Spirit of the Times" and "Forest and Stream;" some to reports of crimes and scandals, as the "Police Gazette;" the "Age" is an Afro-American journal; the "Amerikai Nemzetor" is Hungarian; the "Critic" is a literary publication; the "Ledger," the "Family Story Paper" and others are filled with fiction; there is a deaf-mutes' journal, Masonic, Odd-Fellows' and other fraternity publications; "Kawkab America" is in Arabic; the "Medical Record," "Medical Journal" and others represent that profession; and the "Truth Seeker" is distinctively anti-Christian; fashion, music, art, yachting, fishing, bicycling, electricity, photography, engineering, mining, socialism, anarchy, temperance, teaching—every department of human interest and human industry has its representative journals.

Perhaps still more impressive is the array of monthly publications—certainly more numerous. New York claims several of the foremost literary magazines of the world, circulating widely wherever the English language is read. Such are “Harper’s Monthly Magazine,” the “Century,” “Scribner’s,” the “Cosmopolitan” and “McClure’s Magazine.” Of minor magazines, and special publications, devoted to some branch of science, agriculture, business, commerce, professional life, the number runs up into hundreds.

The mechanical operations of a New York newspaper office present a striking spectacle; especially those of the giant perfecting presses, in which the papers are actually printed. Speaking of this engine, a well-known New York editor, in a lecture on “News-papers and Newspaper Work,” observes:

**In the Press-Room.**

“It is really one of the most ingenious machines in the world. In the style of it now in general use, there are two cylinders covered with stereotype plates, one for each side of the sheet. The paper, instead of being in sheets, is made in enormous strips, each from three to five miles long, rolled up like a huge ribbon, or a roll of carpet. Such a roll of paper is first well-moistened with water, while being unwound from one spindle and wound upon another. Then it is put in place at one end of the press. The machinery is started. The wet paper unwinds and enters



**“Staats Zeitung” Building.**

the press at the speed of a race-horse. It passes over one cylinder and is printed on one side, then under the other and is printed on the other side. Then the sheet is cut off, with mathematical accuracy, then cut in two, the two halves pasted together at the centre, folded into convenient form, and delivered at the other end of the press, ready for the newsboy. The machine does all this automatically, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty thousand copies an hour, the pressman having nothing to do, after starting the press, but to sit in his easy chair and watch it work; and to put in a new roll of paper when the first five-mile roll is exhausted. In the latest Hoe presses, four duplicate sets of stereotype plates are used, and sixty thousand papers an hour have been turned out.

#### **The Composing-Room.**

“For many years the composing-room lagged far behind the press-room. Many attempts were made to set type by machinery, but without great success, and down to a dozen years ago the old system generally prevailed. A separate metal type was used for each character; and these types were picked

by hand, one by one, from compartments in a tray, and placed in a little box called a composing-stick, held in the printer's hand, thence to be transferred to the galley, which is a long box or tray, made to hold a column of type, and then to the form, which is a large steel frame holding a whole page of type. But about 1880 there



**Printing House Square and Franklin Monument.**

was brought into practical working an entirely new device, which did away with ordinary types altogether. The operator of this machine sits at and works a keyboard, something like that of a typewriting machine. It has one key for each character used, and above each key is a slender flat brass tube. When a key is touched there drops from its tube a brass plate, with the proper character, a letter or a punctuation mark, engraved on one of its edges. These plates fall side by side in a trough, with the engraved characters exactly in line, and with spacings between the words. When enough are in place to fill a line, they are passed by the machine underneath a tank of melted metal, and a thin bar is cast, with the impression from the engraved characters in raised letters upon one edge of it. It is, in fact, a line of type, cast in one solid piece, and it takes its place in the galley and in the form, and from a page form, thus made up, the stereotype plate is made. These machines are rapidly coming into general use, especially in establishments devoted to newspaper and book work. Their saving in labor, time and expense over the old style of hand type-setting, is enormous. One man at one machine can easily do the work of three or four men under the old system.

#### **Stereotyping.**

“The operations of the stereotyping-room are very simple; the form, or page of type, that is, a whole page made, not of paper, but of metal types, is placed upon an iron table; sheets of damp paper are spread upon it and thoroughly beaten down upon it with huge brushes, so as to take an exact impression of the face of the type; then the form, with the paper lying on it, is placed in a drying machine; when perfectly dry, the paper is taken from the type and is found to have become a single heavy sheet of cardboard, with a deep, sharp impression of the type on one side; it is put into a mould, curved to fit the press cylinders, and melted type-metal poured in; this makes the plate, and when cool it is taken out, trimmed, and sent to the press-room. The entire operation, of beating the wet paper into the type, drying it, putting it into the mould, pouring in the melted metal, cooling it, taking out the plate, and trimming it to fit the press, takes only a few minutes for its completion.



Greeley Monument and "Tribune" Building.

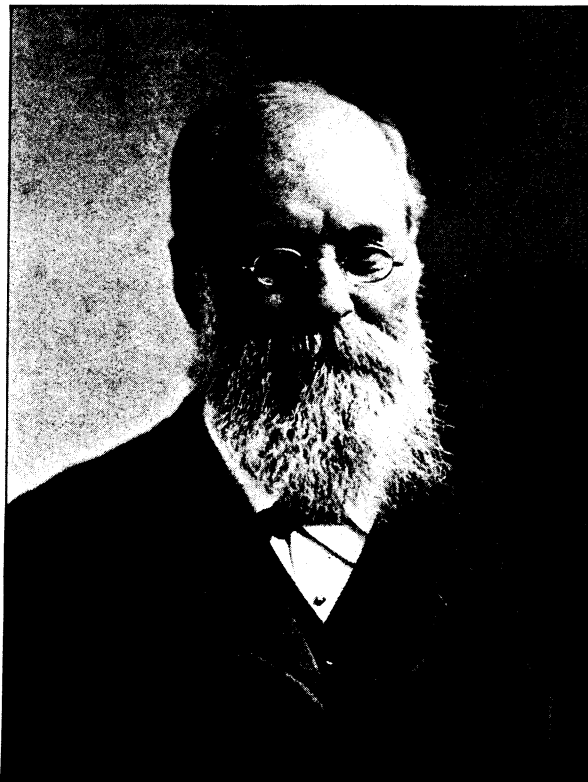
**Photographing.**

“Perhaps we ought to include the photographic camera among the appliances of the newspaper office. Formerly illustrations were used only in books and magazines, engraved by slow and costly processes. A few weekly papers used them; but daily papers, almost never. The first attempts at illustrations in the daily press were rude and uncouth in the extreme. Some efforts were made to publish distinctively illustrated daily papers, but their success was not great. If the pictures were cheaply made, they were unattractive; if they were well made, they were too costly. But with the development of photography, new, cheap, and admirable processes of

engraving came forward. Instead of laboriously sketching a scene with pencil and paper, the artist now secures it in an instant with his camera; the plate is developed in a few minutes, printed and engraved. And thus the event of one day is photographed, engraved, and the picture printed in the next morning’s daily paper, in much better style than many book illustrations could boast a generation ago.

**The Day Editors.**

“And now,” says the editor quoted, “let us turn to a view of the actual workings of a newspaper office, and the actual work of the men and women who make the paper. In the morning, before you have finished reading your paper, the members of the day staff begin making the next day’s paper. The city editor sends his reporters here and there, to take notes and write articles about this, and that, and the other thing. They go everywhere; there is no language nor speech where their pencils are not busy. I remember one evening hearing a man, who had just returned to the office from reporting a very swell wedding in an uptown



**Charles A. Dana.**

church, told to hurry up his account of it, and then go down to quarantine and investigate a case of smallpox on an emigrant ship. Macaulay pictured a New Zealander, in future years, musing over the ruins of London. The scene was incomplete. He should have added a newspaper reporter, asking him his impressions of the country.

“But if the reporters, who go out from the office go everywhere, all the world comes to the editor who remains within the sanctum. All day long a procession of visitors files in and out of his reception-room. Young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish; on all sorts of errands, and on no errands at all. Senators of the United States come to con-

sult the editor on important affairs of State; and street urchins come to ask the editor to decide a two-penny bet. Venerable grangers come to announce that they once knew Horace Greeley, and ask how to cure cows of kicking, or how to kill potato bugs without Paris green. Ministers come to get points for their next Sunday’s sermons. Intellectual young men come, with cigarette and single-barreled eye-glass, to teach the editor how to run the paper. Beggars come, asking for the price of a square meal, or a night’s lodging. Poets come with reams of spring poetry. And as to those who come to ask for complimentary notices and free advertisements, their name is legion. To all of these the editor must listen, courteously, if not patiently; and no matter what they ask him,



**Newsboys Receiving Papers.**



he must always have a satisfactory answer ready. Apart from all this, the editor receives a vast number of letters that deserve and must receive serious attention. There are many letters of inquiry, that must be answered; many announcing bits of news that must be looked after; many that are intended for publication, that must be put in shape for that purpose. Then there are many manuscripts, of special articles, stories, poems, and what not, that must be examined. A few, perhaps, are accepted; the bulk of them are rejected. Some editors positively refuse

to preserve or return rejected manuscripts, even though postage for their return be sent with them. Others carefully return them, or file them away to be called for.

#### **The Night Editors.**

“And so it goes on all day. At nightfall the scene changes. The day editor and his comrades give place to the night editor and his staff. Now, the telegraphic news comes clicking in over the wires, and the reporters come in with the results of their day’s work; the night editor must go over every page and line and word. Articles must be cut down to a smaller compass; headlines must be written;



**Newsboys Selling Papers.**

corrections must be made. The blue pencil is the sceptre to whose sway all copy must yield. All is hurry and rush, for the time is short; and yet all is order and precision. Every hour brings new tidings from every part of the world. Every hour reporters come in from their evening work. And everything must be finished up, complete, that night. Nothing can be left over for next day.

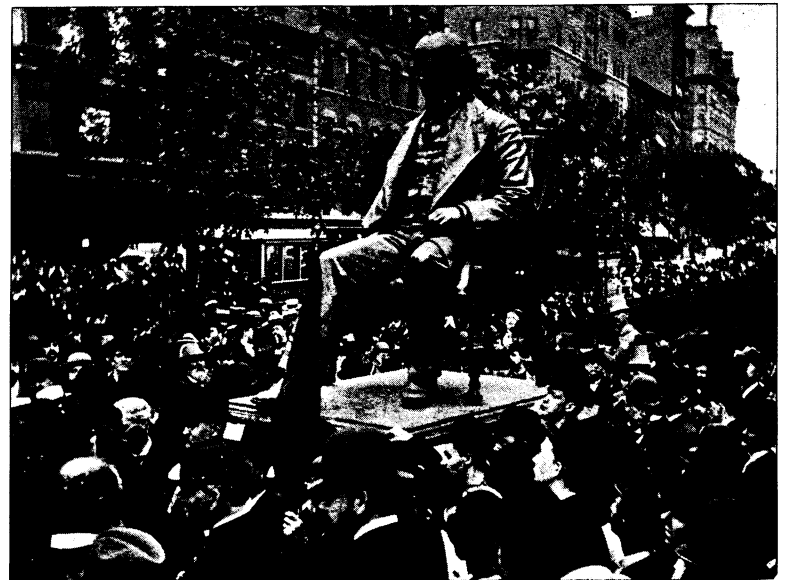
**Street Tots.**

with the other; the moment comes; the word is given; the form is closed and locked. To the stereotyper it goes. The big brushes beat a quick tattoo; The drying-press turns the wet pulp into hard pasteboard; the molten metal flashes into the mould like a jet of silver, and in three minutes more the plate is in the press-room by the side of its fellows, already in place on the impatient cylinders. The pressman pulls a lever; the cylinders revolve, and the printed record of the world's latest day, compiled by a hundred historians, is reeled off at the rate of tens of thousands of copies an hour.

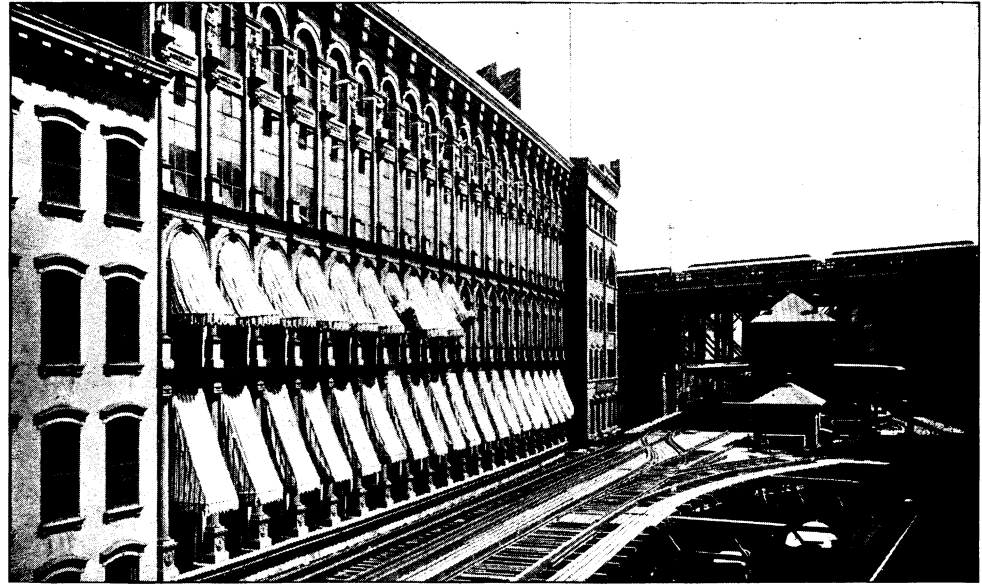
"I have said that the last form must be closed, and the presses started, exactly on time. This is done in order that the papers may be ready for shipment on cer-

"Meantime, upstairs, in the composing-room, the type-setters are busy. A hundred men or more are rendering the manuscript into a mosaic of solid metal. Others are arranging the articles in columns and in pages. As the evening wanes, the pages are gradually filled up. Some are completed, and sent to the stereotyping room. The others follow, page by page, till only one remains. It is held till the latest possible moment, to get the latest possible line of news. But, mark you, only till that moment. Not for all the news on earth can it be held an instant beyond.

The foreman watches it with one eye, and watches the clock

**Greeley Statue, Greeley Square.**

tain early railroad trains. Sometimes it happens that important news comes in a little later. In that case, a form is reopened, some comparatively unimportant matter taken out, and the later news put in. A new stereotype plate is made, and is presently substituted for the other on the press, after enough papers have been printed to send out by the trains. Then the press is started again, and a second edition is printed, containing that belated news, for local circulation. And then, at half past four or five o'clock in the



**A Franklin Square Publishing House.**



**A Famous News Stand.**

morning the last members of the night staff go home, and the newspaper day is ended.

#### **Editorial Writers—Literary Editors—Critics, Etc.**

“I have not mentioned, in this hasty sketch, many interesting details; the editorial writers, and how they select their topics and write upon them; the literary editors and the musical, dramatic and art critics, and their work; the exchange readers, who look through and make clippings from hundreds of papers daily; the Wall Street reporters, the market reporters, and a score of other essential departments. Merely to enumerate them all would take

more time than your patience would endure. To learn about them fully is a matter of experience of years. The range of newspaper work is as wide as the world, and as varied as humanity itself.

“How great a part the press has played and is playing in the colossal drama of human progress is scarcely to be estimated. No estimate can seem extravagant; not even that of Wendell Phillips, when he said, ‘The newspaper is parent, school, college, pulpit, theatre, example, counsellor, all in one. Every drop of our blood is colored by it. Let me make the newspapers, and I care not who makes the religion or the law.’ The magnitude of this institution is now almost beyond appreciation. In 1814 the whole United States contained only two hundred and eighty weekly, thirty semi-weekly, eighteen tri-weekly and twenty-eight daily papers, with an aggregate yearly issue of twenty-three million copies. To-day New York alone far surpasses those figures, and any single one of a number of daily papers far exceeds, in aggregate yearly issue, the whole list of those I have named. Our paper mills produce a quarter of a million tons of stock each year. A single newspaper in New York city uses every week a strip of paper five feet three inches wide and more than a thousand miles long. More than one thousand seven hundred daily papers are printed in the United States, with a gross circulation of four million copies a day, and the people pay for them, in cents to newsboys, and in larger sums for monthly or yearly subscriptions, more than \$30,000,000 a year. New York still leads the country in the number and importance of its periodicals, but a score of other cities have great dailies rivaling in size and ability those of the metropolis; while every city and large town has at least one daily, and almost every village and hamlet its weekly paper. Whatever work is to be done, whatever reform wrought, be it the exploration of an unknown land, the reorganization of the country’s fiscal system, or the rightings of great social wrongs, the building of a new political party, or the crushing of a corrupt political ring—it is the press that takes the initiative, it is through the press that the task is accomplished. Fallible, the press is; being human. Yet when we consider the vast complexity of its work, and the lightning speed at which it must act, we can but wonder that its errors are so few.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

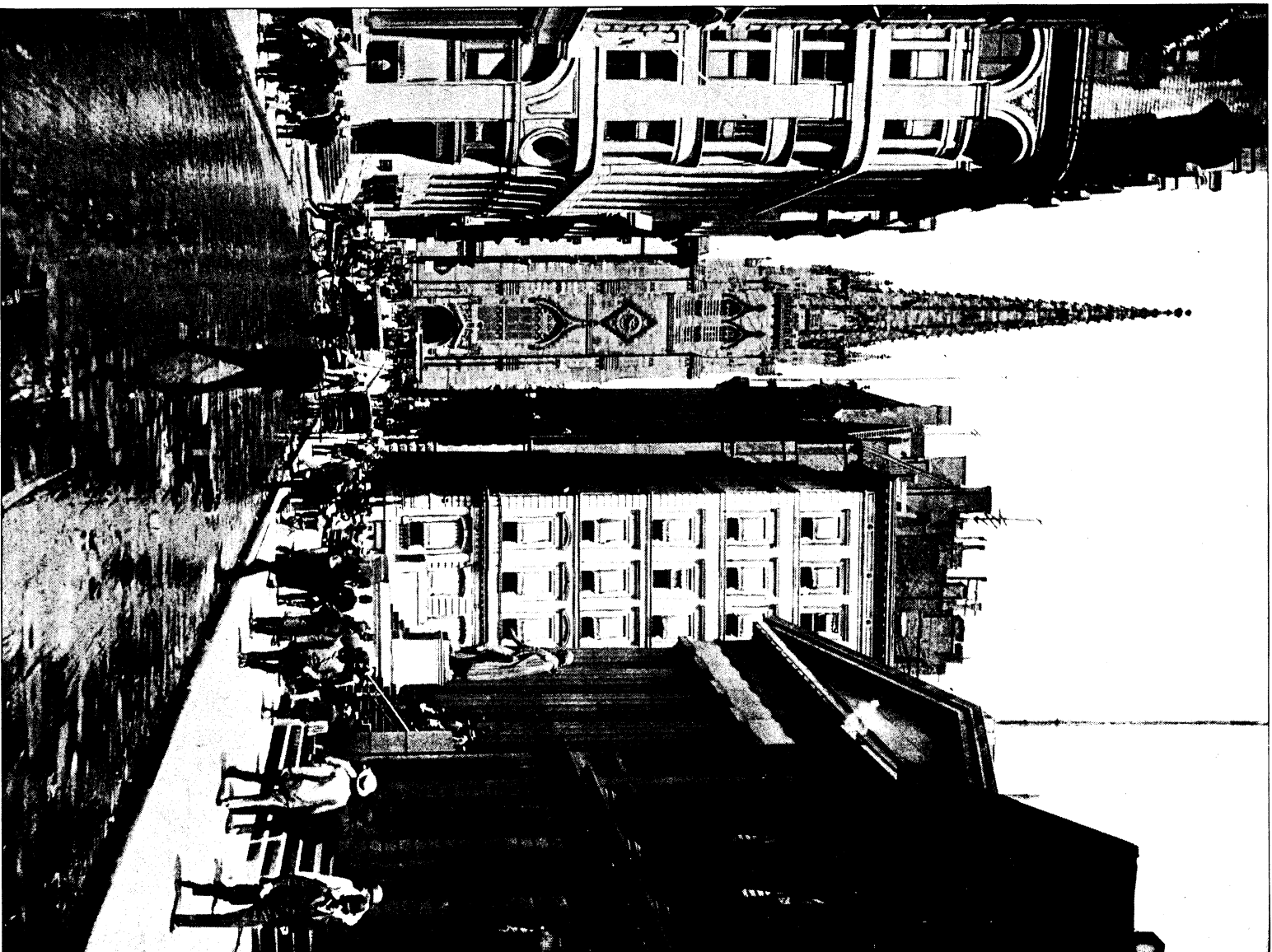


TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, a writer in describing some of the features of New York life, opened his chapter on financial institutions with this statement: "Wall Street is the banking house of the continent." His words are as true to-day as they were then, in spite of the lapse of quarter of a century, with its changes, its progress, and its development of new ideas. Western cities rival New York in size and rapid growth; New England cities may excel the metropolis in literary culture; the South is no unimportant factor in commerce; but there is only one Wall Street.

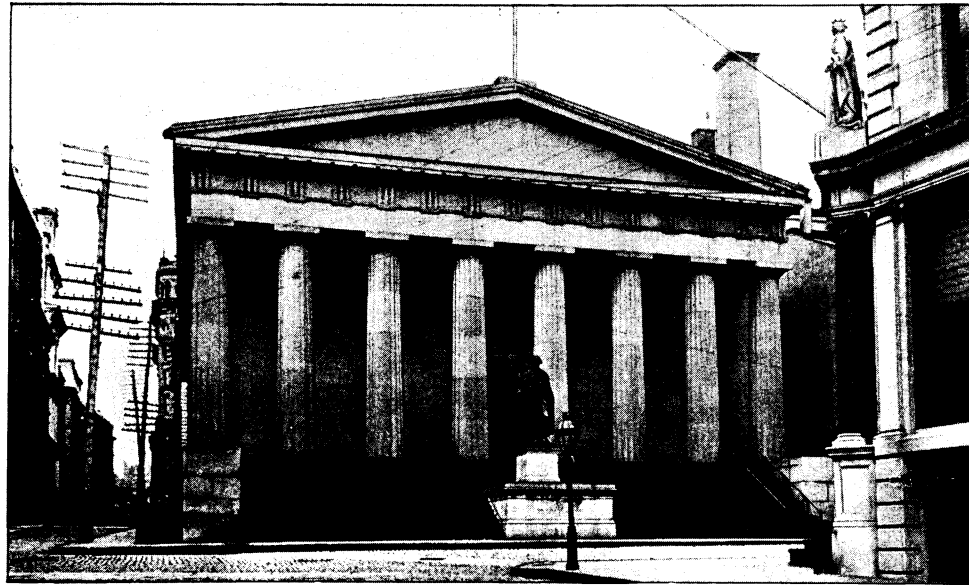
As a thoroughfare, its half dozen blocks can lay no claim to beauty, but as the scene of the most important financial transactions in the United States, it must command respect, if not admiration.

#### **Wall Street.**

The name Wall Street is known throughout the country, and the farther one gets from New York, the more he finds it to be considered a synonym for iniquity and vice. To a New Yorker, however, the name represents the centre of all the financial transactions of this continent. As one examines the locality closely, he will find that "Wall Street," as representing great financial operations, is really confined to the western half of the thoroughfare which, beginning with a church and ending at the river, is the great artery of the whole system of American finance.



Wall Street.



**United States Sub-Treasury.**

**United States Sub-Treasury.**

It is in the western half of the street that are located the United States Sub-Treasury, the Stock Exchange, the United States Custom House, a large number of banks and trust companies, and very many of the banking-houses, whose names are known the world over.

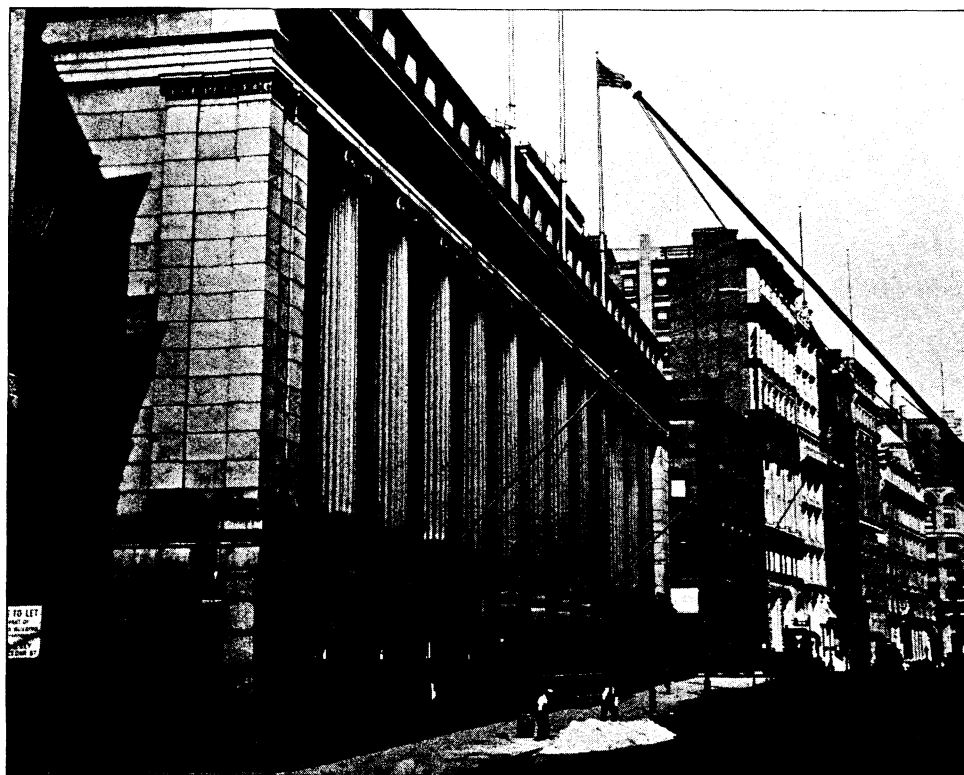
Although the Secretary of the Treasury has his office at Washington, and although that office is regarded as the headquarters of the financial department of the Government,

it is through the Sub-Treasury in New York that the most important financial operations of the Government are conducted. The imports and exports of specie, of recent years amounting annually to sixty or seventy millions of dollars; the collection of a very large percentage of the entire revenue of the Government, and the negotiation of all Governmental loans, are conducted through this office.

The building itself has especial interest as being located on the site of the old Federal Hall, wherein George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States, in April, 1789. The Sub-Treasury took possession of its present building in 1862. It stands at the corner of Nassau street, facing Broad street, and running through to Pine street. It has a Greek façade, with eight Doric columns, surmounting a massive flight of steps, which extend the width of the whole building. Midway, the steps are broken by a pedestal on which stands the famous life-size statue of George Washington, wrought in bronze by the sculptor, Ward. This statue was erected by voluntary subscriptions under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce,

and an inscription, on the side of the pedestal, commemorates the fact. Within the edifice, there is a large rotunda, with desks and railings, for the transaction of public business. The rotunda is encircled by two-story apartments used as offices by the Assistant Treasurer and his staff. Below are the vaults, where coin and notes, entrusted to the Sub-Treasury, are stored and constantly guarded. The office of Assistant Treasurer is obtained by Presidential appointment, and the incumbent is required to furnish a bond of four hundred thousand dollars for the faithful performance of his duty.

The vaults of the Sub-Treasury are well worth a visit. The sight of so much money is exhilarating, and



United States Custom House.

it is a favorite joke with the persons in charge of the specie to inform the visitor that he may have one of the huge and cumbersome bags of coin if he can carry it away. But few people can resist this tempting offer, and herculean efforts are made to take the joker at his word. It is only after the discovery that his efforts result, even in the most exceptional cases, in merely raising a bag half an inch or an inch from the floor, that the disappointed visitor realizes the absolute safety with which the custodian's offer can be made. The amount of currency stored in the vaults has reached the total of \$225,000,000. It averages about \$130,000,000.



**Broad Street.****Custom House.**

The United States Custom House is located one block away from the Sub-Treasury, on the opposite side of the street. It is a gloomy-looking building, absolutely devoid of architectural beauty. It was formerly used as the Merchants' Exchange. It is built of Quincy granite, in the Doric style, and occupies a square bounded by Exchange Place, and Wall, William and Hanover streets. Like the Sub-Treasury, it has an enormous rotunda, which is surmounted by a dome, supported by marble pillars. About seventeen hundred people are employed by or connected with the Custom House. Here all entries of foreign imports must be made,

and all clearances for departing vessels be obtained. The amount collected in duties on imported goods is paid into this office, but it is each day transported to the Sub-Treasury, under special guard. The building and the ground on which it stands cost about \$1,800,000.

**The Banking Interests.**

The banking interests of New York city are conducted through about sixty-five National and State banks, which are members of the New York Clearing House Association. Several of the oldest and most important banks are located in Wall Street or in its immediate vicinity. The oldest of all is the Bank of New York, a

National banking association. It is not merely the oldest in this city but is one of the three oldest in the United States, its charter having been obtained in 1784. It has on its records the names of men that have stood highest in the financial history of the city. Alexander Hamilton was on its first Board of Directors. It now occupies the premises at the corner of Wall and William streets, and was one of the first fire-proof buildings in the city. Its history is honorable in the highest degree, and never but once has it passed a dividend, and that was in 1837, when it was obliged by law to do so. Talleyrand and Aaron Burr had business relations with this bank, and checks bearing their signatures are still preserved in its office.

In 1799, the Bank of New York was the only chartered institution in the city, an advantage and honor it aimed to retain. But some of the leading men of New York desired to found a rival establishment, and, with the aid of Aaron Burr, they succeeded. As general prejudice prevented direct and straightforward dealing in the matter of charter obtainment, the would-be bank founders were obliged to accomplish their object through stratagem. In an apparently innocent measure, incorporating a water-supply company, a clause was engrafted which provided that the surplus capital of the said company might be employed "in any transactions not inconsistent with the law of the State."

#### **The Manhattan Company.**

The bill was passed and the Manhattan Company came into existence. It is, and always has been a banking association, although in its early days it supplied the city with water, and even now maintains a dilapidated tank, called, by courtesy, a reservoir, in Centre street. The association was originally called the Manhattan Water Supply Company, but is now known as the Bank of the Manhattan Company. A peculiar feature in connection with it is the amount of its paid-in capital, which is \$2,050,000. The \$50,000 is owned by New York state, and is represented by a certificate, registered in the name of the "People of the State of New York," so that every citizen of the State is a shareholder in this bank. Although individual incomes may not be appreciably increased thereby, yet each one has a proportionate share of the dividends declared by the bank.

**Stock Exchange.****Chemical Bank.**

The Chemical Bank, one of the most important in the city, is situated on Broadway, opposite City Hall Park. It obtains its name from the fact that it was chartered as a company to deal in drugs and chemicals, but as in the case of the Manhattan Company, its incorporators used this plea simply as a pretext to obtain banking privileges. Another reason for its nomenclature is the fact that many of its founders were really connected with the drug trade. The Goelet Brothers, Peter and Robert, were actively interested in the enterprise. Other well-known names connected with it were those of A. T. Stewart, C. V. S. Roosevelt, and J. D. Wolfe. One of its earliest customers was the New York Central Railroad. Its deposits are generally the largest in any bank in the city. At present they aggregate about \$33,000,000. Its paid-in capital stock is but \$300,000, yet each share is worth about \$4,500 in the market. This high premium is due to the fact that this bank with its nominal capital has created a reserve fund of \$7,000,000.

**Other Banks.**

At the head of Wall Street, facing Trinity Church, is the building erected by the First National Bank and

the Bank of the Republic. The property was purchased in 1851, by the latter institution, for about \$110,000. Two lots were added and the present structure was erected in 1880. The cost of land and building was \$1,300,000, and it is said that an offer of \$2,250,000 has been refused for it. The ground is one of the most valuable pieces of property in the country.

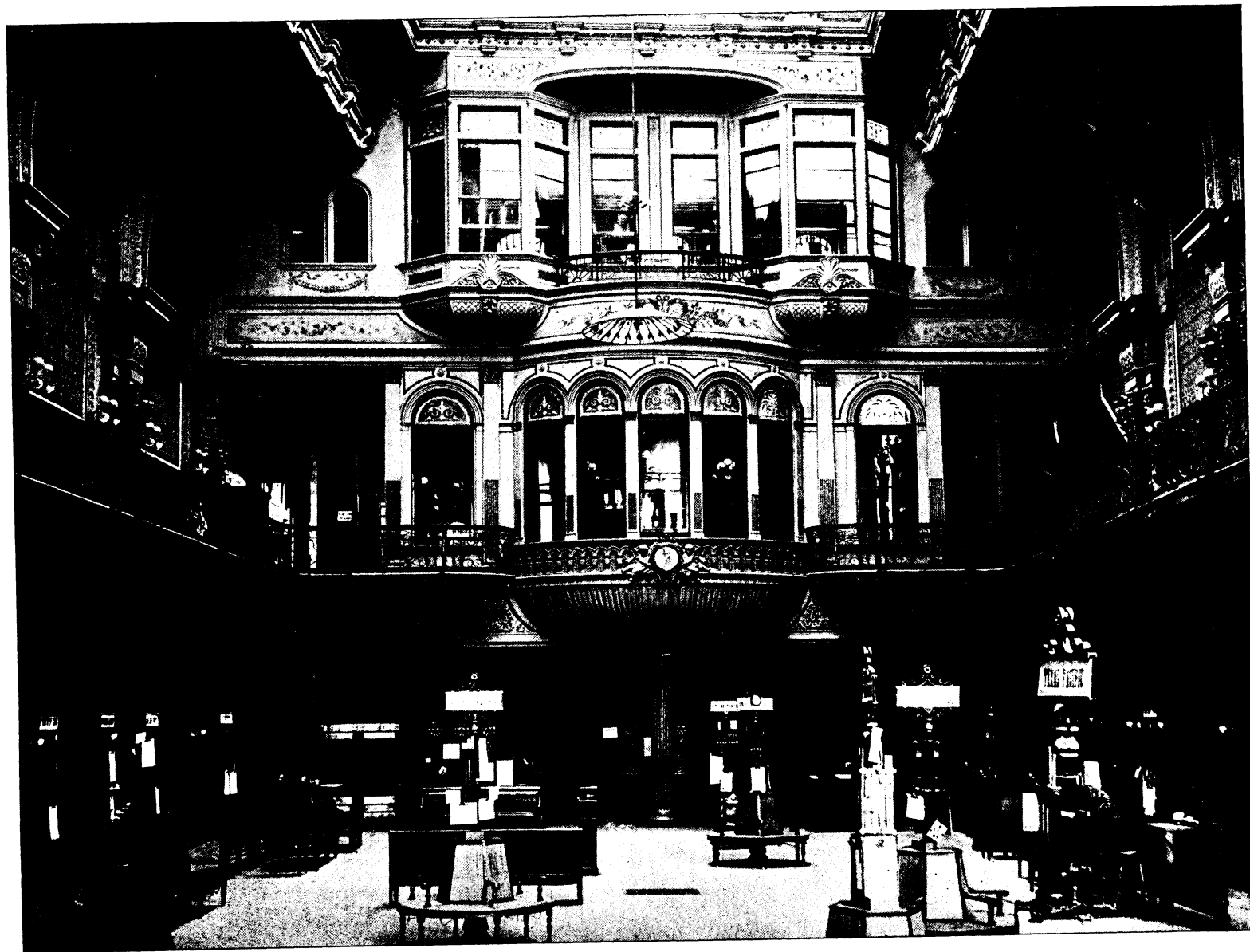
At 42 Wall Street is the Merchants' National Bank, which, as its name implies, was founded by leading merchants of New York, in 1803. It has occupied the site on which its building now stands for over ninety years, although the dwelling-house which was its first home has given way to the massive edifice it now shares with the Manhattan Company.

A nine-story granite building on Wall Street is the present magnificent home of the Mechanics' National Bank. The bank was organized in 1810, through the influence of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen. This Society has never severed its connection with the bank, although it is not so prominently identified with it as formerly.

For over eighty years, the site at the northwest corner of Wall and William street has been occupied by the Bank of America. At the first meeting of the Clearing House Association, in 1854, this bank was chosen as a depository, and from that time until 1888, the vaults in its old building were used for the deposit of gold coin by the Associated Banks, the Bank of America issuing its certificates for the coin deposited. Oliver Wolcott, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, was the first President of the Bank of America.

#### **The Clearing House.**

The settlement of the debts and credits of the various banks is effected each day through the New York Clearing House. The Clearing House was founded in 1853. Prior to that time, each bank collected the amounts due it from other banks, by personal demand, a process which unnecessarily locked up large amounts of capital and consumed a great deal of time and labor. By means of the Clearing House, the entire banking transactions of a day are settled in less than an hour each morning.



Interior Stock Exchange.

The affairs of the Clearing House are controlled by meetings of the Presidents of all the constituent banks, although the Clearing House Committee, which is elected annually, exercises immediate powers. New members are admitted only on application, and an examination of their affairs by the Committee.

For many years, the Association has occupied the building at the corner of Pine and Nassau street. Its new home on Cedar street between Broadway and Nassau is now being erected (in 1894). In the basement will be the most complete system of safety vaults in the city. These will be absolutely invulnerable.

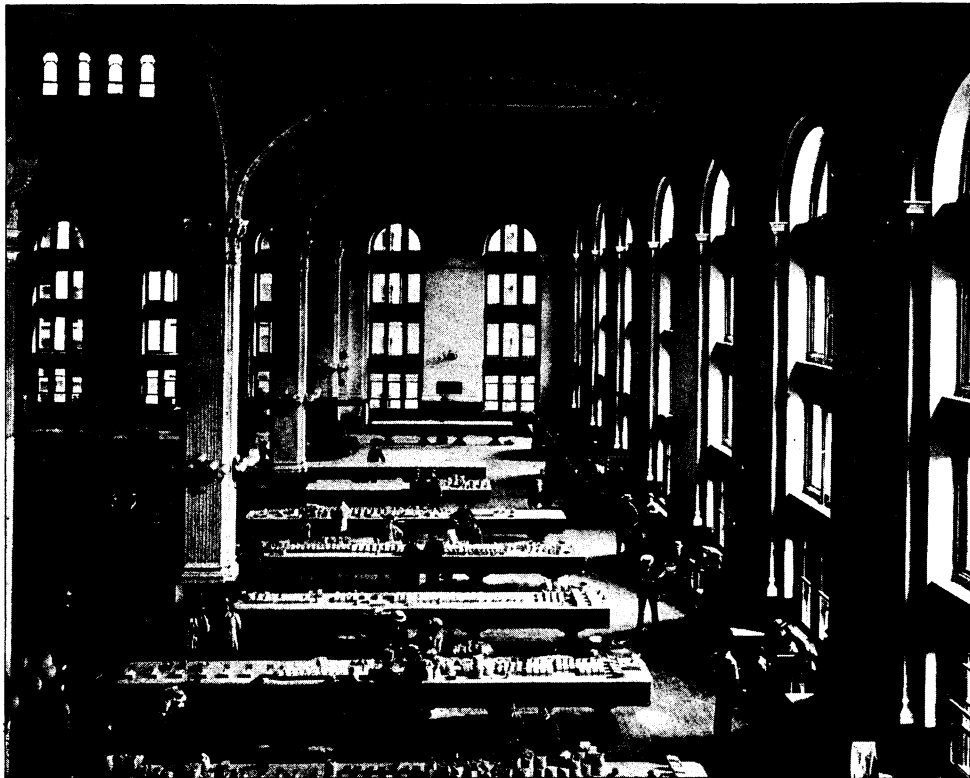
The Association is empowered to investigate the condition of any of its members that may have fallen under suspicion. It also issues a weekly statement, giving the averages for the week of the loans, legal tenders, specie, deposits and circulation of all its members. This document is known as the "Bank Statement," and determines the extent to which the Associated Banks are under or above the twenty-five per cent. reserve to secure deposits, which is required by law of National Banks.

#### **Savings Banks.**

New York is rich in Savings Banks. Of these the best known are the Bowery Savings Bank, the Union Dime, the Greenwich, the Manhattan, the Dry-Dock, the Seamen's, the Emigrant Industrial, the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks and the Bank for Savings in the City of New York. The last-named bank is the oldest of its kind in New York state, and one of the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1819. The Dry-Dock Savings Institution, at the corner of Third street and the Bowery, and the Seamen's Bank for Savings, at 74 and 76 Wall Street, are conducted mainly for the benefit of sea-faring men as the names denote. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank has a handsome granite edifice on Chambers street. It was founded in 1850, and has earned a well-deserved prosperity. Its dealings are cosmopolitan in character, as it handles the money of thousands of emigrants of different nationalities. The Bowery Savings Bank is one of the most important in the country. Its depositors are of the poorer classes, but as they number over one hundred and seven thousand, it is not surprising that its assets are estimated at about \$53,000,000.

**Trust Companies.**

Among the important financial institutions of New York are the Trust Companies, organized for the administration of personal or other property, and to act primarily as executors, administrators and guardians of the estates of minors, or committees of property under testamentary provision, or by order of the courts and as trustees for the administration of property under appointment by individuals or legal authority. They are also used as depositories for funds involved in litigation, and for the custody of real and personal property awaiting the decision of the courts as to proper ownership. They frequently supplement the work of the banks by



**Interior Produce Exchange.**

receiving money on deposit and paying interest thereon. They also receive current deposits subject to check, they collect rents and interest, act as fiscal agents for leading corporations, as transfer agents of public companies, and countersign certificate issues of securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange. Among the best known of the Trust Companies are the United States, the Union, the Knickerbocker, the Central, the Farmers Loan and Trust, the Metropolitan, the Manhattan, the Mercantile, and the New York Guaranty and Indemnity Company.

**Stock Exchange.**

Wall Street to most people means the Stock Exchange. In 1792 the first meeting

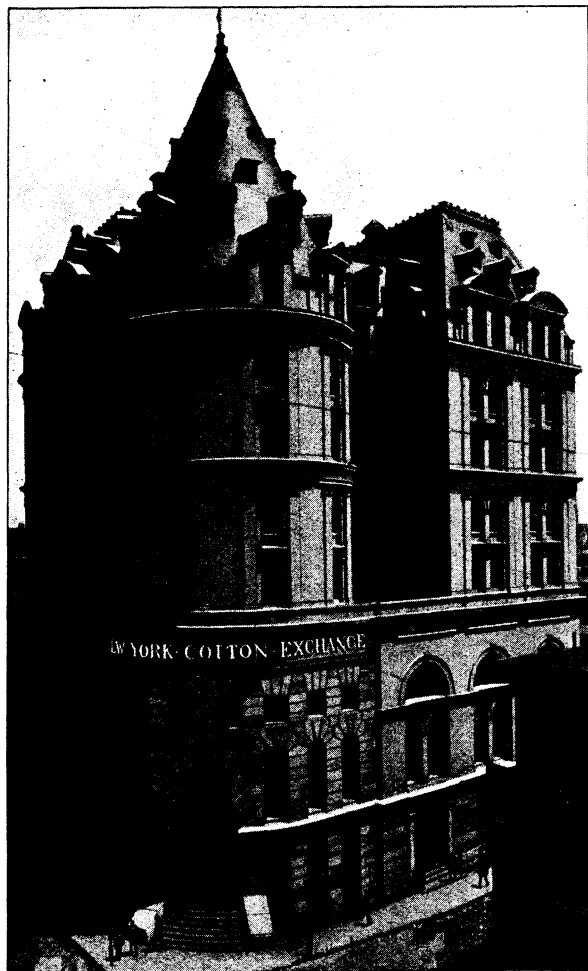
of the members of the Exchange was held at the lower end of Wall Street, where the sugar, tea and coffee interests are now located. Since 1867 the institution has occupied its present quarters, which extend from Broad to New street, with a wing running through to Wall Street. For many years its membership has been limited to eleven hundred. Admission may be obtained only by purchase of the membership of some retiring member. During the "boom" of 1880-81, "seats" in the Exchange sold as high as \$32,000, but for some years past the price has been quite steady at about \$20,000. Among the prominent members at present are Russell Sage, George Gould, "Phil" Armour, John Rockefeller, Henry Clews and Addison Cammack, familiarly known as "Ursa Major."

#### **Stock-Jobbing.**

The four methods of buying and selling stocks are known respectively as "cash," "regular way," "buyers' option" and "sellers' option." "Cash" transactions must be completed by the payment and delivery of stocks at or before a quarter past two, on the day of the sale. "Regular" sales are fulfilled by payment and delivery of stock, at or before a quarter past two on the day succeeding the sale. A "buyers' option" gives the purchaser the right to call for his stock any time within the limits of the said option. "Sellers' option" gives the seller the right to deliver the stock, at his own convenience, within a certain time, the length of which is determined at the time of sale.

"Puts" and "calls," "straddles" and "spreads" come under the general head of "privileges." They are all methods of insurance against losses, used by speculators. A "put" is a contract given to receive and pay for stock at a price below the current market price for a cash consideration, usually one per cent. A "call" is a contract to deliver stock at a price above the current quotation for a similar consideration. A "straddle" is a dual privilege either to receive or deliver stock at a price, usually two or three per cent. above or below the market price, also for a cash consideration usually of one per cent. A "spread" is a privilege in two separate contracts, one a "put," the other a "call," for a cash consideration of one and a half or even a higher per cent.





Cotton Exchange.

A "corner" is formed when the market is over-sold and persons "short" of the stock involved in the over-sale are compelled to cover contracts previously made by purchasing shares at high rates.

Stocks are usually sold "on a margin," that is by payment of a certain percentage of the current price. If stock bought in this way depreciates in value the buyer must put up more margin. When stocks are sold outright, that is by full payment, the buyers usually consider them investments, and "carry" them for long periods in good anticipation of a rise in value. A general decline in prices is called a "break in the market." To "bull" a stock by circulating favorable stories about it is termed "ballooning." A "block" means a large number of shares sold in a lump. "Watering" a stock means increasing its quantity without improving its quality. To be "long" of stocks implies the carrying thereof for a rise. To be "short" of the market means that the operator has sold stock not yet in his possession. For instance, if an operator sells a thousand shares of some stock, say at 92, he agrees to deliver the stock, at that price, within a given period of time. When he sells the shares they are not yet in his possession, but he believes that before he will be

obliged to deliver them the market price will have decreased from 92 sufficiently to protect him and enable him to make a profit on the transaction. If the "market goes against him" and the stock rises in value, he loses, because he must deliver the stock at the price previously agreed upon. If an operator is "long" of the market, that is if he has in his possession, for instance, a large amount of stock purchased at 92, and the

price goes down, he must sell out at a loss unless he is wealthy enough to carry the stock until a turn in the market sends it up again.

Brokers' fees are one-eighth per cent. each way, that is, either buying or selling, or \$12.50 on every hundred shares of stock. Every broker has a number; when a broker is needed outside the board-room, he is summoned by an annunciator, which has been placed on the wall of the Exchange. To call the desired member, the employés at the gateways whistle his number through tubes to the employé in charge of the annunciator, when instantly two iron flaps open, displaying the said number in large numerals.

#### **So-Called Brokers.**

It is known, but not so well or widely as it should be, that besides the regular and reputable brokers in Wall Street there are many so-called brokers whose whole activity is directed to fleecing "lambs," particularly rural ones. These fellows introduce themselves to their victims through extensive advertising in newspapers and by circulars sent to all parts of the country.

#### **A Favorite Dodge.**

One of their favorite and most profitable dodges is embodied in this little legend in their broadcast advertisement: "Discretionary orders received." That means that if any "hayseed" or other person very far away from—or for that matter near to—this centre of speculation should be profoundly conscious of ignorance (as most of them are) about what to do with the money they wish to invest, the advertisers will relieve them of the perplexity by putting it where it will do the most good, according to their own intimate knowledge of stocks and the market. It is needless to say that they are unanimously of the opinion that it will do the most good in their own pockets, and there, indeed, is where the money goes. They report to their customers that they thought they saw a good thing for them in certain stocks, but that, contrary to all expectation, the said stocks went down and wiped out their little investment, and in many cases they are snared into trying their luck again in the same old way, with the same old result. Eventually most of them



**Park Bank.**

give it up, perhaps with a suspicion of rascality on the part of the operators, but evidently with a helpless sense that nothing can be done about it.

The foregoing, however, is not the smartest game of these gentry. They—or rather another set of the same ilk—have another trick worth two of it. This is the “co-operative syndicate.” This means that multitudes of greenhorns, most of them too poor to invest more than twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars, put themselves figuratively and their money actually into the hands of the cunning “broker.” In other words, they enter into a “blind pool,” with the “broker” holding the money and choosing and directing the investment. The inducement to this method of speculating, eloquently held up to the innocents in the circulars which go wherever the advertisements do, is that twenty-five dollars or fifty dollars in an individual investment cannot at best go very far in Wall Street, being lost in the

decline of a single point, but that a large aggregate of such sums can weather a good deal of a slump, and so work wonders when the rise comes.

#### **An Honest Appearance.**

Plausible as this system appears in theory, it is in the use they make of it that its real brilliancy comes out. The money, of course, they do with as they like, but toward their customers they maintain an appearance of scrupulous fairness. They send them regularly monthly profits, sometimes amounting to as much as ten per cent. upon their investments. They can do this so long as the principal sums come in faster than it

is necessary to pay them out in interest. If a customer demands his principal, he gets it; but it is evident that he seldom demands it while he is in the receipt of regular and large profits. On the contrary, in their enthusiasm at the ease with which "big money" is made in Wall Street on the "co-operative syndicate" plan, the bulls put in as much more as they can, voluntarily turn themselves into agents for the brokers and "rope" all their friends and acquaintances into the scheme. Sometimes even postmasters and local merchants in country districts become paid agents. So long as the sharpers treat their customers in this fair and handsome manner, "where is the swindle?" may be asked. That appears when they reach the end of their rope and "suspend," "fail," or "disappear," and then there is gnashing of the teeth in farmhouses, villages, towns and cities far and wide.

#### **Membership.**

A man desiring membership in the Stock Exchange must make an application, which is publicly announced by the Chairman, together with the name of the member seconding the application. A committee then asks the nominators if they would accept the applicant's uncertified check for \$20,000. The candidate must state his age, previous business, whether he has ever failed, and if so, the amount of his indebtedness, cause of failure and nature of settlement; he must produce the release from his creditors. He must tell what kind of brokerage business he proposes to carry on; whether in partnership or alone. He must tell whether or not his life is insured, and if not, why not. He must state whether he is a citizen of the United States and whether his health is uniformly good. A wilful misstatement on any of these points subjects him to lasting ineligibility for admission to the Exchange. If elected, he must sign the Constitution and By-laws, pledge himself to abide by the same, pay an initiation fee of \$20,000, and \$200 additional for transfer. Each membership carries with it an insurance for \$10,000. If the member dies, his heirs receive the \$10,000, no matter what the state of the dead man's financial affairs may have been at the time of decease.

A president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and chairman are the prominent officials of the Stock

Exchange Association, but the actual powers of administration are vested in the Governing Committee—a body composed of forty men elected by the members of the Exchange. They settle all vital questions and may even alter the whole Constitution if they choose. The Stock Exchange is really a club, or association, and not an incorporated body. Dealings on the Exchange are principally in railroad shares and “industrials”; by the latter term such stocks as whiskey, sugar, etc., are meant.

#### **Produce Exchange.**

The Produce Exchange occupies one of the most conspicuous buildings in the lower part of the city. The cost of the edifice, land and furniture was about \$3,178,645. The building is three hundred and seven feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and, with the tower and terrace, covers fifty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine square feet. Four thousand separate drawings were required in its construction, twelve million bricks were used, and fifteen miles of iron girders. There are seven and a half acres of flooring, two thousand windows, a mile and three-quarters of columns, a thousand doors and nine hydraulic elevators, which carry a daily average of twenty-seven thousand five hundred people. There are a hundred and ninety rented offices, which bring in about \$260,000 a year, and yield about 6 per cent. on the entire investment. Grain and produce are dealt in on the floor of the Exchange, also petroleum, distilled spirits, oils, etc. The average daily business exceeds \$15,000,000. Memberships are transferable, and have varied in price from \$700 to \$4,700. The affairs of the Exchange are controlled by a President, Vice-President, Treasurer and twelve managers.

#### **Consolidated Exchange.**

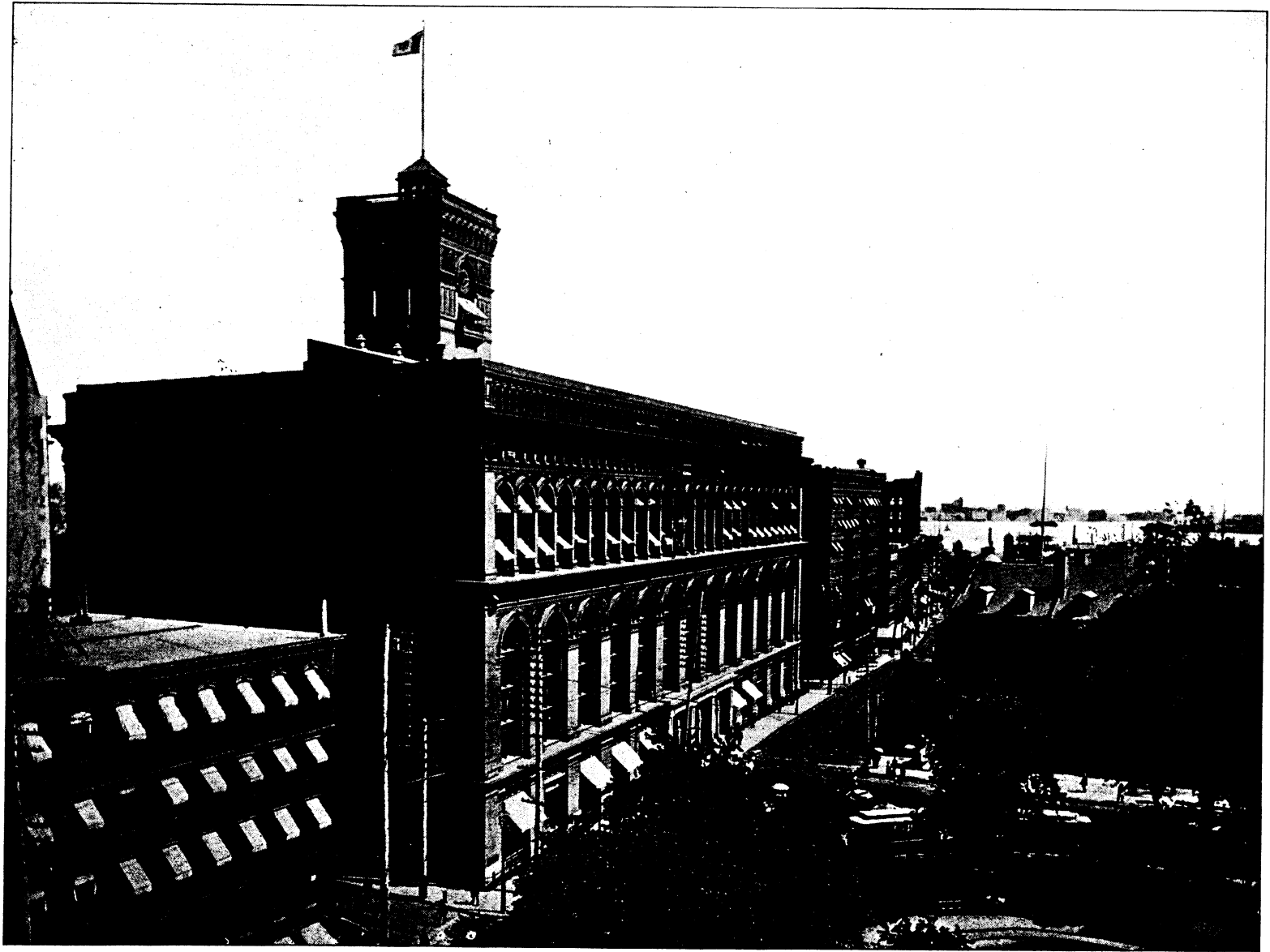
The Consolidated Exchange has a fine building on Broadway, at Exchange Place. When it was organized, many people believed it to be a rival of the Stock Exchange. As seats in the Consolidated may be purchased for from one to two hundred dollars, the relative importance of the two Exchanges may be readily gauged. The Consolidated Exchange has a membership which is limited to two thousand. Petroleum and mining shares

are largely dealt in as well as railroad shares and bonds. The Exchange has a salaried President, a First and a Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, Secretary, an assistant Secretary, a Chairman, and a Governing Committee of forty-two members. It is an outgrowth of the consolidation of several bodies dealing in mining and petroleum shares, and was organized as a regular Exchange in 1885. The members are mostly young men.

Other important Exchanges are the following: the Cotton Exchange, occupying a building on William and Beaver streets and Hanover Square; the Mechanics' and Traders' Exchange at 14 Vesey street; the N. Y. Mercantile Exchange at Hudson and Harrison streets; the Coffee Exchange; the Real Estate Exchange on Liberty street; the Fruit Exchange on Park Place; the Hop Dealers' Exchange, and the Building Material Exchange.

#### **Some Noted Banks.**

Wall Street does not monopolize the National Banks of the city. Coming uptown to the dry-goods district, one finds the Tradesmen's National Bank, which owns and occupies a white marble building on Broadway; the Merchants' Exchange National Bank, at 257 Broadway, opposite City Hall Park; the old Seventh Ward Bank, now known as the Seventh National, at 182 and 184 Broadway, and on the same great thoroughfare the National Park Bank, one of the largest and most important in the United States. The National Park Bank occupies a stately building, between Fulton and Ann streets, opposite St. Paul's Chapel. On the Bowery, near Grand street, is the National Butchers' and Drovers' Bank, which takes its name from the fact that its organizers were in the cattle and butchering trades. The National Bank of Commerce has a fine white marble building, at the corner of Nassau and Cedar streets, which it has occupied since 1859. This bank is specially noted for its patriotic support of the Government during the Civil War. The Second National Bank, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Fifth avenue, twenty-third street and Broadway, was the first to provide special accommodations for women depositors. Partly on that account, and partly because of its close proximity to the shopping district, it has always been a particular favorite with feminine New Yorkers who make this bank the recipient of liberal patronage.



Produce Exchange.

The Bank of the Metropolis, at 29 Union Square, appeals to the many merchants in its immediate vicinity. Jewelers, dry-goods men and furniture dealers are among its principal depositors. Other important National Banks in New York are the Hanover, the Mercantile, the Shoe and Leather, the Hide and Leather, the Irving, the Central, the East River, the Importers and Traders,' the Market and Fulton, the United States, and the First, Fourth, and Ninth National Banks.

**The Chamber of Commerce.**

The Chamber of Commerce, organized in 1768, carries into execution, encourages and promotes "by just and lawful ways and means, such measures as will tend to promote and extend just and lawful commerce." In 1786 the Chamber of Commerce first suggested the construction of the Erie Canal. In 1784, in its petition, the Legislature ordered that duties should be levied under a specific instead of an advalorem tariff, and it has ever since consistently advocated this system. The Chamber has power to investigate, discuss and act upon all questions affecting foreign and domestic commerce, and the prosperity of the city, the state and the nation at large. The Chamber of Commerce first directed its attention to instruments, materials, weight, tare and inspection of the provision trade; also the relative values of paper-money of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Since its re-organization in 1784, its career has, by necessary amendments to its charter, been one of genuine beneficence and pure patriotism. It has at all times, and in numerous ways, taken prominence in municipal affairs, and includes in its membership representative citizens of New York. John Cruger was chosen as the first President of the organization; he was a prominent merchant and an extensive ship-owner. The Chamber of Commerce is one of the most honorable and far-reaching business enterprises of the city. Its annual dinners are important functions, at which speeches by prominent persons on vital issues of the times, are frequently made. Its rooms are at 32 Nassau street. In twenty-five years over \$2,000,000 in charity passed through the hands of its treasurer. The membership is one thousand, and to belong to the Chamber of Commerce is an honor of which any man may be proud.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

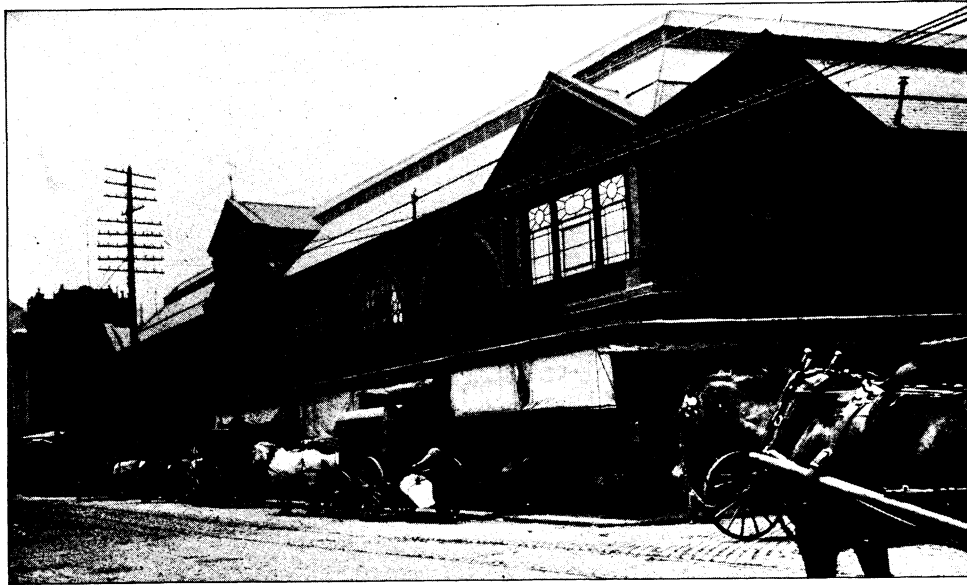
### HOW THE PEOPLE ARE FED.



ONE OF THE MOST important branches of business in New York is the feeding of the people. By this we do not mean the conducting of hotels and restaurants, which after all, feed but a fraction of the whole population, but the bringing to town and distributing the supplies of milk and meat and flour and vegetables and fruit and a thousand and one other articles which hotel-keeper and private housekeeper alike require. It is no small job to supply food and drink to nearly two million people. And this is a problem peculiar to cities. For in the country, and even in the towns and villages, most of the people produce such things as well as consume them. Their farms and gardens provide much for the larder, which needs only to be supplemented



Washington Market Stands.

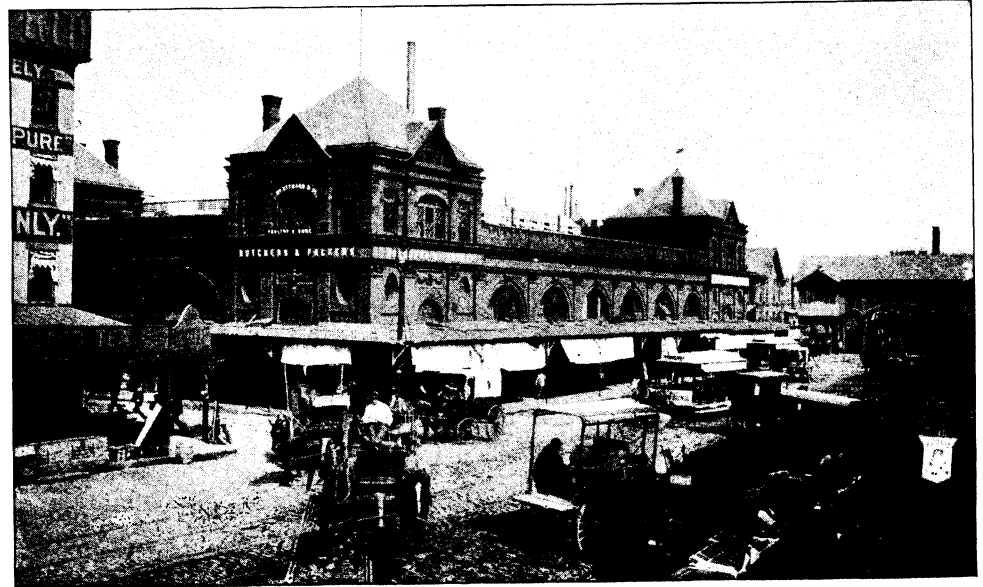
**Washington Market.**

bananas from the islands of the sea; meat from the western plains, salmon from the Columbia river; oranges from Florida; grapes from California; potatoes from Bermuda; dates from Syria; milk and fruit and vegetables from the fertile farms of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Indeed, one must look sharply to find a place that produces anything that does not contribute something to the needs of the Metropolitan Gargantua. From distant lands come stores in great ocean

by a few purchases from the grocery store. In the great city, however, no one produces any article of food. All must be secured from numerous points abroad, often from a considerable distance.

### **The Metropolitan Gargantua.**

The whole world, indeed, is called on to feed the stomachs of New York. Coffee from Java and tea from China and Ceylon; currants from Greece; caviare from Russia; marmalade from Scotland; guava from South America; wine from France; cocoanuts and

**Fulton Market.**

steamers. Smaller steamships and sailing craft bring supplies from nearer points. Vessels come in, laden to the bulwarks with bananas and oranges, from Florida and the West Indies. Fishing smacks and schooners flock in like sea-gulls, with the spoils of the deep. The great trunk railroads from the West bring endless trains of cars, these laden with living cattle; these, huge refrigerators on wheels, with dressed meats from the slaughter-houses of Chicago; these with potatoes and other fruits of the field. Through the Erie canal and down the Hudson come interminable fleets of slowly-drifting boats, laden to the water level with grain and flour. Other boats and trains bring the products of nearby farms and gardens. On the Harlem, Hudson river and other railroads, come every morning, before daylight, long trains laden with cans of milk. From the nearest gardening regions of New Jersey and Westchester county, hundreds of farmers' wagons are daily driven directly into the city, piled high with fruits and vegetables, picked at night, for sale at daybreak. What, then, are the facilities afforded for the distribution of these immense supplies to the consumers?



**Fulton Fish Market.**

#### **Public Markets.**

The first feature of the system is found in the great public markets, of which there are more than a dozen. These are huge buildings, owned by the city, divided up into stalls, and rented to dealers, retail and wholesale. Most of them are rather antiquated and unsuitable, yet they all do a great business, and stalls never stand empty.

#### **Washington Market.**

Chief of all, doing more business than all the others put together, is Washington



West Washington Market.



**Fulton Market, Fish Stands.**

where are poultry and game of all kinds, hanging in vast festoons, piled in pyramids, or alive and fluttering in coops and cages. Here are hundreds of barrels of apples, potatoes, turnips, and other fruits and vegetables, thousands of baskets of peaches, and berries in crates beyond all computation; the choicest artfully displayed on top, the smaller hidden underneath. The busiest hours of the day are in the morning. Early, before daylight, the market men are at work receiving and arranging goods for the day's trade. Later come grocers and small dealers from all parts of the city, for their supplies. Later still,

Market. This name is applied not only to the actual market building itself, but to a considerable locality of the city surrounding it. The market proper is a plain but commodious brick building occupying the whole block bounded by Washington, West, Vesey and Fulton streets, close by the ferries connecting with the great railroad lines. This is the chief meat and vegetable market of the city. On entering the building, one finds it a city in miniature, divided into blocks by streets and avenues running at right angles to each other. Piled on the stalls and hanging from hooks overhead are hundred of sides and quarters of beef, and whole sheep and hogs. Else-



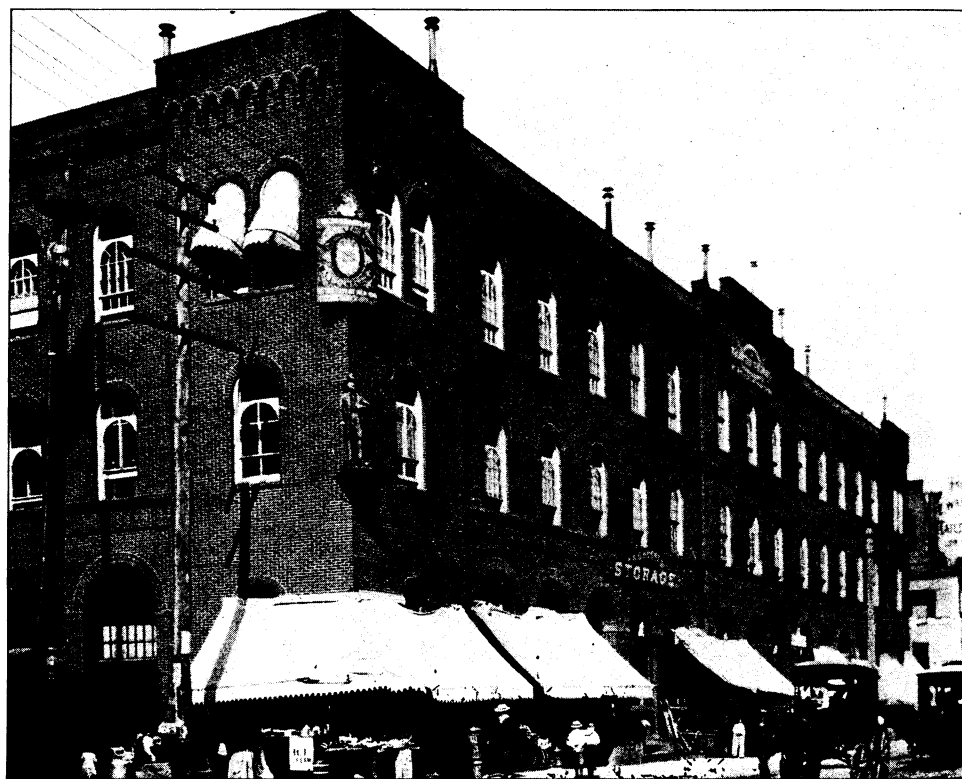
**Fulton Oyster Market.**

running on to noon, come individual housekeepers to purchase the family dinner. Some of these latter still maintain the ancient custom of carrying a big basket, in which to take home with them whatever they buy, but the greater number order the goods sent home in the wagons of the market men. In the afternoon there is considerable patronage from suburban residents, who find it to their advantage to deal here rather than at the shops in their towns and villages; so that the afternoon trains bear away from the city hundreds of baskets full of supplies that were brought into the city over those very roads only a few hours before.

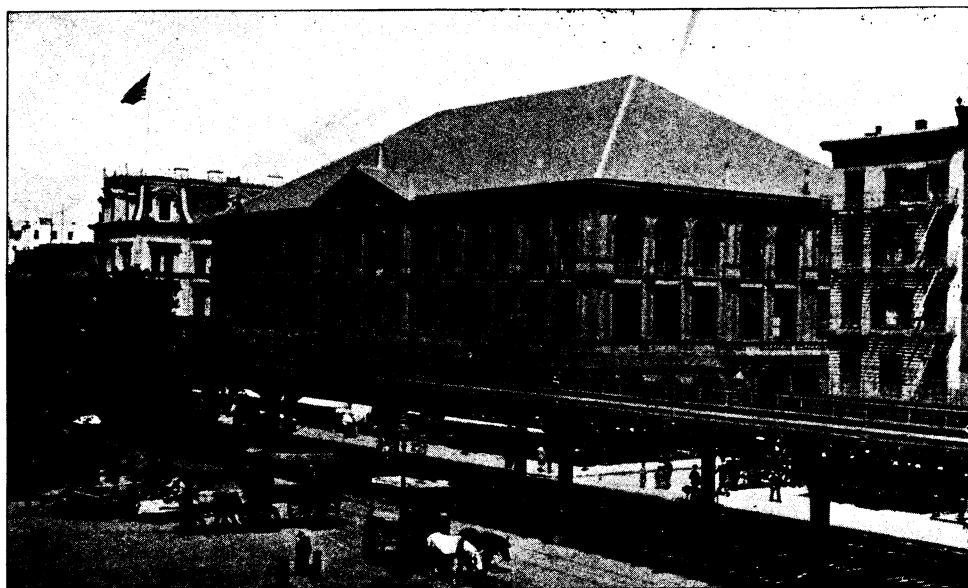
For a considerable distance around Washington Market, nearly every building is given up to trade, chiefly in country produce, groceries, etc., making the whole region from Cortlandt street at the south, to Jay street at the north, and from the Hudson river half-way up to Broadway, one enormous market, the largest distributing centre in America.

West Washington Market is the name once applied to the piers and bulkheads along the river directly adjoining Washington

Market proper, where an enormous trade in produce brought by boat and rail was carried on. The name now belongs to a new market at the foot of West Twelfth street, but the industry of the old place, on West street from Barclay to Dey street, is still maintained. Hither come coasting vessels laden with thousands of



Essex Market.

**Tompkins Market.****Fulton Market.**

Fulton Market is one of the most important and interesting in the city, and by far the largest in the fish trade, though in other respects not comparable with Washington Market. It occupies the fine brick building covering the whole block bounded by Fulton, Front, Beekman and South streets, and also, for its wholesale fish trade, the South street water front on the East river, between Fulton and Beekman streets. Like Washington

watermelons, baskets of peaches, barrels of potatoes, crates of vegetables, and berries of all kinds. The trade in fish and oysters is also considerable, though not so large as that at Fulton Market, on the other side of the city. The most impressive spectacles are presented in the peach and watermelon season. Often as many as a hundred thousand baskets of peaches are received daily, while half a million watermelons is by no means an unusual stock to have on hand during the season of fruits and vegetables.

**Old Clinton Market.**



Interior of Slaughter-House.

Market, the building is divided by streets into blocks and stalls. Along the Front street side are meat stalls, wholesale and retail. The Fulton street side has several fruit stalls, besides meat and poultry. The South street side is occupied by several large restaurants, where fish and oysters are conspicuous on the bill of fare. Some of these restaurants, which also existed years ago in the old building that stood on the same site, rank among the most famous in the city, and had among their patrons such distinguished visitors as Dickens, Thackeray, Jenny Lind, Patti, Louis Napoleon, and the Prince of Wales. The central part of the market building is given up to vegetables, fruits, butter and cheese, and some enormous dealers in poultry and game; and along the Beekman street side are the largest retail fish stalls in the city. Here elaborate exhibitions of live trout and other fish are made every year, and in one of the towers of the building, at the corner of Beekman and South streets, is a splendid fish museum and biological laboratory. The greatest wholesale fish market in New York is on the water front, directly across the street.



**Other Markets.**

At the foot of Catharine street, East river, is Catharine Market, one of the oldest in the city, and once one of the most important. It still does a large business in clams, oysters and fish, and the general supplies of a market. But as the surrounding part of the city has become poor and squalid, it has lost much of its former importance. Central Market is a new and comparatively small affair, on East Forty-second street, adjoining the Grand Central Station. It must not be confounded with the ancient and now rather dilapidated Centre Market, in Centre street, between Grand and Broome. The latter is still distinguished for its large trade in flowers and plants. The chief flower mart, however, is at Clinton Market, at the foot of Canal street, North river. The principal market in Harlem is the Columbus, at Seventh avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. Essex Market is a dingy, old affair in the crowded tenement region of the lower East Side, at Essex and Grand street. It is best known by the Essex Market Police Court, which occupies quarters in its



**Driving Sheep from Pen to Slaughter-House.**

building. Jefferson Market is housed in a handsome new edifice at Sixth avenue and Tenth street, and does a large trade in flowers, besides more substantial articles. Adjoining it is an imposing building occupied by one of the city courts. Tompkins Market is at Third avenue and Sixth and Seventh street, and Union is at Houston and Second street. All these markets, of course, supply but a small share of the city's food. The bulk of it comes from the groceries, butchers' shops, etc., which are thickly scattered all over the city.

#### **The Milk Supply.**

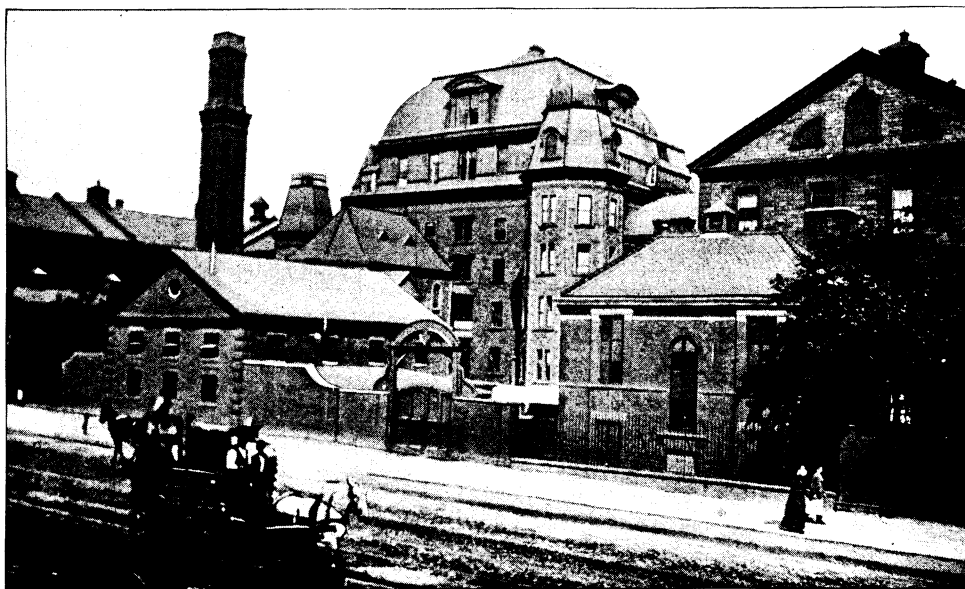
The milk supply of the city comes from New York state, Connecticut, and New Jersey. Most of it comes by railroad, in forty-quart cans, the quantity thus received amounting to more than eight hundred thousand quarts a day. The milk which comes from "gilt-edge" farms, and is sold at ten cents a quart, is ideally good; and the quality offered at eight cents, in less fashionable establishments, is fairly good. The milk which an immense majority of the city's babies live upon is offered all along the Bowery, on First avenue and on Tenth avenue at four cents a quart. Milkmen of the most trustworthy sort say that good, pure milk cannot be sold at that price in New York to-day, and yet at the same time maintain that it is impossible for milk which is much diluted to evade for any length of time the notice of the inspectors, who, as one dealer expresses it, "pop in at any time." One dealer thought the four cent milk, after due inspection, is watered simultaneously with its sale. Another said he believed it is the dirty "leavings" in the large cans, and this last opinion was laid before an eminent physician, who has made a point of the study of milk in his private practice and at the Babies' Hospital. He thought the milkman was right, and said that while the average milk sold in New York is of better quality than of old, it is still virtually impossible to prevent the sale of that which is stale, but not yet acid. The tenement-house baby is apt to get the milk sent away from better quarters of the town as too much soiled by dust and the constant dipping into of a grocer's trade. As to the better grades, he said his patients told him New York was the only place where one could get really good milk, both for nutritious quality and for purity.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

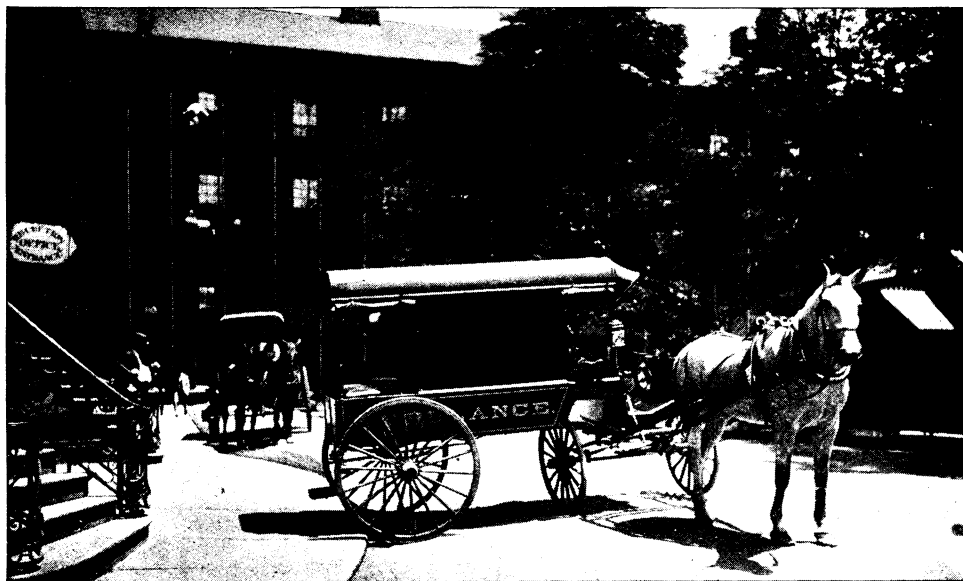
### CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.



AMONG THE CHIEF BRANCHES of the government of New York, described in brief elsewhere, is the Department of Charities and Corrections. This has charge of the various public asylums, hospitals and penitentiaries. But the title may fittingly be extended to the wider field of private and corporate charities, with which this city is equipped as almost no other in the world. In almost every part of the city are to be found commodious institutions, for the relief of the unfortunate and needy. Some of these, established long ago, have grown to mammoth proportions, and their names are familiar the world around. Such are Bellevue Hospital, a city institution; St. Luke's Hospital, a church affair; the Presbyterian Hospital, also a church affair; the New York Hospital and



Bellevue Hospital.



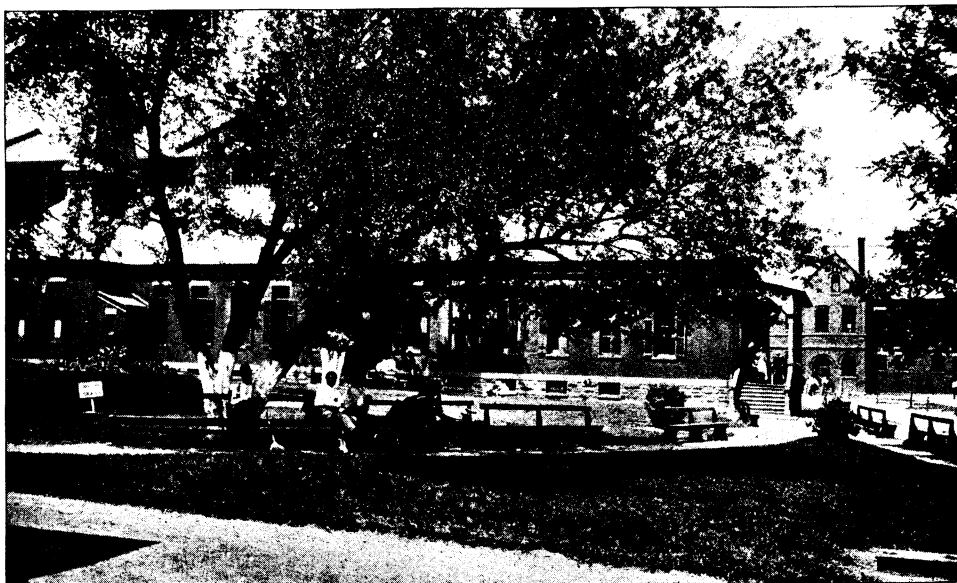
**Bellevue Ambulance.**

important surgical treatment. They, of course, pay liberal prices for such accommodations, but the same institutions are also open to the poor, without money and without price.

**Bellevue Hospital.**

Bellevue Hospital, a part of the city system of Charities and Corrections, dates from 1826, though it is the successor of other hospitals of earlier years, some situated at almost the same place. It stands at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, facing the East

its famous Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane; Roosevelt Hospital; Mount Sinai Hospital, and many others. In such institutions the sick or injured receive such care and treatment as is scarcely to be obtained elsewhere. The best nurses, the most accomplished physicians and surgeons, and the most perfect equipment of buildings and furniture, unite to make them homes of healing. Accordingly many well-to-do and even very wealthy people leave their own homes and enter such institutions whenever they require



**Bellevue Hospital Grounds.**

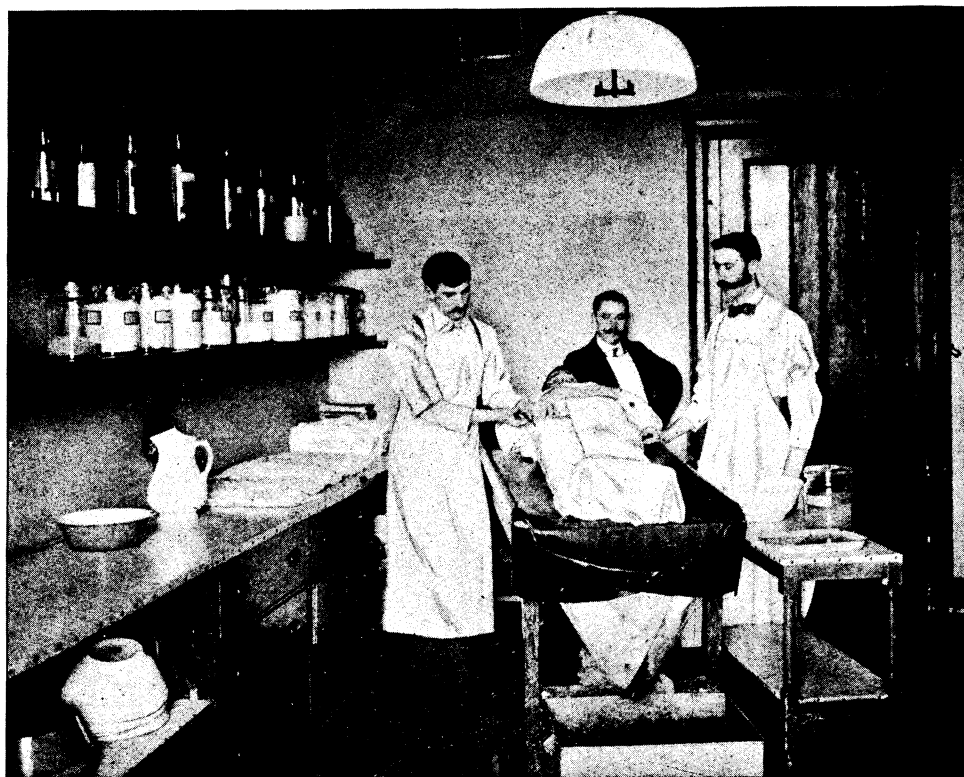
river. It consists of an extensive group of buildings, some of many years' age, others recently erected by private munificence. It is divided into separate wards, for men, for women, for children, for surgical cases, for insane patients, for criminal patients, for alcoholic cases, etc. There is also an Emergency ward, open constantly, for the reception of patients at any hour. A most gruesome feature of the institution is the Morgue. This is the place in which the bodies of the unknown dead are kept for a time, awaiting possible identification. The bodies are thus kept for seventy-two hours, more or less, in the discretion of the Warden. If identified, they are given up to the claimants; otherwise they are buried in the Potter's Field on Hart's Island. A photograph is, however, made of each, and the clothes are preserved for a year. By these means some bodies are identified long after burial and are reclaimed.



**Interior Ward 6 Bellevue Hospital.**

#### **The Roosevelt Hospital.**

The Roosevelt Hospital, founded in 1864 by private endowment, is at Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. It is one of the best hospitals in the city, and is especially noted for its fine operating-room, or theatre, built and endowed from the legacy of W. J. Syms, after whom it is named, at a cost of \$350,000. This is reckoned to be the most perfect building of the kind in the world.



**Bellevue Hospital, Operating-Room.**

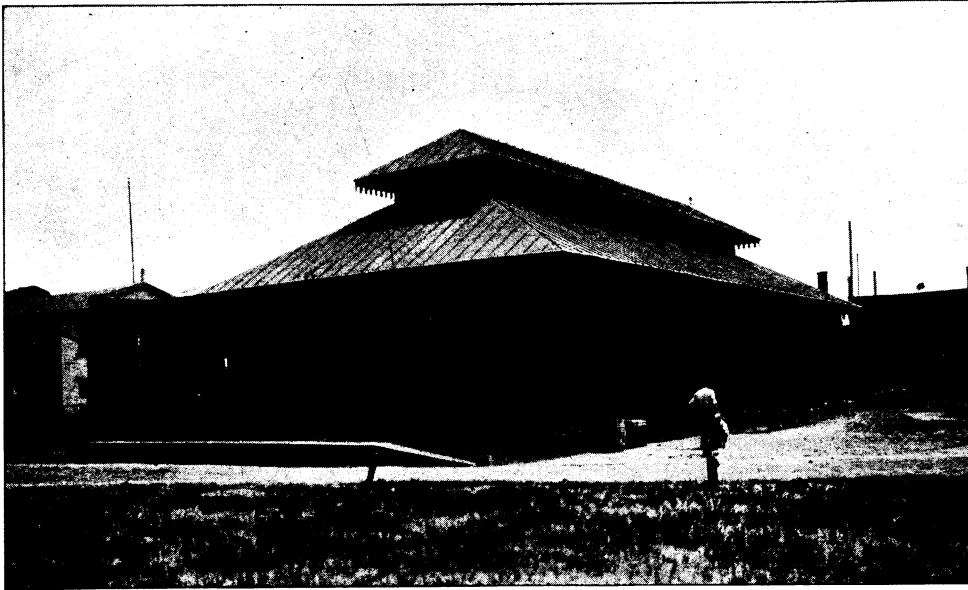
Every Saturday afternoon the hospital is open to the public, and on these occasions it is usually crowded with eager people who, for one reason or another, are anxious to see operations performed upon their fellow creatures.

#### **How Operations are Performed.**

Two short flights of steps lead to the theatre, where are gathered in the semi-circular tiers of seats, rising high above the floor, the many medical students and others interested in the operations. There are always some women among the spectators, and they are all young—some hardly older than girls, but they gaze unflinchingly at the almost frightful operations, which are being per-

formed on men and women alike. They are in almost every case medical students or girls who intend to be trained nurses of the highest order. Then, side by side with them, with the same absorbed gaze, are the country practitioners who look admiringly at their brethren. In the seats just below them are, perhaps, city physicians who have a decided taste for surgery, and on the lowest tier are well-known surgeons whose advice and opinion are frequently sought.

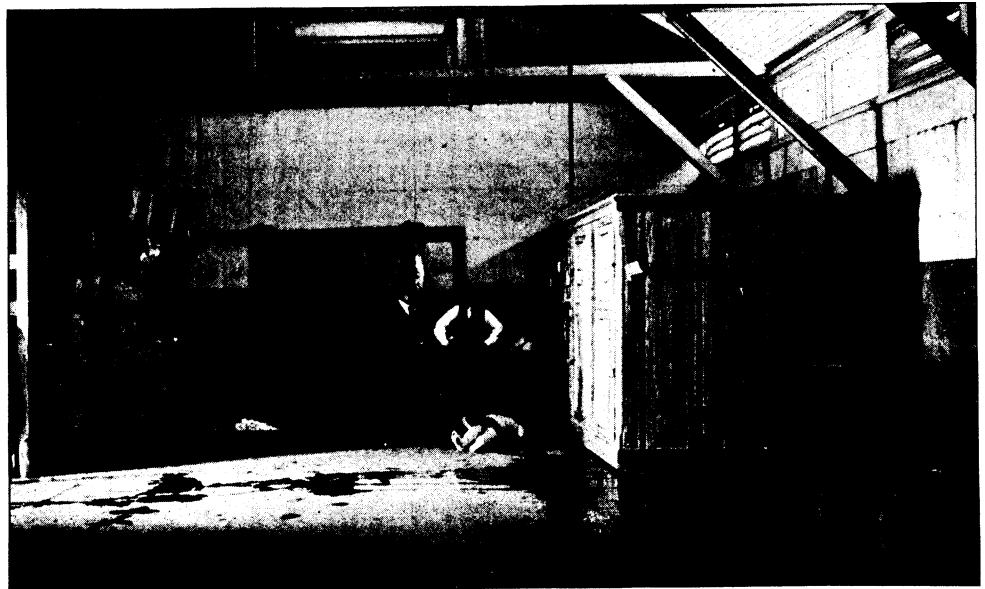
Preparation for the operation is simple. First two white-robed young women nurses appear and move noiselessly and rapidly about the “pit” where all the work is to be done. They are helped by a man whose



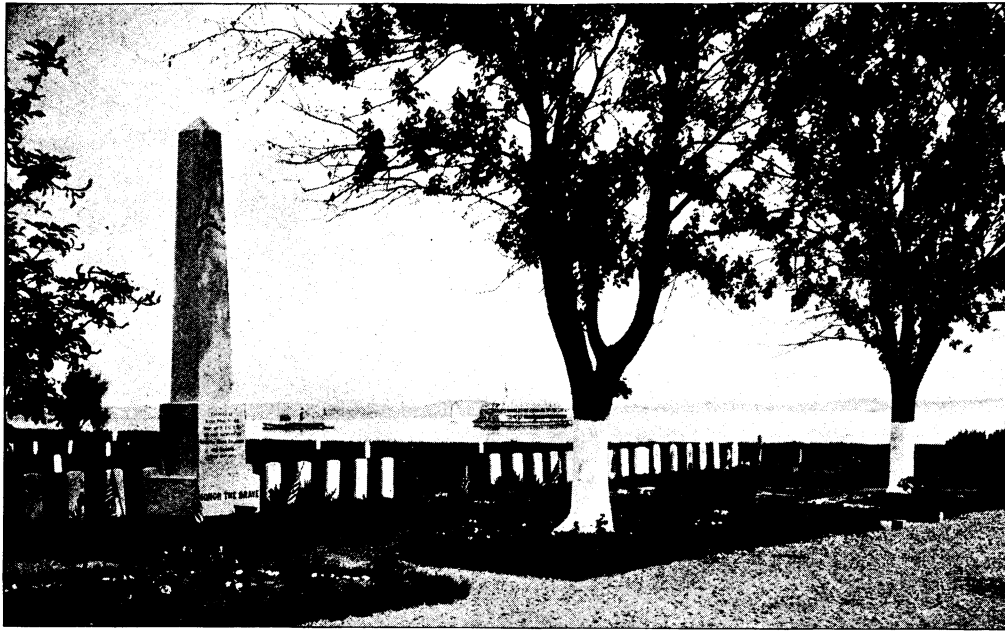
**The Morgue.**

places a small, hard pillow on the table just at the spot where that part of the body will lie. The four legs of the table rest perfectly square and firm on the floor, so that there will not be the slightest jar which, when the surgeon's knife is at a critical point, might mean death for the sufferer. At the head of the table is the little stool whereon the ether-operator sits and holds the sponge containing the anæsthetic firmly over the patient's face.

attire is also immaculately white, and who wears the same quality of felt-soled slippers. First he prepares the operating-table. If the work is to be attended with a good deal of hemorrhage, he covers the entire table with rubber sheets. The table itself, by the way, is an iron frame, about eight feet long and three broad, with one huge slab of heavy ground glass covering the whole. Laid over the glass are thin leather cushions. If any part of the patient's body is to be brought into especial prominence, the assistant frequently



**Interior of the Morgue.**



Potter's Field.

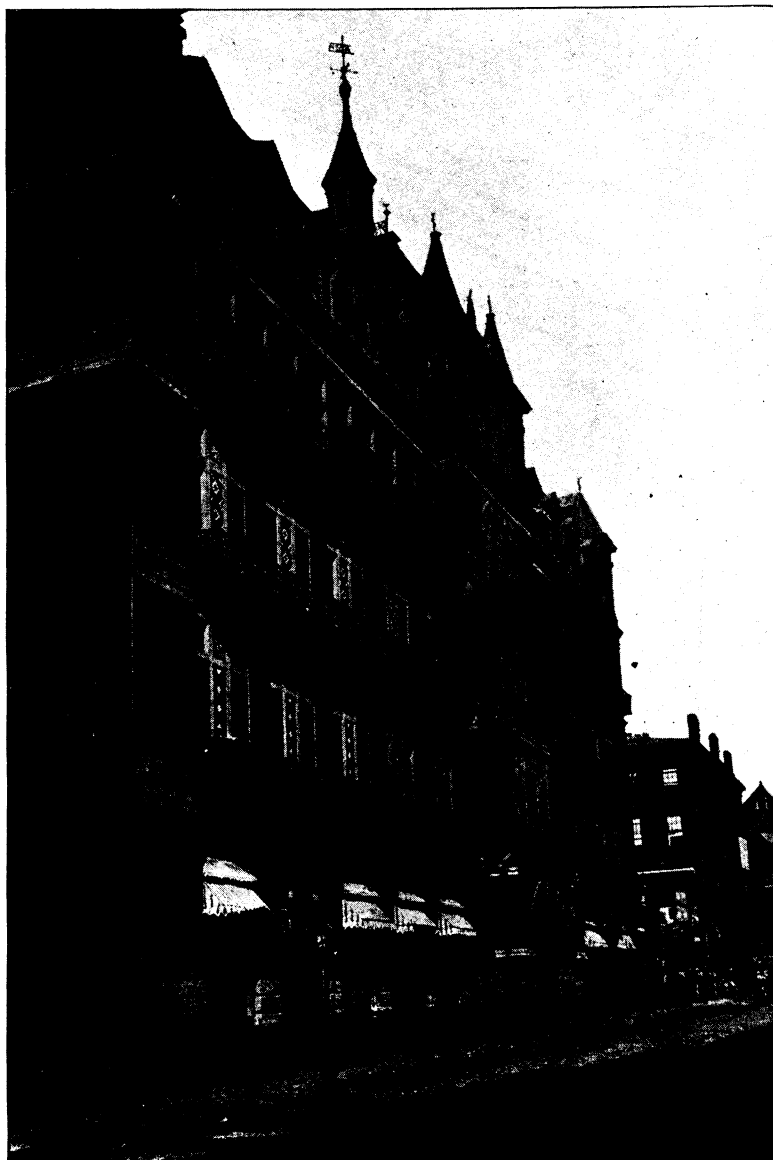
One of the nurses has put a pile of two dozen or more thin towels in a large, glass basin to soak in some disinfecting fluid. Then, after a little, she takes out one by one the dish-cloths, as a housekeeper would call them, wrings them out and arranges them handy for use; for any quantity of them will be needed before the operation is over. The girl in the blue gown who takes voluminous notes is beginning to get a little nervous. The others who are seated in the amphitheatre chat together

in low tones, or else look with unconcern at the preparations. The nurses next arrange a huge pile of bandages of various kinds and put them on a table a little at one side. The odor of the iodoform comes up faintly on the air. The nurse draws nearer a little table on which are several glass basins filled with fine, little sponges, which will be in constant demand. From the number of sponges arranged near at hand it is easy to tell whether the coming operation will be an extremely bloody one or not, and the girl student can hardly help shuddering a little. Then one of the surgeon's assistants comes into the pit, glances quickly but carefully around to see that nothing has been left undone, and then busies himself with getting out the instruments. There is a big marble door, swinging on noiseless hinges, just to the rear, and across its surface in black letters is "Instrument Room." From here are brought all the necessary implements, and the clink of steel is the indication that the operation is near at hand. The assistant brings out what seem to be two or three dozen





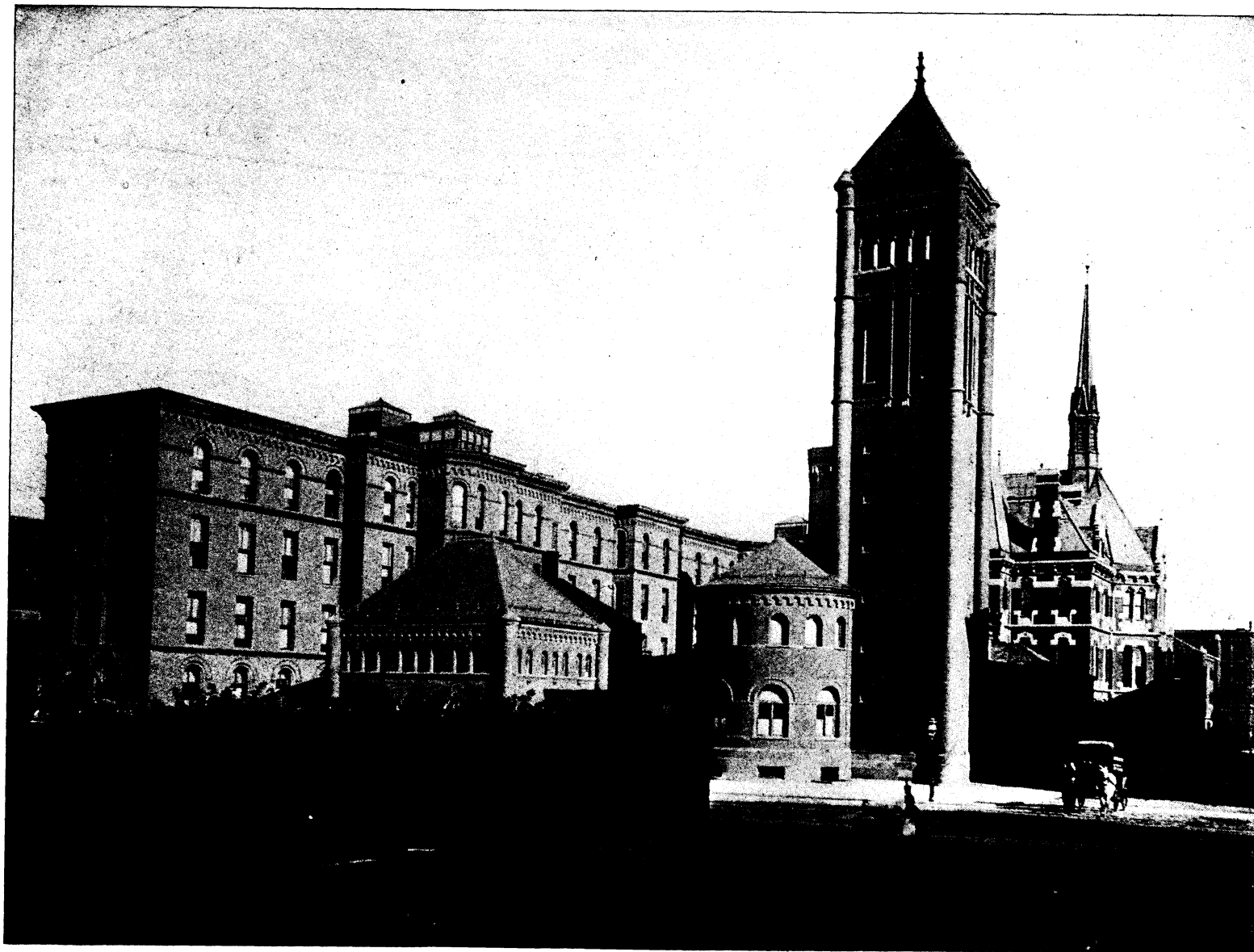
Burying Paupers.



**New York Hospital.**

pair of scissors, and places them close to the operating-table. They are really clamps, which are quickly clasped about a vein or artery the instant it is cut. Sometimes, at the end of the operation, there are as many as two dozen of these queer-looking steel clamps sticking from the wound.

The operating surgeon is the last to enter before the patient is brought in. He is a striking figure, clad in his suit of white, and every man and woman before him lean forward to catch every word that he will say. He glances up at the rows of faces before him, leans easily against the operating-table and then takes off his glasses. "The case about to be operated upon," says he, and then follows a short history of the case and a brief description of the way he intends to treat it. The surgeon's little lecture is remarkably free from intricate medical terms, and he tells clearly and distinctly just what he proposes to do. If several methods of treatment have been used in similar cases, the surgeon describes each one briefly and then tells just why he intends to carry out the method he has chosen. The surgeon's sleeves are rolled up above the elbows, and with his last words, he steps over to a deep glass basin and bathes his hands and



Presbyterian Hospital.

arms for the last time in the clear water. Then he nods to the assistants, who wheel slowly into the room the patient, man or woman, as the case may be, already unconscious with the chloroform cup held down over the face. The patient is placed carefully on the table, the part of the body to be operated upon is uncovered and the helpers gather around with sponge, cloth and clamp. All is ready as the assistant hands to the surgeon the gleaming knife.

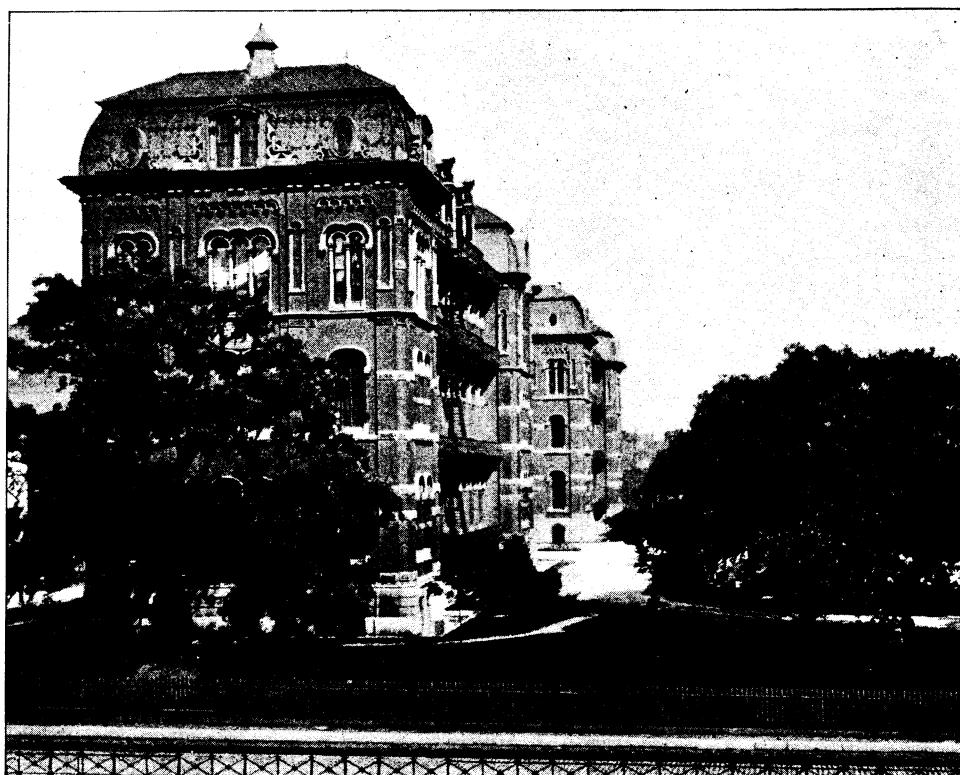
#### **Cancer Hospital.**

At Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Sixth street stands the Cancer Hospital, generously endowed by the Astor family and others. This was the first institution in

America to adopt the admirable system of circular wards, preventive of lurking places for dust and germs of disease. The City's Charity Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, adjoins the almshouse, workhouse and penitentiary. The large and splendidly conducted Mount Sinai Hospital, at Lexington avenue and Sixty-sixth street, was founded and is maintained by the Jews of New York. It is open without distinction to patients of all races and creeds.

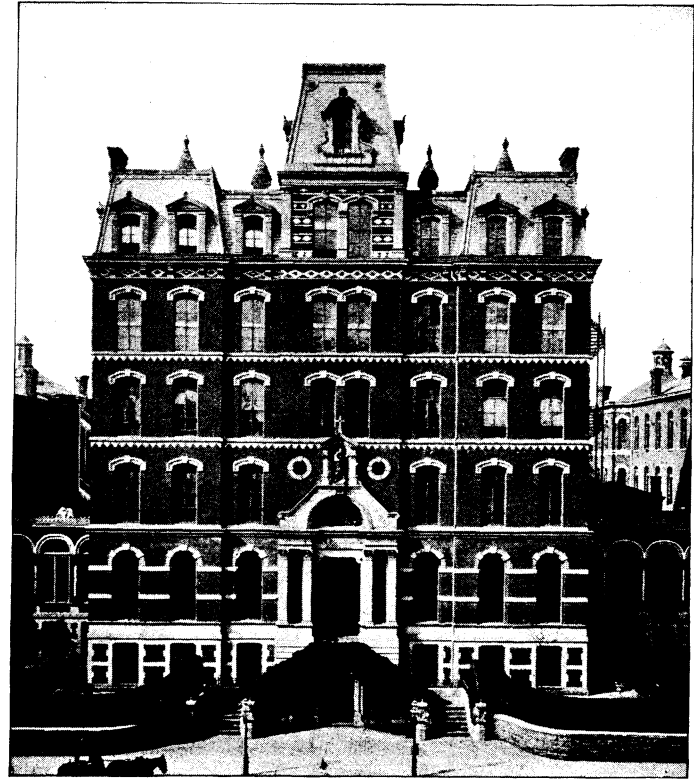
#### **Other Hospitals.**

One of the oldest is the New York Hospital, founded in 1770. It stands on West Fifteenth street, near Fifth avenue, but has a branch at 160 Chambers street for the reception of patients at all hours, and also conducts



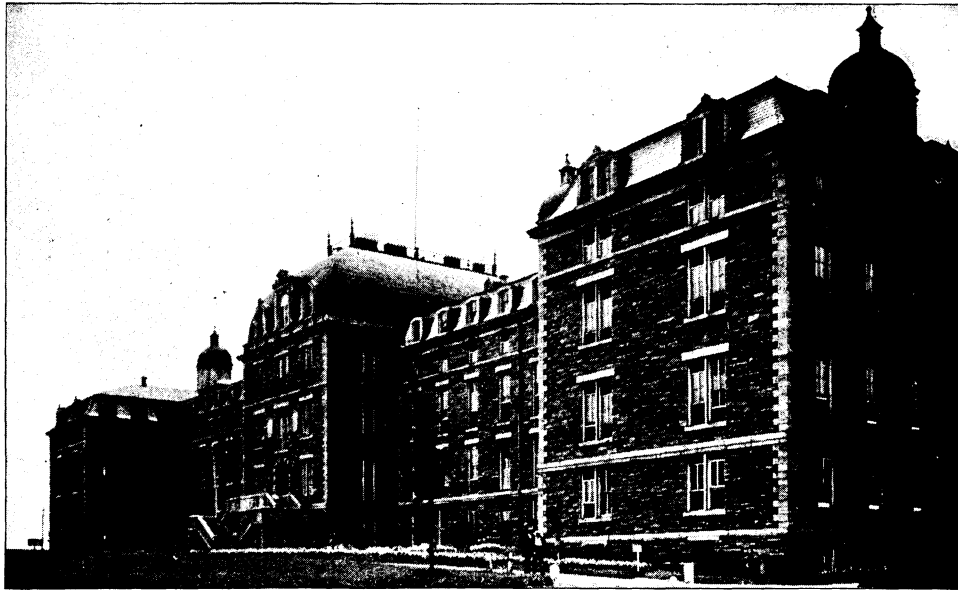
**Women's Hospital.**

the famous Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane. This latter institution long existed at the Boulevard and One Hundred and Seventeenth street, but has now been removed to new buildings at White Plains, a suburban village a little north of the city, in Westchester county. St. Luke's Hospital, long at Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, but now moving to a new site at Morning-side and Tenth avenues, and One Hundred and Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fourteenth streets, is one of the foremost in the city. It is under the care of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but receives patients of all creeds. Similar observations may be made of the great Presbyterian Hospital, at Madison avenue and Seventieth street, where about nine-tenths of the patients are treated free of charge. The Women's Hospital, at Lexington avenue and Fiftieth street, founded by the famous Dr. Marion Sims, is one of the foremost of the kind in America. It is moving to a new site at Eighth avenue and Ninety-second street.



**New York Foundling Hospital and Asylum.**

Then there are the Colored Hospital, at First avenue and Sixty-first street; the French Hospital, on West Fourteenth street; the German Hospital, Fourth avenue and Seventy-seventh street; the Hahnemann or Homœopathic Hospital, Fourth avenue and Sixty-seventh street; Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled, Lexington avenue and Forty-second street; Free Hospital for Children, One Hundred and Eleventh street and Fifth avenue; Eye and Ear Hospital, on Park avenue; Throat Hospital, on West Thirty-fourth street; Eye and Ear Infirmary, Second avenue and Thirteenth street, with one of the finest buildings for its purpose in the world; Infirmary for Women and Children, on Livingston Place; Ophthalmic Hospital, on East Twenty-third



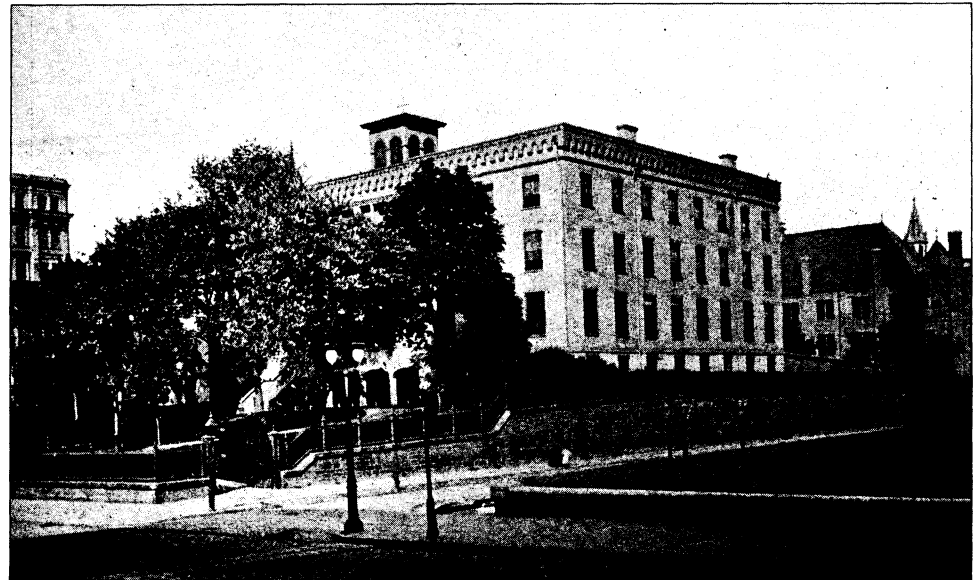
**Charity Hospital, Blackwell's Island.**

all over the city, and takes up collections in churches, on the last Saturday and Sunday of each year. The Association divides among the various hospitals of the city the money thus contributed by the many who are always ready to aid in the alleviation of distress.

#### **Asylums and Homes.**

The asylums and homes of New York are literally "too numerous to mention." They include at least one such institution for every class of persons needing it. The

street; Orthopedic Hospital, on East Fifty-ninth street; Child's Hospital, on Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street; and numerous others whose especial character are indicated by their names. There are also many Dispensaries, diet kitchens, etc., for the good of the sick poor. The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society has boxes in all railroad stations, and other public places, for the reception of reading matter to be distributed among patients; and the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association puts little red boxes



**Catholic Orphan Asylum.**

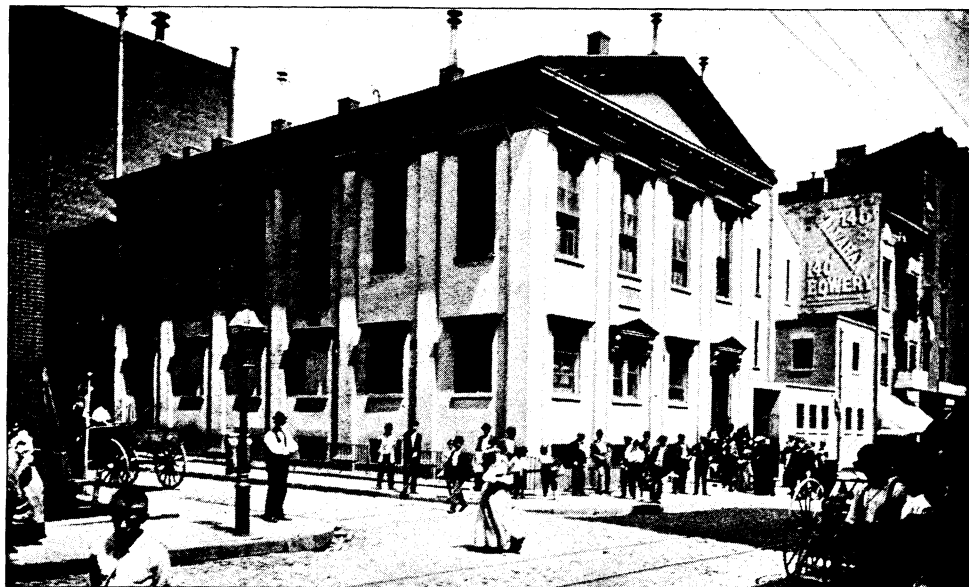
Colored Orphan Asylum is a large establishment at Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Forty-third street. The Magdalen Asylum, for the reclamation of fallen women, is at Eighty-eighth street and Fifth avenue. There are asylums for deaf mutes, for respectable aged, indigent females, for children and young girls, for the indigent blind, for lying-in women, for the insane, for aged and indigent colored people, for aged and infirm Hebrews, for convalescents, for ex-convicts, and a host more. The Five Points House of Industry was founded in 1850, in what was then the most squalid and criminal part of the city, to assist the destitute of all classes by giving them employment, protection and instruction. The Newsboys' Lodging House, on Duane street, is conducted by the Children's Aid Society, and gives a safe and pleasant home to a whole army of the waifs of the street. The Children's Aid Society maintains a number of homes and schools, and does an enormous work in the interest of one of New York's most deserving charities.

**The Charity Organization Society.**

The Charity Organization Society is an association for making charitable work of all kinds more systematic, intelligent and effective. Most of the charitable societies, missions, etc., in the city are affiliated with it. The chief centre of charitable effort in the city is in the United Charities Building, a splendid edifice at Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, the gift of Mr. John S. Kennedy to the City Mission and Tract Society, Charity Organization Society, Children's Aid



**Homœopathic Hospital, Blackwell's Island.**



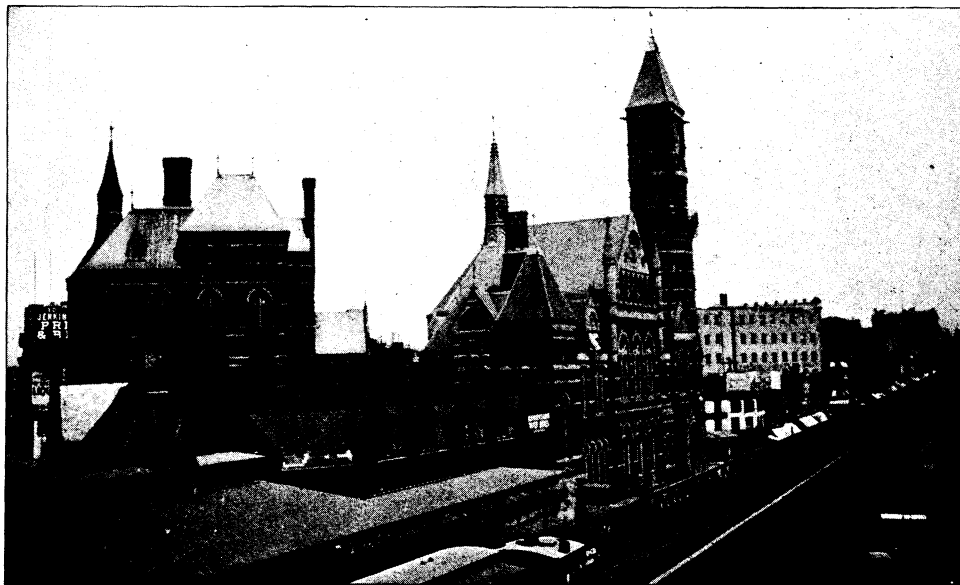
Essex Market Court.

on Hart's Island; also an equally vast system of correctional and punitive establishments. Of these the workhouse and penitentiary are on Blackwell's Island; the Tombs, or city prison, is on Centre street, connected by a bridge at the second story with the great Criminal Courts building on the next block; the County Jail is on Ludlow street, and is commonly called the Ludlow Street Jail; and the County Court House is in City Hall Park fronting on Chambers street.

Society, and Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Many other such societies have their offices in it. Near by are other buildings devoted to humane purposes, notably those of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

#### **Correctional Establishments.**

The city maintains a vast system of free public asylums, hospitals, etc., on Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and other islands in the East River and Sound; and a Potter's Field

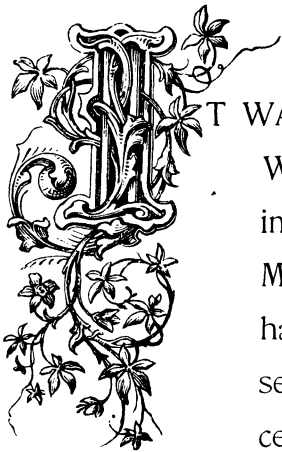


Jefferson Market Court.



## CHAPTER XXX.

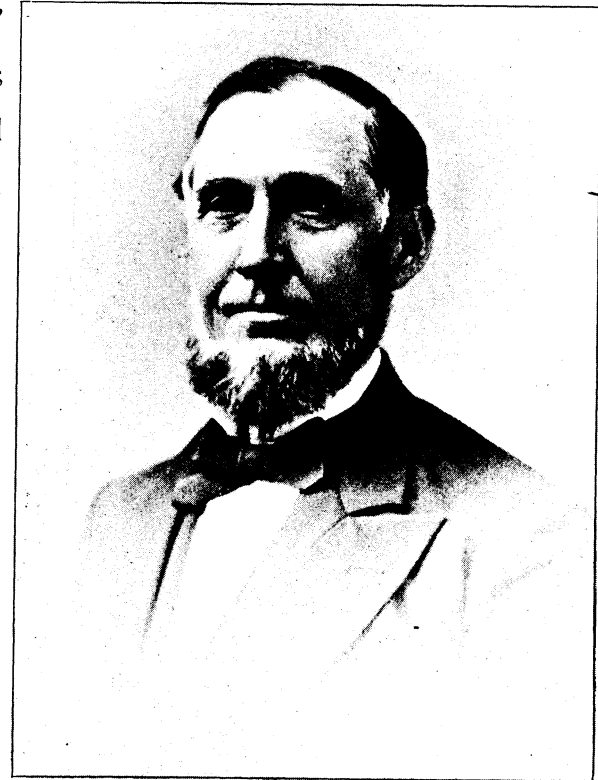
### MEN OF MILLIONS AND FAVORITE SONS.



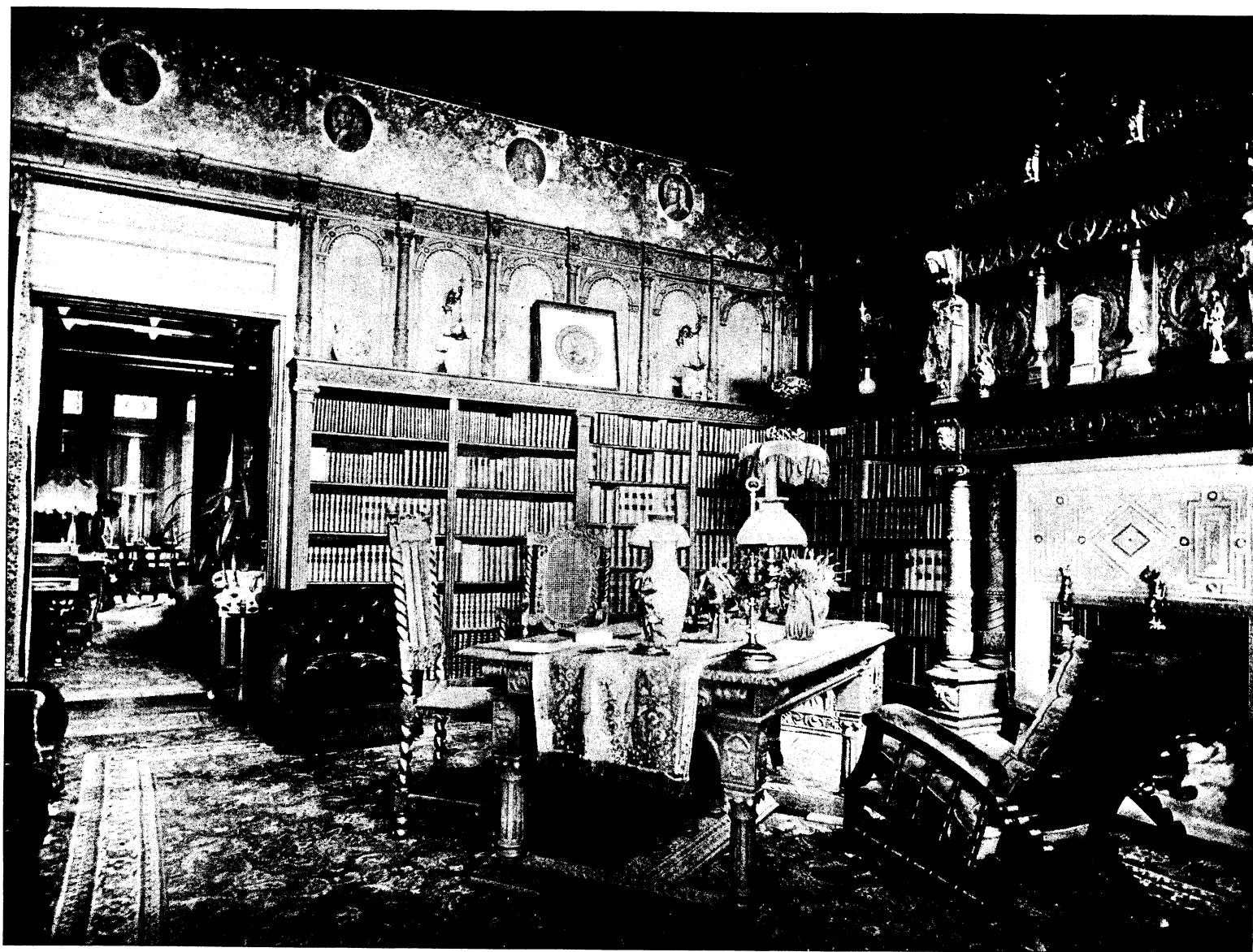
IT WAS SAID in olden times, "All roads lead to Rome." With equal truth it may be said now that all roads in America lead to New York. It is the universal Mecca. The farm-boy, in New York or in the West, has ever a vague ambition to go to New York and seek his fortune. The man of mature years, if successful elsewhere, thinks his success would be greater in New York; and if unsuccessful, fancies that in the great city fortune would be more kind. So all turn hitherward, seeking to tread the pavements of this wondrous city, all tempted by its numberless allurements; too many of them, alas, doomed to the fate of the poet's hapless hero:

"I tread the stones of Manhattan, I, who have journeyed far  
From the meadow-sward and the moss-bank, and the streamlet's pebbly bar;  
I, who have wandered hither, allured by the tales they told  
Of how the stones of Manhattan were reeking with ruddy gold.

\* \* \* \* \*



Russell Sage.



A Millionaire's Library.

"I tread the stones of Manhattan, the stones that are hard to my feet—  
 As hard as the hearts around me, as hard as the faces I meet.  
 Hot is their breath in summer, with fever of selfish greed.  
 Cold is their touch in winter, as hearts to the hand of need.  
 My heel strikes fire from the flint, but the spark is dead ere it burns—  
 Strikes fire in my angry striding, but is bruised by the stone it spurns—  
 And echo scorns with a stony voice the cry of a soul's despair  
 Breathed out on the thunderous throbbings of the city's desert air.  
 "Oh! faithless stones of Manhattan, that tempted my boyish feet  
 Away from the clover meadow, from the wind-woven waves of wheat!  
 I thought ye a golden highway; I find ye the path of shame,  
 Where souls are sold for silver, and gold is the price of fame!  
 But my weary feet must tread ye, as slaves on the quarry floor,  
 And my aching brain must suffer your pitiless uproar,  
 Till the raving tide shall sweep above, and careless feet shall tread  
 On the fatal stones of Manhattan, over my dreamless bed!"



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Not to all, however, are the stones of Manhattan faithless and fatal. Many a New Yorker born and bred is rich and happy. Many a stranger coming to the city finds wealth and joy awaiting him. And many a man who has amassed a fortune elsewhere turns to New York to find a home where he may best enjoy his riches. Thus it comes to pass that this city more than any other contains, proportionately to its size, a much greater number of very rich people. Men who grew rich in New England fisheries and manufactures, men who "struck oil" in Pennsylvania, men who grew up with Chicago and won great wealth, men who dug millions from the gold and silver mines of the Pacific slope, have all come to New York to live, and to spend their money where wealth can secure them greater luxury than in any other place.

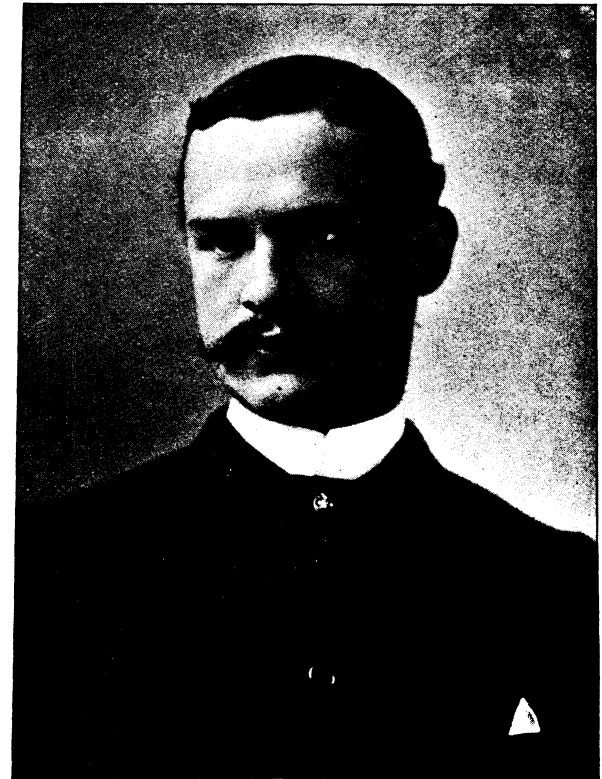
#### The Astor Family.

Among the millionaires of New York, four men, or four families, are especially famous. The oldest, in point of time, is the Astor family, founded by John Jacob Astor, several generations ago. Mr. Astor came from



Dining-Room of a "Favorite Son."

Germany, and began trade in this country on a very small scale. But it was a time of industrial growth, and he prospered; especially in the fur trade, largely carried on in the far northwest. His profits he invested, with far-seeing shrewdness, in real estate in New York city. Much of the land he bought was in the outskirts of the city, and comparatively cheap. But the city grew, and the land increased in value. From generation to generation the estate was kept intact. The family rule was, buy land, but never sell. Another rule was, to keep the estate in the best of order, all buildings in thorough repair, no slums or ramshackle tenements. The result is that the Astor family to-day is the largest landholder in New York city, and owns one of the most valuable landed estates in the world. Block after block of business buildings and private residences in the best parts of the city belong to the Astors. And there are no more popular landlords; none take greater pains to give their tenants entire satisfaction. In the present generation of the family the most conspicuous member is William Waldorf Astor, who has had a brilliant career as a politician and diplomat, and also as a writer. He now lives in London, where he is proprietor of a daily newspaper, a weekly journal and a monthly magazine. Another younger member is John Jacob Astor, the fourth who has borne that name in America. He also has distinguished himself as a writer, and as an inventor. The Astor family has long been noted for its dignified and exemplary social rank, and for its many charities. The Astor Library, the largest in this city, was given to the public by it, and Trinity Church, with which the family has long been connected, has often had occasion to rejoice in its munificence.



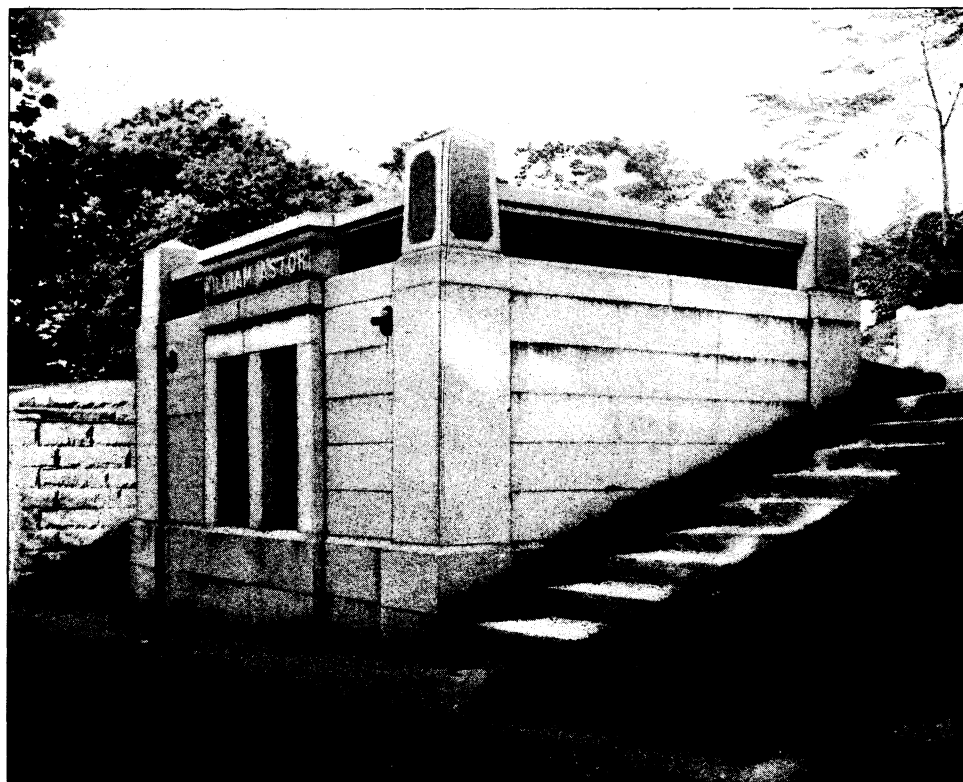
George Gould.



A Private Bed-Room Suite.

**The Vanderbilts.**

The Vanderbilts, as their name indicates, are of remote Dutch origin. The founder of the vast fortune now possessed by them was bluff old "Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, market-gardener and boatman, and afterwards steamboat and railroad king and multi-millionaire. His grandchildren are the present representatives of the family—William, George, and Cornelius. They and their families are not only great social leaders, but leaders in business and in benevolent and religious work as well. Jay Gould was a New York State farmer's boy, then a surveyor, and then a railroad king. Dying, he left his vast wealth as a trust to his children, his eldest son, George, succeeding him as chief manager of his business interests; an earnest, quiet young man of domestic tastes. Russell Sage was once a country grocery-store keeper. Now he is a railroad and telegraph owner, many times a millionaire. J. Pierpont Morgan is a member of the great firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., who occupy the Drexel Building, at Wall and Broad streets, and owing to their financial success and honorable dealings, they are ranked among the foremost bankers of the world. D. O. Mills, owner of the huge Mills Building, on Broad street, was one of the early settlers in California, and made a vast fortune in railroads there.

**Astor Tomb.**

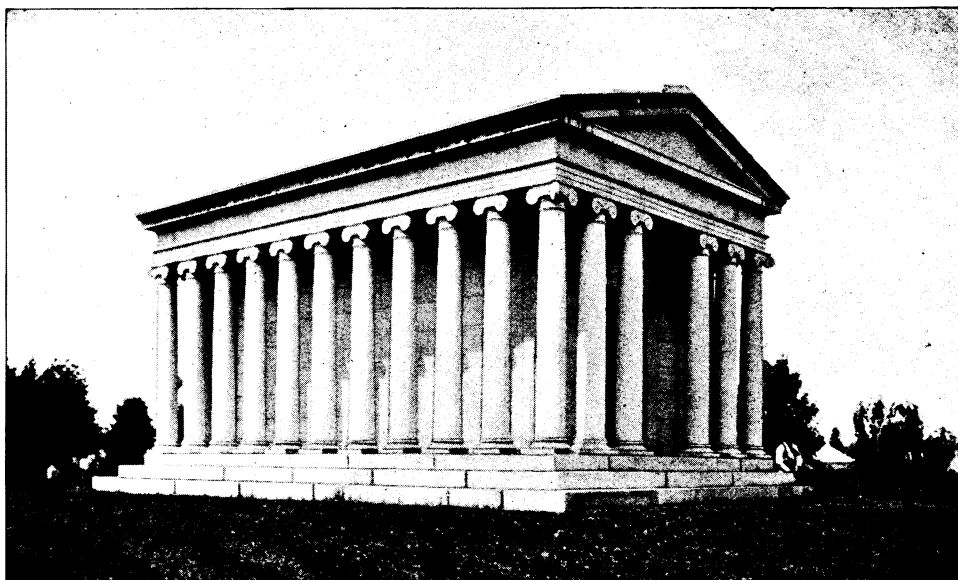
**The Rockefellers.**

The Rockefeller brothers, John and William, made their millions in the Standard Oil Company; the Havemeyers, in sugar refining; the Rhinelander millions are inherited, and come from increase of value of real estate; the Lorillard fortune was largely amassed in the manufacture of tobacco, and that of the Belmonts in banking. The present head of the Belmonts is Perry Belmont, formerly member of Congress. He is a business man, and the Belmont millions have

not fallen off since he took charge of them. He is the son of his father in that he inherited his father's business instinct. The house of Belmont is still New York correspondent of the Rothschilds, and that itself is no small thing. In addition to this the Belmonts do an extremely large but conservative banking and brokerage business. August Belmont, the elder, was in his day rated at from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000. What the business controlled by his son is worth now is a matter of conjecture. Its value certainly has not been reduced.

**The "Bonanza Silver King."**

John W. Mackay, the "Bonanza" silver king, and his son, are well-known figures in New York. The father is a man of medium height. He has determination written in every line of his bronzed, weather-beaten countenance. Clear, grayish blue eyes, keen but not unkindly, are the best features of his face. The young man has not the same appearance of strength that his father has. He is somewhat taller and more slender. The two men keep bachelor's hall, as it were, together. Mrs. Mackay spends the most of her time abroad.

**Gould Mausoleum.**



## CHAPTER XXXI.

### SUMMER IN TOWN AND OUT.



E MAY SAFELY ASSERT that the busy metropolis of the western world has no such well-defined "Silly Season." But there is even here a time of dullness, and of social and intellectual lethargy. "Every body" is "out of town." The burning rays of the dog-day sun beat upon half deserted

streets, and offices closing early in the afternoon. At nightfall, in the great business streets, all grows quiet. There are no electric lights, no piles of boxes and bales, no long lines of trunks, no army of busy workmen toiling all night long.

Even during the day, in the great marts of trade, the sweltering clerks find time hanging heavy on their hands. The fair



Iron Pier, Coney Island.



**Beach Pavilions and Pier.**

flocks of shoppers are among the mountains or at the sea. The fascinating floor-walkers twirl their perfumed moustaches; the coquetish sales-girl flirts with the policeman across the street, or reads her story-paper, and the cash-boys play pitch-penny under the counters.

#### **A Sultry Day.**

On the street the panting horses jog drowsily along with empty stage or car, while the driver mops his dripping brow, and nods in fitful cat-naps on his seat. The policeman swings his club lazily under some grateful awning, and the small boy lays aside his papers or his blacking-brush, and hies him to the piers for a swim. Uptown, the

stately avenues present long façades of tightly closed window-blinds. Where once bright faces gleamed behind snowy curtains, all is blank and lifeless. No coach with flashing spokes goes whirling down the boulevard, with its load of heiresses, or complacent dowagers. Scarce even a tradesman's noisy wagon wakens the slumbering echoes of the deserted street. Midas is out of town. Yet in the realm infernal—pardon, downstairs, in the kitchen—Mademoiselle Bridget still holds the fort. Nurse and chambermaid have gone with the “missus,” but the all-conquering Bridget remains sole tenant and mistress absolute of the house she always governs. Now she enlarges the borders of her prerogatives. She chats a longer time at the area gate with the matutinal



Brighton Beach, Coney Island.

milkman. When the green-grocer calls, she detains him in her *sanctum sanctorum*, the kitchen, until she can get him a glass of prime whiskey "out of the bottle missus left me for medisn." In the evening, her multitudinous cousins call, the "medisin" bottle is surprisingly prolific, and until midnight and longer, they breathe the air of Murray Hill from the stately steps and portico that have hitherto been most accustomed to the dainty tread of Miss Gwendelyn de Smyfkyns' kid boots.

Other wards and streets there are, too; and it is not after all so far from Fifth avenue to Second avenue, nor from Madison Square to Tompkins Park. The streets are narrow on the great "East Side," and the rough



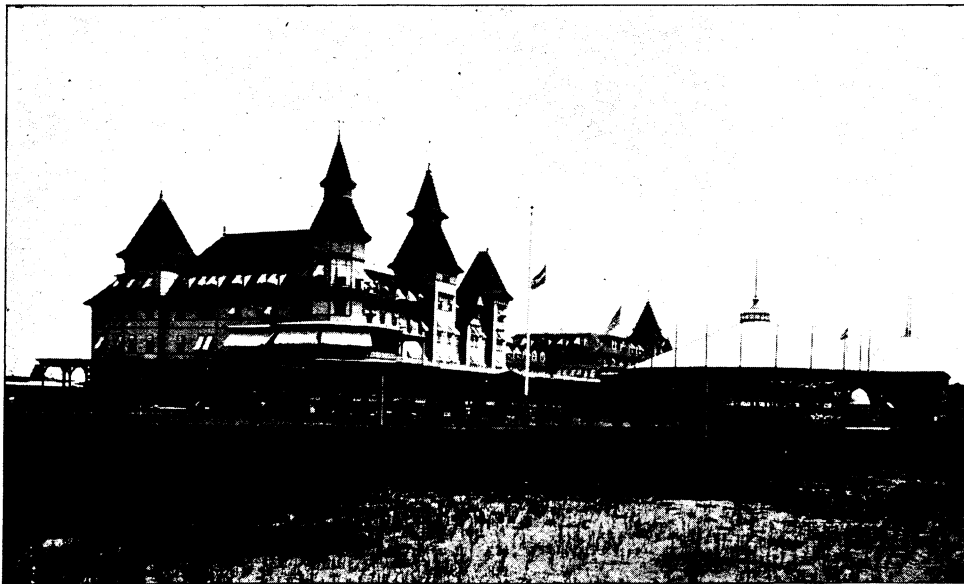
A Seashore Hotel.

cobble pavements are seldom cleaned, so that the garbage rankly stews and simmers the livelong August day, and its reeking fumes hang heavy about the crowded tenements that line the way on either side, seven stories high. There are twenty families and one hundred and twenty human souls in each house, twenty by sixty feet; and the ceilings are low and the hallways narrow, and there is no yard at the rear where a tiny breeze might circulate. When the thermometer registers ninety at Hudnut's, it rises to a hundred in those stifling rooms, where hunger, filth and disease retard the overpopulation of the world by making wholesale recruits of little ones to "the silent

majority." Very pitiable it is to see them on these days when nature gasps for breath, hanging half naked over the window-sills in hapless quest of air and coolness. The hectic cheek and fleshless limbs plainly tell their story, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow there will be fresh mounds out yonder where the grass does grow and the cool breezes do play, though lungs have ceased their panting and brows their aching.

#### At Nightfall.

At nightfall, when shadows intervene to check the blistering radiation of heat from brick and stone, old



Another Beach Hotel.

and young, half-naked, swarm the streets and stretch themselves in pitiful comfort upon the hard yet moist, cool stones of the street. The faucets on each tenement contribute their quota till a miniature canal of Croton flows down the gutter on either side of the street, in which the young ones wade, and the elders dip their hot, blistered feet for cooling; withal, it is a patient, though wretched throng; no murmurs rise, nor voices of anger or dispute, save where the baleful lights of the saloon entice to mocking

ruin. Now and then the strains of the flute, the accordion or the street organ may be heard, and then a hundred voices join in song. In Avenue A, it is a song of the Fatherland, of the Rhine, of the Black Forest. In Baxter street, it is a song of sunny Italy, upon whose citron groves and rich rose gardens and cool retreats these self-same stars are shining. So wears the night away, until the midnight hour looks down upon the slumbers of weariness and wretchedness, that will wake only at sunrise again to toil and suffer.



**High Tide.**

**Churches Open and Closed.**

Day and night, week-day and Sunday, the ponderous doors of some churches are closely barred, with the reverend Divine in Europe and the devout pew-holder at Saratoga. They must take a rest, no matter how fast humanity meanwhile goes to ruin.

Not all thus, however. There are some, yes, a goodly number, of churches that display, with just pride, the announcement, "Open all summer." There are preachers in their pulpits whose fervor of spirit only increases as the mercury rises. What though the pews be vacant of Plutus and Midas and their gilded train?

So much more room for the outcasts. And they come, the weary, ragged, forlorn dwellers in tenements, and wonderingly, fearfully peep through the open door into the vista of vaulted aisles, with cool, inviting shadows, and rich color-tones from the pictured windows. And then the big organ throbs out its thunderous harmonies, and a sweet-voiced songstress sends quivering down the aisle the old, old invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and the tuneful choir responds joyously, "and I will give you rest." The kindly sexton, with his characteristic courtesy, ushers them in, and the East Side worships the one God in the temple of Murray Hill.



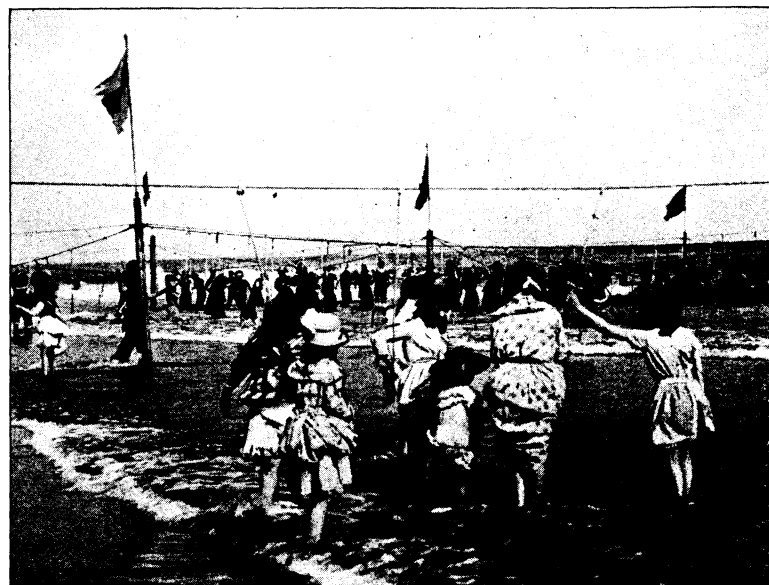
Surf Bathing, Coney Island.

**Off for the Summer.**

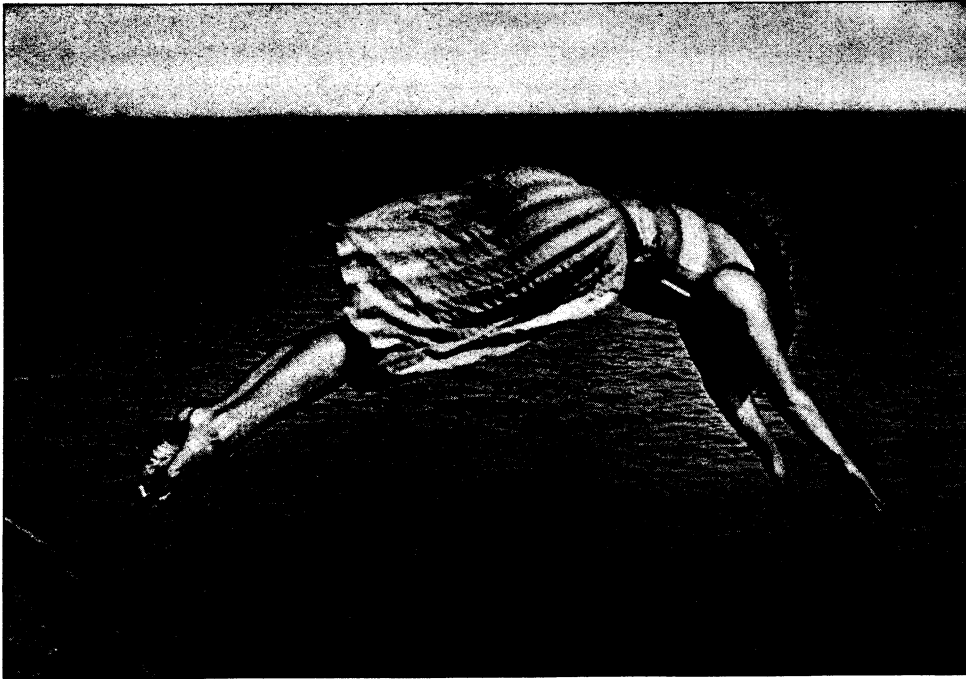
A large proportion of the people of New York, however, spend much of the summer out of town. Thousands go to Europe and more remote regions of the world. Tens of thousands go to Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains, and the thousand and one resorts, on the shore, at the springs, among the mountains, all over the land. But the hundreds of thousands patronize the nearby resorts, within a few miles of the city; some for the whole summer, some for a week or two, some for only a day at a time.

**Coney Island.**

Chief among these last-named places of summer recreation is the famous bit of Long Island shore known as Coney Island. Within the memory of men now living, and not so very old, Coney Island was the resort chiefly of a motley crowd of prizefighters, thieves, street-women and characters of that ilk. One horse-car line from Brooklyn extended to the island, as did also a steam road, which ran from "nowhere to nowhere"—that is, from a lonely spot in the inaccessible outskirts of Brooklyn to a still lonelier spot on the island, wandering about between these places through meadows and pastures in the most charmingly indifferent manner. But, in 1874, Coney Island was discovered; that is, the Coney Island of to-day, and its discoverer was a Brooklyn capitalist, who built a first-rate railroad thither from the city of Brooklyn, and established a large modern hotel and excursion pavilion at the terminus thereof. For an instant the public held its breath at the audacious venture; then with a rush the metropolis emptied itself upon the beach. Since that time, seven steam roads and as many more steamboat lines

**Bathing at Rockaway Beach.**





**The Plunge.**

have been established thither, all of which are taxed to their utmost to accommodate their patrons. Last summer it was not an unusual thing for one hundred and fifty thousand persons to visit the island in a single day.

West Brighton Beach, or Coney Island proper, is the region first opened to the world by the genius and enterprise of Culver. Hither run all the roads except two, and the principal steamboat lines. Here stands the great iron observatory, three hundred feet high, and here are the mammoth iron ocean piers, extending far out into the Atlantic. Here are

clustered hotels, restaurants and pavilions innumerable. Here play a score of brass bands every summer afternoon and evening, while the beach is black and rainbow-hued with tens of thousands of visitors; the surf is seething with thousands of bathers, and the great public of America enjoys itself right royally. On the great piers are promenades, concert halls, dancing pavilions, dining saloons, and two thousand bathing houses. At night, the entire beach gleams under the lustre of hundreds of electric lights.

A half-mile drive, or walk, along a superb ocean-shore boulevard brings one to Brighton, the summer home of Brooklyn, with which city it is connected by one first-class railroad. The road runs from the heart of Brooklyn to the doors of the Hotel Brighton, a magnificent structure, in the style of a Swiss chalet, furnished throughout with every convenience and luxury of the best city hotel. Two thousand guests may be seated at

once at its ample tables, which are on broad, shady balconies, facing the surf. From the hotel to the beach, stretch beautiful lawns and beds of choicest flowers.

#### **Manhattan Beach.**

Finally, a quarter of a mile eastward from Brighton, and connected with it by a steam road, is Manhattan Beach. It is laid out and conducted in magnificent style. The great hotel when built was the largest and finest summer hotel in the world; and now is surpassed in size only by one or two, while in excellence it knows no superior. In the vast dining-room and on the veranda, six hundred and sixty feet long, two thousand guests may be seated at table at once, while thirty thousand are frequently fed in the course of a single day. In a great pavilion nearby, for the use of excursion parties, fifteen hundred persons may be seated at once. There are twenty-seven hundred separate bathing-houses, and the bathing beach is fenced in, that bathers may not be annoyed by crowds of spectators. Hot and cold salt-water baths are provided for those who do not wish to enter the surf. In a handsome pavilion, surrounded by lawns, flowers and statuary, a band plays every afternoon and evening. Manhattan Beach is the favorite summer home for New York. Bar Harbor and other resorts on the New England coast attract some New Yorkers. Tuxedo, among the hills of Rockland county, N. Y., is an exclusive New York club and cottage resort. Lenox, in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, enjoys popularity from May until December, but its gayest days are in the early autumn. Hotels exist and are well patronized, but it is in the many beautiful private houses that one meets the most New Yorkers. The Catskills, the Adirondacks, Saratoga, Lake George, the Thousand Islands, Richfield Springs, and many other yet more distant places, draw their best patronage from the same inexhaustible source. Indeed, if as we said in the beginning, New York draws to itself people from all parts of the world, it is equally true that it sends its own sons and daughters to every place; so that wherever one may go, on business or for pleasure, he cannot get beyond some contact with, and some of the influence of, the mighty metropolis of New York.





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